REMARKS

ON SEVERAL

PARTS

OF

ITALY, &c.

In the Years, 1701, 1702, 1703.

By the late Right Honourable

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

Verum ergo id est, si quis in cælum ascendisset, naturamque mundi & pulchritudinem siderum perspexisset, insuavem illam admirationem ei fore, quæ jucundissima fuisset, si aliquem cui narraret habuisset. Cicer. de Amic.

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Lately Publiſhed,

THE Miſcellaneous Works, in Verſe and Proſe, of the late Right Honourable *JOSEPH ADDISON*, Eſq; in Three Vols. 12mo. Conſiſting of ſuch as were never before Printed in 12mo. With ſome Account of the Life and Writings of the Author, by Mr. *Tickell*.

N. B. Theſe Three Volumes, with the *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, *Guardians*, *Freeholder*, and *Remarks on ſeveral Parts of* Italy, complete Mr. *Addiſon*'s Works in Twelves.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Right Honourable

John Lord *Sommers*,

BARON of *Eveſham*.

MY LORD,

THERE is a Pleaſure in owning Obligations which it is an Honour to have received;

but ſhould I publiſh any Favours done me by Your Lordſhip, I am afraid it would look more like Vanity, than Gratitude.

I had a very early Ambition to recommend my ſelf to Your Lordſhip's Patronage, which yet increas'd in me as I travell'd thro' the Countries, of which I here give Your Lordſhip ſome Account: For whatever great Impreſſions an

Eng-

Engliſhman muſt have of Your Lordſhip, they who have been converſant Abroad will find them ſtill improved. It cannot but be obvious to them, that, tho' they ſee Your Lordſhip's Admirers every where, they meet with very few of Your Well-wiſhers at *Paris* or at *Rome*. And I could not but obſerve, when I paſſed through moſt of the Proteſtant Governments

in *Europe*, that their Hopes or Fears for the Common Cauſe roſe or fell with Your Lordſhip's Intereſt and Authority in *England*.

I here preſent Your Lordſhip with the Remarks that I made in a Part of theſe my Travels; wherein, notwithſtanding the Variety of the Subject, I am very ſenſible that I offer nothing New to Your Lordſhip, and can

can have no other Deſign in this Addreſs, than to declare that I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obliged and

moſt obedient humble Servant,

J. ADDISON.

11 JU 63

PREFACE.

THERE *is certainly no Place in the World, where a Man may travel with greater Pleaſure and Advantage, than in* Italy. *One finds ſomething more particular in the Face of the Country, and more aſtoniſhing in the Works of Nature, than can be met with in any other Part of* Europe. *It is the great School of Muſick and Painting, and contains in it all the nobleſt Productions of Statuary and Architecture, both Ancient and Modern. It abounds with Cabinets of Curioſities, and vaſt Collections of all kinds of Antiquities. No other Country in the World has ſuch a Variety of Governments, that are ſo different in their Conſtitutions, and ſo refined in their Politicks. There is ſcarce any Part of the Nation that is not Famous in Hiſtory,*

nor

nor so much as a Mountain or River, that has not been the Scene of some extraordinary Action.

As there are few Men that have Talents or Opportunities for examining so copious a Subject, one may observe, among those who have written on Italy, *that different Authors have succeeded best on different sorts of Curiosities. Some have been more particular in their Accounts of Pictures, Statues, and Buildings; some have search'd into Libraries, Cabinets of Rarities, and Collections of Medals; as others have been wholly taken up with Inscriptions, Ruins, and Antiquities. Among the Authors of our own Country, we are obliged to the Bishop of* Salisbury, *for his masterly and uncommon Observations on the Religion and Governments of* Italy: Lassels *may be useful in giving us the Names of such Writers as have treated of the several States through which he pass'd: Mr.* Ray *is to be valued for his Observations on the natural Productions of the Place. Monsieur* Misson *has wrote a more correct Account of*

Italy

Italy *in general than any before him, as he particularly excells in the Plan of the Country, which he has given us in true and lively Colours.*

There are ſtill ſeveral of theſe Topicks that are far from being exhauſted, as there are many new Subjects that a Traveller may find to employ himſelf upon. For my own part, as I have taken notice of ſeveral Places and Antiquities that no Body elſe has ſpoken of, ſo, I think, I have mentioned but few Things in common with others, that are not either ſet in a new Light, or accompany'd with different Reflections. I have taken care particularly to conſider the ſeveral Paſſages of the Ancient Poets, which have any Relation to the Places or Curioſities that I met with; For before I entered on my Voyage I took care to refreſh my Memory among Claſſic *Authors, and to make ſuch Collections out of them as I might afterwards have Occaſion for. I muſt confeſs it was not one of the leaſt Entertainments that I met with in Travelling, to examine theſe ſeveral Deſcriptions, as it were*

were upon the Spot, and to compare the Natural Face of the Country with the Landskips that the Poets have given us of it. However, to avoid the Confuſion that might ariſe from a Multitude of Quotations, I have only cited ſuch Verſes as have given us ſome Image of the Place, or that have ſomething elſe beſides the bare Name of it to recommend them.

11 JU 63

MONACO,

GENOA, &c.

ON the Twelfth of *December*, 1699, I ſet out from *Marſeilles* to *Genoa* in a Tartane, and arrived late at a ſmall *French* Port call'd *Caſſis*, where the next Morning we were not a little ſurpriz'd to ſee all the Mountains about the Town cover'd with green Olive-trees, or laid out in beautiful Gardens, which gave us a great Variety of pleaſing Proſpects, even in the Depth of Winter. The moſt uncultivated of them produce abundance of ſweet Plants, as Wild-Thyme, Lavender, Roſemary, Balm, and Myrtle. We were here ſhown at a Diſtance the Deſerts, which have been rendered ſo famous by the Penance of *Mary Magdalene*, who, after her Arrival with *Lazarus* and *Joſeph* of *Arimathea* at *Marſeilles*, is ſaid to have wept away the reſt of her Life among theſe ſolitary Rocks and Mountains. It is ſo romantic a Scene, that it has always probably given Occaſion to

ſuch chimerical Relations; for it is perhaps of this Place that *Claudian* ſpeaks, in the following Deſcription;

Eſt locus extremum pandit quà Gallia littus
Oceani prætentus aquis, quà fertur Ulyſſes
Sanguine libato populum moviſſe Silentûm:
Illic Umbrarum tenui ſtridore volantûm
Flebilis auditur queſtus; ſimulachra coloni
Pallida defunctaſque videt migrare figuras, &c.
Claud. in Ruf. lib. 1.

A Place there lies on *Gallia*'s utmoſt Bounds,
Where riſing Seas inſult the Frontier Grounds:
Ulyſſes here the Blood of Victims ſhed,
And rais'd the pale Aſſembly of the Dead.
Oft in the Winds is heard a plaintive Sound
Of melancholy Ghoſts that hover round:
The lab'ring Plow-man oft with Horror ſpies
Thin airy Shapes that o'er the Furrows riſe,
(A dreadful Scene!) and skim before his Eyes.

I know there is nothing more undetermined among the Learned than the Voyage of *Ulyſſes*; ſome confining it to the *Mediterranean*, others extending it to the great Ocean, and others aſcribing it to a World of the Poet's own making; tho' his Converſations with the Dead are generally ſuppoſed to have been in the *Narbon Gaul.*

Inſultos adiit Læſtrigonas Antiphatenque, &c.
Atque hæc ſeu noſtras inter ſunt cognita terras,
Fabula ſive novum dedit his Erroribus Orbem.
Tibul. Lib. 4. Eleg. 1. v. 59.

Uncertain whether, by the Winds convey'd,
On real Seas to real Shores he ſtray'd;

Or,

Or, by the Fable driven from Coaſt to Coaſt,
In new Imaginary Worlds was loſt.

The next Day we again ſet Sail, and made the beſt of our way till we were forced, by contrary Winds, into St. *Remo*, a very pretty Town in the *Genoeſe* Dominions. The Front to the Sea is not large; but there are a great many Houſes behind it, built up the Side of the Mountain to avoid the Winds and Vapours that come from Sea. We here ſaw ſeveral Perſons that in the midſt of *December* had nothing over their Shoulders but their Shirts, without complaining of the Cold. It is certainly very lucky for the poorer ſort, to be born in a Place that is free from the greateſt Inconvenience, to which thoſe of our Northern Nations are ſubject; and indeed, without this natural Benefit of their Climates, the extreme Miſery and Poverty that are in moſt of the *Italian* Governments would be inſupportable. There are at St. *Remo* many Plantations of Palm-trees, that do not grow in other Parts of *Italy*. We ſailed from hence directly for *Genoa*; and had a fair Wind that carried us into the middle of the Gulph, which is very remarkable for Tempeſts and Scarcity of Fiſh. It is probable one may be the Cauſe of the other, whether it be that the Fiſhermen cannot employ their Art with ſo much Succeſs in ſo troubled a Sea, or that the Fiſh do not care for inhabiting ſuch ſtormy Waters:

——————————*Atrum*
Defendens piſces hiemat mare— Hor. Sat. 2. lib. 2. v. 16.

While black with Storms that ruffled Ocean rolls,
And from the Fiſher's Art defends her Finny Sholes.

We were forced to lie in it two Days, and our Captain thought his Ship in ſo great Danger, that he fell upon his Knees, and confeſs'd himſelf to a Capucin who was on board with us. But at laſt, taking the Advantage of a Side-wind, we were driven back in a few Hours time as far as *Monaco*. *Lucan* has given us a Deſcription of the Harbour that we found ſo very welcome to us, after the great Danger we had eſcaped.

Quaque ſub Herculeo Sacratus nomine portus
Urget rupe cavâ pelagus: non Corus in illum
Jus habet aut Zephyrus: Solus ſua littora turbat
Circius, & tutâ prohibet ſtatione Monæci.
Lib. 1. v. 405.

The winding Rocks a ſpacious Harbour frame,
That from the great *Alcides* takes its Name:
Fenc'd to the Weſt and to the North it lies;
But when the Winds in Southern Quarters riſe,
Ships, from their Anchors torn, become their Sport,
And ſudden Tempeſts rage within the Port.

On the Promontory, where the Town of *Monaco* now ſtands, was formerly the Temple of *Hercules Monæcus*, which ſtill gives the Name to this ſmall Principality.

Aggeribus ſocer Alpinis atque arce Monæci
Deſcendens —— —— Virg. Æn. 6. v. 830.

From *Alpine* Heights, and from *Monæcus'* Fane,
The Father firſt deſcends into the Plain.

There are but three Towns in the Dominions of the Prince of *Monaco*. The chief of them is ſituate on a Rock which runs out into the Sea, and is well fortified

fortified by Nature. It was formerly under the Protection of the *Spaniard*, but not many Years ſince drove out the *Spaniſh* Garriſon, and received a *French* one, which conſiſts at preſent of five hundred Men, paid and officer'd by the *French* King. The Officer, who ſhowed me the Palace, told me, with a great deal of Gravity, that his Maſter and the King of *France*, amidſt all the Confuſions of *Europe*, had ever been good Friends and Allies. The Palace has handſome Apartments, that are many of them hung with Pictures of the reigning Beauties in the Court of *France*. But the beſt of the Furniture was at *Rome*, where the Prince of *Monaco* reſided at that time Ambaſſador. We here took a little Boat to creep along the Sea-ſhore as far as *Genoa*; but at *Savona*, finding the Sea too rough, we were forced to make the beſt of our way by Land, over very rugged Mountains and Precipices: For this Road is much more difficult than that over Mount *Cennis*.

The *Genoeſe* are eſteemed extremely Cunning, Induſtrious, and Inur'd to Hardſhip above the reſt of the *Italians*; which was likewiſe the Character of the old *Ligurians*. And indeed it is no wonder, while the Barrenneſs of their Country continues, that the Manners of the Inhabitants do not change: Since there is nothing makes Men ſharper, and ſets their Hands and Wits more at work, than Want. The *Italian* Proverb ſays of the *Genoeſe*, that they have a Sea without Fiſh, Land without Trees, and Men without Faith. The Character the *Latin* Poets have given of them is not much different.

Aſſuetumque malo Ligurem. Virg. Georg. 2. v. 168.

The hard *Ligurians*, a laborious kind.

——— *Pernix Ligur.* Sil. Ital. El. 8.

The Swift *Ligurian.*

Fallaces Ligures. Auſon. Eid. 12.

The Deceitful *Ligurians.*

Apenninicolæ bellator filius Auni
Haud Ligurum extremus, dum fallere fata ſinebant.
Virg. Æn. 11. v. 700.

Yet, like a true *Ligurian*, born to cheat,
(At leaſt whilſt Fortune favour'd his Deceit) *Dryden.*

Vane Ligur, fruſtraque animis elate ſuperbis,
Nequicquam patrias tentaſti Lubricus artes.
Id. ib. v. 715.

Vain Fool and Coward, cries the lofty Maid,
Caught in the Train which thou thy ſelf haſt laid,
On others practiſe thy *Ligurian* Arts;
Thin Stratagems, and Tricks of little Hearts
Are loſt on me; nor ſhalt thou ſafe retire,
With vaunting Lies, to thy fallacious Sire. *Dryden.*

There are a great many beautiful Palaces ſtanding along the Sea-ſhore on both ſides of *Genoa*, which make the Town appear much longer than it is, to thoſe that ſail by it. The City it ſelf makes the nobleſt Show of any in the World. The Houſes are moſt of them painted on the Outſide; ſo that they look extremely gay and lively; beſides that they are eſteemed the higheſt in *Europe*, and ſtand very thick together. The New-Street is a double Range of Palaces from one End to the other, built with an excellent Fancy, and fit for the greateſt Princes to inhabit. I cannot however be reconciled to their manner

manner of Painting ſeveral of the *Genoeſe* Houſes. Figures, Perſpectives, or Pieces of Hiſtory, are certainly very ornamental, as they are drawn on many of the Walls, that would otherwiſe look too naked and uniform without them: But, inſtead of theſe, one often ſees the Front of a Palace covered with painted Pillars of different Orders. If theſe were ſo many true Columns of Marble, ſet in their proper Architecture, they would certainly very much adorn the Places where they ſtand; but as they are now, they only ſhew us that there is ſomething wanting, and that the Palace, which without theſe counterfeit Pillars would be beautiful in its kind, might have been more perfect by the Addition of ſuch as are real. The Front of the *Villa Imperiale*, at a Mile diſtance from *Genoa*, without any thing of this Paint upon it, conſiſts of a *Doric* and *Corinthian* Row of Pillars, and is much the handſomeſt of any I there ſaw. The Duke of *Doria*'s Palace has the beſt Outſide of any in *Genoa*, as that of *Durazzo* is the beſt furniſhed within. There is one Room in the firſt, that is hung with Tapeſtry, in which are wrought the Figures of the great Perſons that the Family has produced; as perhaps there is no Houſe in *Europe* that can ſhow a longer Line of *Heroes*, that have ſtill acted for the Good of their Country. *Andrew Doria* has a Statue erected to him at the Entrance of the Doge's Palace, with the glorious Title of Deliverer of the Commonwealth; and one of his Family another, that calls him its Preſerver. In the Doge's Palace are the Rooms, where the great and little Council, with the two Colleges, hold their Aſſemblies; but as the State of *Genoa* is very poor, tho' ſeveral of its Members are extremely rich, ſo one may obſerve infinitely more Splendor and Magnificence in particular Perſons Houſes, than in thoſe that

belong to the Publick. But we find in moſt of the States of *Europe*, that the People ſhow the greateſt Marks of Poverty, where the Governors live in the greateſt Magnificence. The Churches are very fine, particularly that of the *Annunciation*, which looks wonderfully beautiful in the Inſide, all but one Corner of it being covered with Statues, Gilding, and Paint. A Man would expect, in ſo very ancient a Town of *Italy*, to find ſome conſiderable Antiquities; but all they have to ſhow of this nature is an old *Roſtrum* of a *Roman* Ship, that ſtands over the Door of their Arſenal. It is not above a Foot long, and perhaps would never have been thought the Beak of a Ship, had not it been found in ſo probable a Place as the Haven. It is all of Iron, faſhioned at the End like a Boar's Head; as I have ſeen it repreſented on Medals, and on the *Columna Roſtrata* in *Rome*. I ſaw at *Genoa* Signior *Micconi*'s famous Collection of Shells, which, as Father *Buonani* the Jeſuit has ſince told me, is one of the beſt in *Italy*. I know nothing more remarkable, in the Government of *Genoa*, than the Bank of St. *George*, made up of ſuch Branches of the Revenues, as have been ſet apart and appropriated to the diſcharging of ſeveral Sums, that have been borrowed from private Perſons, during the Exigencies of the Commonwealth. Whatever Inconveniences the State has laboured under, they have never entertained a Thought of violating the Publick Credit, or of alienating any Part of theſe Revenues to other Uſes, than to what they have been thus aſſigned. The Adminiſtration of this Bank is for Life, and partly in the Hands of the chief Citizens, which gives them a great Authority in the State, and a powerful Influence over the common People. This Bank is generally thought the greateſt Load on the *Genoeſe*, and the Managers of it have been repreſented

as

as a ſecond kind of Senate, that break the Uniformity of Government, and deſtroy in ſome meaſure the Fundamental Conſtitution of the State. It is, however, very certain, that the People reap no ſmall Advantages from it, as it diſtributes the Power among more particular Members of the Republick, and gives the Commons a Figure: So that it is no ſmall Check upon the Ariſtocracy, and may be one Reaſon why the *Genoeſe* Senate carries it with greater Moderation towards their Subjects than the *Venetian*.

It would have been well for the Republick of *Genoa*, if ſhe had follow'd the Example of her Siſter of *Venice*, in not permitting her Nobles to make any Purchaſe of Lands or Houſes in the Dominions of a Foreign Prince. For at preſent the greateſt, among the *Genoeſe*, are in part Subjects to the Monarchy of *Spain*, by reaſon of their Eſtates that lie in the Kingdom of *Naples*. The *Spaniards* tax them very high upon occaſion, and are ſo ſenſible of the Advantage this gives them over the Republick, that they will not ſuffer a *Neapolitan* to buy the Lands of a *Genoeſe*, who muſt find a Purchaſer among his own Countrymen, if he has a mind to ſell. For this reaſon, as well as on account of the great Sums of Money which the *Spaniard* owes the *Genoeſe*, they are under a Neceſſity, at preſent, of being in the Intereſt of the *French*, and would probably continue ſo, tho' all the other States of *Italy* entered into a League againſt them. *Genoa* is not yet ſecure from a Bombardment, tho' it is not ſo expoſed as formerly; for, ſince the Inſult of the *French*, they have built a Mole, with ſome little Ports, and have provided themſelves with long Guns and Mortars. It is eaſy for thoſe that are ſtrong at Sea to bring them to what Terms they pleaſe; for having but very little Arable Land, they are forced to fetch all their Corn from *Naples*,

Sicily, and other Foreign Countries; except what comes to them from *Lombardy*, which probably goes another way, whilſt it furniſhes two great Armies with Proviſions. Their Fleet, that formerly gained ſo many Victories over the *Saracens*, *Piſans*, *Venetians*, *Turks*, and *Spaniards*, that made them Maſters of *Crete*, *Sardinia*, *Majorca*, *Minorca*, *Negrepont*, *Lesbos*, *Malta*, that ſettled them in *Scio*, *Smyrna*, *Achaia*, *Theodoſia*, and ſeveral Towns on the Eaſtern Confines of *Europe*, is now reduc'd to ſix Gallies. When they had made an Addition of but four new ones, the King of *France* ſent his Orders to ſuppreſs them, telling the Republick at the ſame time, that he knew very well how many they had Occaſion for. This little Fleet ſerves only to fetch them Wine and Corn, and to give their Ladies an Airing in the Summer-ſeaſon. The Republick of *Genoa* has a Crown and Sceptre for its Doge, by reaſon of their Conqueſt of *Corſica*, where there was formerly a *Saracen* King. This indeed gives their Ambaſſadors a more honourable Reception at ſome Courts, but, at the ſame time, may teach their People to have a mean Notion of their own Form of Government, and is a tacit Acknowledgment that Monarchy is the more honourable. The old *Romans*, on the contrary, made uſe of a very barbarous kind of Politicks to inſpire their People with a Contempt of Kings, whom they treated with Infamy, and dragged at the Wheels of their triumphal Chariots.

PAVIA, MILAN, &c.

FROM *Genoa* we took Chaiſe for *Milan*, and by the Way ſtopped at *Pavia*, that was once the Metropolis of a Kingdom, but is at preſent a poor Town. We here ſaw the Convent of *Auſtin* Monks, who about three Years ago pretended to have found out the Body of the Saint that gives the Name to their Order. King *Luitprand*, whoſe Aſhes are in the ſame Church, brought hither the Corps, and was very induſtrious to conceal it, leſt it might be abuſed by the barbarous Nations, which at that time ravaged *Italy*. One would therefore rather wonder that it has not been found out much earlier, than that it is diſcover'd at laſt. The Fathers however do not yet find their Account in the Diſcovery they have made; for there are Canons Regular, who have half the ſame Church in their Hands, that will by no means allow it to be the Body of the Saint, nor is it yet recogniſed by the Pope. The Monks ſay for themſelves, that the very name was written on the Urn where the Aſhes lay, and that, in an old Record of the Convent, they are ſaid to have been interred

interred between the very Wall and the Altar where they were taken up. They have already too, as the Monks told us, begun to juſtify themſelves by Miracles. At the Corner of one of the Cloiſters of this Convent are bury'd the Duke of *Suffolk*, and the Duke of *Lorrain*, who were both killed in the famous Battle of *Pavia*. Their Monument was erected to them by one *Charles Parker*, an Eccleſiaſtic, as I learned from the Inſcription, which I cannot omit tranſcribing, ſince I have not ſeen it printed.

Capto a Milite Cæſareo Franciſco I. Gallorum Rege in agro Papienſi Anno 1525. 23. *Feb. inter alios proceres, qui ex ſuis in prælio occiſi ſunt, occubuerunt duo illuſtriſſimi principes, Franciſcus Dux Lotharingiæ, et Richardus de la Poole Anglus Dux Suffolciæ a Rege Tyranno Hen. VIII. pulſus regno. Quorum corpora hoc in cœnobio et ambitu per Annos* 57. *ſine honore tumulata ſunt. Tandem Carolus Parker a Morley, Richardi proximus conſanguineus, Regno Angliæ a Reginâ Elizabethâ ob Catholicam fidem ejectus, beneficentiâ tamen Philippi Regis Cath. Hiſpaniarum Monarchæ Invictiſſimi in Statu Mediolanenſi ſuſtentatus, hoc qualecunque monumentum, pro rerum ſuarum tenuitate, chariſſimo propinquo et illuſtriſſimis principibus poſuit,* 5. *Sept.* 1582. *et poſt ſuum exilium* 23. *majora et honorificentiora commendans Lotharingicis. Viator precare Quietem.*

Francis the 1ſt, King of *France*, being taken Priſoner by the *Imperialiſts*, at the Battle of *Pavia*, *February* the 23d 1525, among other Noblemen who died in the Field, were two moſt illuſtrious Princes, *Francis* Duke of *Lorrain*, and *Richard de la Poole*, an *Engliſhman*, Duke of *Suffolk*, who had been baniſhed by the Tyrant King *Henry* the Eighth.

Eighth. Their Bodies lay buried, without Honour Fifty-ſeven Years, in this Convent. At length, *Charles Parker* of *Morley*, a near Kinſman of the Duke of *Suffolk*, who had been baniſh'd from *England* by Queen *Elizabeth* for the Catholick Faith, and was ſupported in the *Milaneſe* by the Bounty of the Catholick King *Philip*, the invincible Monarch of *Spain*, erected this Monument, the beſt his ſlender Abilities could afford, to his moſt dear Kinſman, and theſe moſt illuſtrious Princes, recommending a better and more honourable one to the *Lorrainers*. Paſſenger, pray for their Souls Repoſe.

This pretended Duke of *Suffolk* was Sir *Richard de la Poole*, Brother to the Earl of *Suffolk*, who was put to Death by *Henry* the Eighth. In his Baniſhment he took upon him the Title of Duke of *Suffolk*, which had been ſunk in the Family ever ſince the Attainder of the Great Duke of *Suffolk* under the Reign of *Henry* the Sixth. He fought very bravely in the Battle of *Pavia*, and was magnificently Interr'd by the Duke of *Bourbon*, who, tho' an Enemy, aſſiſted at his Funeral in Mourning.

Parker himſelf is buried in the ſame Place, with the following Inſcription.

D. O. M.

Carolo Parchero a Morley Anglo ex illuſtriſſimâ clariſſimâ ſtirpe. Qui Epiſcopus Des, ob fidem Catholicam actus in Exilium An. XXXI *peregrinatus ab Invictiſſ. Phil. Rege Hiſpan. honeſtiſſimis pietatis & conſtantiæ præmiis ornatus moritur Anno a partu Virginis*, M. D. C. XI. *Men. Septembris.*

To the Memory of *Charles Parker* of *Morley*, an *Engliſhman*, of a moſt Noble and Illuſtrious Family; who,

who, being baniſh'd for the Catholic Faith, and, in the Thirty-firſt Year of his Exile, honourably rewarded for his Piety and Conſtancy by the moſt invincible *Philip* King of *Spain*, died in *September* 1611.

In *Pavia* is an Univerſity of Seven Colleges, one of them called the College of *Borromee*, very large, and neatly built. There is likewiſe a Statue in Braſs, of *Marcus Antoninus* on Horſeback, which the People of the Place call *Charles* the Fifth, and ſome learned Men *Conſtantine* the Great.

Pavia is the *Ticinum* of the Ancients, which took its Name from the River *Ticinus*, which runs by it, and is now call'd the *Teſin*. This River falls into the *Po*, and is exceſſively rapid. The Biſhop of *Salisbury* ſays, that he ran down with the Stream thirty Miles in an Hour, by the help of but one Rower. I do not know therefore why *Silius Italicus* has repreſented it as ſo very gentle and ſtill a River, in the beautiful Deſcription he has given us of it.

Cæruleas Ticinus aquas et Stagna vadoſa
Perſpicuus ſervat, turbari neſcia, fundo,
Ac nitidum viridi lentè trahit amne liquorem;
Vix credas labi, ripis tam mitis opacis
Argutos inter (volucrum certamina) cantus
Somniferam ducit lucenti gurgite lympham. Lib. 4.

Smooth and untroubled the *Ticinus* flows,
And through the Cryſtal Stream the ſhining Bottom ſhows:
Scarce can the Sight diſcover if it moves;
So wond'rous ſlow, amidſt the ſhady Groves,
And tuneful Birds that warble on its Sides,
Within its gloomy Banks the limpid Liquor glides.

A Poet of another Nation would not have dwelt ſo long upon the Clearneſs and Tranſparency of the Stream; but in *Italy* one ſeldom ſees a River that is extremely bright and limpid, moſt of them falling down from the Mountains, that make their Waters very troubled and muddy; whereas the *Teſin* is only an Outlet of that vaſt Lake, which the *Italians* now call the *Lago Maggiore*.

I ſaw between *Pavia* and *Milan* the Convent of *Carthuſians*, which is very ſpacious and beautiful. Their Church is extremely fine, and curiouſly adorned, but of a *Gothic* Structure.

I could not ſtay long in *Milan* without going to ſee the Great Church that I had heard ſo much of, but was never more deceived in my Expectation than at my firſt entering: For the Front, which was all I had ſeen of the Outſide, is not half finiſh'd, and the Inſide is ſo ſmutted with Duſt and the Smoke of Lamps, that neither the Marble, nor the Silver, nor Braſs-Work ſhew themſelves to an Advantage. This vaſt *Gothic* Pile of Building is all of Marble, except the Roof, which would have been of the ſame Matter with the reſt, had not its Weight render'd it improper for that part of the Building. But for the Reaſon I have juſt now mention'd, the Outſide of the Church looks much whiter and freſher than the Inſide; for where the Marble is ſo often waſh'd with Rains, it preſerves it ſelf more beautiful and unſullied, than in thoſe Parts that are not at all expoſed to the Weather. That Side of the Church indeed, which faces the Tramontane Wind, is much more unſightly than the reſt, by reaſon of the Duſt and Smoke that are driven againſt it. This Profuſion of Marble, tho' aſtoniſhing to Strangers, is not very wonderful in a Country that has ſo many Veins of it within its

its Bowels. But tho' the Stones are cheap, the working of them is very expenſive. It is generally ſaid there are eleven thouſand Statues about the Church; but they reckon into the Account every particular Figure in the Hiſtory-pieces, and ſeveral little Images which make up the Equipage of thoſe that are larger. There are indeed a great Multitude of ſuch as are bigger than the Life: I reckoned above two hundred and fifty on the outſide of the Church, tho' I only told three Sides of it; and theſe are not half ſo thick ſet as they intend them. The Statues are all of Marble, and generally well cut; but the moſt valuable one they have is a St. *Bartholomew*, new-flead, with his Skin hanging over his Shoulders: It is eſteemed worth its Weight in Gold: They have inſcribed this Verſe on the Pedeſtal, to ſhow the Value they have for the Workman:

Non me Praxiteles, ſed Marcus finxit Agrati.

Leſt at the Sculptor doubtfully you gueſs,
'Tis *Marc Agrati*, not *Praxiteles.*

There is, juſt before the Entrance of the Quire, a little Subterraneous Chapel dedicated to St. *Charles Borromee*, where I ſaw his Body, in Epiſcopal Robes, lying upon the Altar in a Shrine of Rock-Cryſtal. His Chapel is adorned with abundance of Silver Work: He was but two and twenty Years old when he was choſen Archbiſhop of *Milan*, and forty-ſix at his Death; but made ſo good uſe of ſo ſhort a time, by his Works of Charity and Munificence, that his Countrymen bleſs his Memory, which is ſtill freſh among them. He was canonized about a hundred Years ago: and indeed if this Honour were due to any Man, I think ſuch Publick-ſpirited

ſpirited Virtues may lay a juſter Claim to it, than a ſour Retreat from Mankind, a fiery Zeal againſt *Heterodoxies*, a Set of Chimerical Viſions, or of Whimſical Penances, which are generally the Qualifications of *Roman* Saints. Miracles indeed are required of all who aſpire to this Dignity, becauſe, they ſay, an Hypocrite may imitate a Saint in all other Particulars, and theſe they attribute in great Number to him I am ſpeaking of. His Merit, and the Importunity of his Countrymen procured his Canonization before the ordinary time; for it is the Policy of the *Roman* Church not to allow this Honour, ordinarily, till fifty Years after the Death of the Perſon, who is Candidate for it; in which time it may be ſuppoſed that all his Contemporaries will be worn out, who could contradict a pretended Miracle, or remember any Infirmity of the Saint. One would wonder that *Roman* Catholicks, who are for this kind of Worſhip, do not generally addreſs themſelves to the Holy Apoſtles, who have a more unqueſtionable Right to the Title of Saints than thoſe of a modern Date; but theſe are at preſent quite out of Faſhion in *Italy*, where there is ſcarce a great Town, which does not pay its Devotions, in a more particular manner, to ſome one of their own making. This renders it very ſuſpicious, that the Intereſts of particular Families, religious Orders, Convents or Churches, have too great a Sway in their Canonizations. When I was at *Milan* I ſaw a Book newly publiſhed, that was Dedicated to the preſent Head of the *Borromean* Family, and entitled, *A Diſcourſe on the Humility of* Jeſus Chriſt, *and of St.* Charles Borromée.

The Great Church of *Milan* has two noble Pulpits of Braſs, each of them running round a large Pillar,

Pillar, like a Gallery, and ſupported by huge Figures of the ſame Metal. The Hiſtory of our Saviour, or rather of the bleſſed Virgin (for it begins with her Birth, and ends with her Coronation in Heaven, that of our Saviour coming in by way of *Epiſode*) is finely cut in Marble by *Andrew Biffy*. This Church is very rich in Relicks, which run up as high as *Daniel*, *Jonas*, and *Abraham*. Among the reſt they ſhow a Fragment of our Countryman *Becket*, as indeed there are very few Treaſuries of Relicks in *Italy* that have not a Tooth or a Bone of this Saint. It would be endleſs to count up the Riches of Silver, Gold, and Precious Stones, that are amaſs'd together in this and ſeveral other Churches of *Milan*. I was told, that in *Milan* there are ſixty Convents of Women, eighty of Men, and two hundred Churches. At the *Celeſtines* is a Picture in *Freſco* of the Marriage of *Cana*, very much eſteem'd; but the Painter, whether deſignedly or not, has put ſix Fingers to the Hand of one of the Figures: They ſhow the Gates of a Church that St. *Ambroſe* ſhut againſt the Emperor *Theodoſius*, as thinking him unfit to aſſiſt at Divine Service, 'till he had done ſome extraordinary Penance for his barbarous maſſacring the Inhabitants of *Theſſalonica*. That Emperor was however ſo far from being diſpleas'd with the Behaviour of the Saint, that at his Death he committed to him the Education of his Children. Several have pick'd Splinters of Wood out of the Gates for Relicks. There is a little Chapel lately re-edify'd, where the ſame Saint baptis'd St. *Auſtin*. An Inſcription upon the Wall of it ſays, that it was in this Chapel, and on this Occaſion, that he firſt ſung his *Te Deum*, and that his great Convert anſwer'd him Verſe by Verſe. In one of the Churches I ſaw a Pulpit and Confeſſional,

ſeſſional, very finely inlaid with *Lapis-Lazuli*, and ſeveral kinds of Marble, by a Father of the Convent. It is very lucky for a Religious, who has ſo much time on his hands, to be able to amuſe himſelf with Works of this nature; and one often finds particular Members of Convents, who have excellent mechanical Genius's, and divert themſelves, at leiſure Hours, with Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Gardening, and ſeveral kinds of Handicrafts. Since I have mention'd Confeſſionals, I ſhall ſet down here ſome Inſcriptions that I have ſeen over them in *Roman* Catholick Countries, which are all Texts of Scripture, and regard either the Penitent or the Father. *Abi, oſtende te ad Sacerdotem* ——— *Ne taceat pupilla oculi tui* ——— *Ibo ad Patrem meum & dicam, Pater peccavi* ——— *Soluta erunt in Cœlis* ——— *Redi Anima mea in Requiem tuam* ——— *Vade, & ne deinceps pecca* ——— *Qui vos audit, me audit* ——— *Venite ad me omnes qui fatigati eſtis & onerati* ——— *Corripiet me juſtus in miſericordiâ* ——— *Vide ſi via Iniquitatis in me eſt, & deduc me in viâ æternâ* ——— *Ut audiret gemitus compeditorum.* i. e. Go thy way, ſhew thy ſelf to the Prieſt. *Matth.* viii. 4. ——— Let not the Apple of thine Eye ceaſe. *Lam.* ii. 18. ——— I will go to my Father, and will ſay unto him, Father, I have ſinned. *Luke* xv. 18. ——— Shall be looſed in Heaven. *Matth.* xvi. 19. ——— Return unto thy Reſt, O my Soul. *Pſal.* cxvi. 7. ——— Go, and ſin no more. *Joh.* viii. 11. ——— He that heareth you, heareth me. *Luke* x. 16. ——— Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden. *Matth.* xi. 28. ——— See if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlaſting. *Pſal.* cxxxix. 24. ——— To hear the groaning of the Priſoners.

Pſal.

Pſal. cii. 20. I ſaw the *Ambroſian* Library, where, to ſhew the *Italian* Genius, they have ſpent more Money on Pictures than on Books. Among the Heads of ſeveral learned Men, I met with no *Engliſhman*, except Biſhop *Fiſher*, whom *Henry* the Eighth put to Death for not owning his Supremacy. Books are indeed the leaſt Part of the Furniture that one ordinarily goes to ſee in an *Italian* Library, which they generally ſet off with Pictures, Statues, and other Ornaments, where they can afford them, after the Example of the old *Greeks* and *Romans*.

——— *Plena omnia gypſo*
Chryſippi invenias: nam perfectiſſimus horum eſt,
Si quis Ariſtotelem ſimilem vel Pittacon emit,
Et jubet archetypos pluteum ſervare Cleanthas.
Juv. Sat. 2. v. 4.

Chryſippus' Statue decks thy Library.
Who makes his Study fineſt, is moſt read;
The Dolt that with an *Ariſtotle*'s Head,
Carv'd to the Life, has once adorn'd his Shelf,
Straight ſets up for a Stagirite himſelf. *Tate.*

In an Apartment behind the Library are ſeveral Rarities, often deſcrib'd by Travellers, as *Brugeal*'s Elements, a Head of *Titian* by his own Hand, a Manuſcript in *Latin* of *Joſephus*, which the Biſhop of *Salisbury* ſays was written about the Age of *Theodoſius*, and another of *Leonardus Vincius*, which King *James* the Firſt could not procure, tho' he proffer'd for it three thouſand *Spaniſh* Piſtoles. It conſiſts of Deſignings in Mechaniſm and Engineering. I was ſhewn in it a Sketch of Bombs and Mortars, as they are now uſed. Canon *Settala*'s Cabinet is always ſhewn to a Stranger among

among the Curioſities of *Milan*, which I ſhall not be particular upon, the Printed Account of it being common enough. Among its natural Curioſities, I took particular notice of a piece of Cryſtal, that inclos'd a couple of Drops, which look'd like Water when they were ſhaken, tho' perhaps they are nothing but Bubbles of Air. It is ſuch a Rarity as this that I ſaw at *Vendome* in *France*, which they there pretend is a Tear that our Saviour ſhed over *Lazarus*, and was gather'd up by an Angel, who put it in a little Cryſtal Vial, and made a Preſent of it to *Mary Magdalene*. The famous *Pere Mabillon* is now engaged in the Vindication of this Tear, which a learned Eccleſiaſtic, in the Neighbourhood of *Vendome*, would have ſuppreſſed, as a falſe and ridiculous Relick, in a Book that he has dedicated to his Dioceſan the Biſhop of *Blois*. It is in the Poſſeſſion of a *Benedictin* Convent, which raiſes a conſiderable Revenue out of the Devotion that is paid to it, and has now retained the moſt learned Father of their Order to write in its Defence.

It was ſuch a Curioſity as this I have mention'd, that *Claudian* has celebrated in about half a Score Epigrams:

Solibus indomitum glacies Alpina rigorem
Sumebat, nimio jam precioſa gelu.
Nec potuit toto mentiri corpore gemmam,
Sed medio manſit proditor orbe latex:
Auctus honor; liquidi creſcunt miracula ſaxi,
Et conſervatæ plus meruiſtis aquæ.

Deep in the ſnowy *Alpes* a Lump of Ice
By Froſts was harden'd to a mighty Price;

Proof

Proof to the Sun, it now ſecurely lies,
And the warm Dog-ſtar's hotteſt Rage defies:
Yet ſtill, unripen'd in the dewy Mines,
Within the Ball a trembling Water ſhines,
That through the Cryſtal darts its ſpurious Rays,
And the proud Stone's Original betrays:
But common Drops, when thus with Cryſtal mixt,
Are valu'd more, than if in Rubies fixt.

As I walk'd thro' one of the Streets of *Milan*, I was ſurpris'd to read the following Inſcription, concerning a Barber, that had conſpired with the Commiſſary of Health and others to poiſon his Fellow-Citizens. There is a void Space where his Houſe ſtood, and in the midſt of it a Pillar, ſuperſcrib'd *Colonna Infame.* The Story is told in handſome *Latin*, which I ſhall ſet down, as having never ſeen it tranſcribed.

Hic, ubi hæc Area patens eſt,
Surgebat olim Tonſtrina
Jo' Jacobi Moræ:
Qui factâ cum Gulielmo Platea publ. Sanit. Commiſſario
Et cum aliis Conſpiratione,
Dum peſtis atrox ſæviret,
Lethiferis unguentis huc & illuc aſperſis
Plures ad diram mortem compulit.
Hos igitur ambos, hoſtes patriæ judicatos,
Excelſo in plauſtro
Candenti prius vellicatos forcipe
Et dexterâ mulctatos manu
Rotâ infringi
Rotæque intextos poſt horas ſex jugulari,
Comburi deinde,

Ac,

Ac, ne quid tam Sceleſtorum hominum reliqui ſit,
Publicatis bonis
Cineres in flumen projici
Senatus juſſit:
Cujus rei memoria æterna ut ſit,
Hanc domum, Sceleris officinam,
Solo æquari,
Ac nunquam in poſterum refici,
Et erigi Columnam,
Quæ vocatur Infamis,
Idem ordo mandavit.
Procul hinc procul ergo
Boni Cives,
Ne Vos Infelix, Infame ſolum
Commaculet!
M. D. C. xxx. *Cal. Auguſti.*
Præſide Pub. Sanitatis M. Antonio Montio Senatore
R. Juſtitiæ Cap. Jo. Baptiſtâ Vicecomit.

In this void Space ſtood formerly the Barber's Shop of *John James Mora*, who, having conſpired with *William Platea*, the Commiſſary of Health, and others, during the time of a raging Plague, deſtroy'd the Lives of a great number of Citizens by diſperſing poiſonous Drugs. The Senate therefore order'd them both, as Enemies of their Country, to be broke on the Wheel, their Fleſh being firſt torn with red-hot pincers, and their right Hands cut off; and, after lying ſix Hours on the Wheel, their Throats to be cut, and their Bodies burn'd; and, that there might be no Remains of ſuch wicked Men, their Goods to be plunder'd, and their Aſhes thrown into the River: And, to perpetuate the Memory of this Tranſaction, the Houſe, in which the Villany was contrived, was order'd to be pull'd down to the Ground, and never to be re-built; and

and a Column to be raiſed on the Spot, call'd *The Infamous*. Fly from hence, good Citizens, leſt the wretched and infamous Soil infect ye. *Aug.* 1, 1630. *M. Anthony Monthius*, the Senator, Commiſſary of Health, *&c.*

The Citadel of *Milan* is thought a ſtrong Fort in *Italy*, and has held out formerly after the Conqueſt of the reſt of the Dutchy. The Governor of it is independent on the Governor of *Milan*; as the *Perſians* uſed to make the Rulers of Provinces and Fortreſſes of different Conditions and Intereſts, to prevent Conſpiracies.

At two Miles diſtance from *Milan*, there ſtands a Building, that would have been a Maſter-piece in its kind, had the Architect deſign'd it for an artificial Echo. We diſcharg'd a Piſtol, and had the Sound return'd upon us above fifty-ſix times, tho' the Air was very foggy. The firſt Repetitions follow one another very thick, but are heard more diſtinctly in proportion as they decay: There are two parallel Walls, which beat the Sound back on each other, till the Undulation is quite worn out, like the ſeveral Reverberations of the ſame Image from two oppoſite Looking-glaſſes. Father *Kircher* has taken notice of this particular Echo, as Father *Bartolin* has done ſince in his ingenious Diſcourſe on Sounds. The State of *Milan* is like a vaſt Garden, ſurrounded by a noble Moundwork of Rocks and Mountains. Indeed, if a Man conſiders the Face of *Italy* in general, one would think that Nature had laid it out into ſuch a Variety of States and Governments as one finds in it. For as the *Alpes* at one end, and the long Range of *Apennines*, that paſſes through the Body of it, branch out on all ſides into ſeveral different Diviſions; they ſerve as ſo many natural

tural Boundaries and Fortifications to the little Territories that lie among them. Accordingly we find the whole Country cut into a multitude of particular Kingdoms and Commonwealths in the oldeſt Accounts we have of it, till the Power of the *Romans*, like a Torrent that overflows its Banks, bore down all before it, and ſpread it ſelf into the remoteſt Corners of the Nation. But as this exorbitant Power became unable to ſupport it ſelf, we find the *Government* of *Italy* again broken into ſuch a Variety of Sub-diviſions, as naturally ſuits with its Situation.

In the Court of *Milan*, as in ſeveral others of *Italy*, there are many who fall in with the Dreſs and Carriage of the *French*. One may however obſerve a kind of aukwardneſs in the *Italians*, which eaſily diſcovers the Airs they give themſelves not to be natural. It is indeed very ſtrange there ſhould be ſuch a Diverſity of Manners, where there is ſo ſmall a difference in the Air and Climate. The *French* are always open, familiar, and talkative: The *Italians*, on the contrary, are ſtiff, ceremonious, and reſerved. In *France* every one aims at a Gaiety and Sprightlineſs of Behaviour, and thinks it an Accompliſhment to be briſk and lively: The *Italians*, notwithſtanding their natural Fierineſs of Temper, affect always to appear ſober and ſedate; inſomuch that one ſometimes meets Young Men walking the Streets with Spectacles on their Noſes, that they may be thought to have impaired their Sight by much Study, and ſeem more Grave and Judicious than their Neighbours. This Difference of Manners proceeds chiefly from Difference of Education. In *France* it is uſual to bring their Children into Company, and to cheriſh in them, from

their Infancy, a kind of Forwardneſs and Aſſurance: Beſides, that the *French* apply themſelves more univerſally to their Exerciſes than any other Nation in the World, ſo that one ſeldom ſees a young Gentleman in *France* that does not Fence, Dance, and Ride in ſome tolerable Perfection. Theſe Agitations of the Body do not only give them a free and eaſy Carriage, but have a kind of Mechanical Operation on the Mind, by keeping the Animal Spirits always awake and in Motion. But what contributes moſt to this light airy Humour of the *French*, is the free Converſation that is allowed them with their Women, which does not only communicate to them a certain Vivacity of Temper, but makes them endeavour after ſuch a Behaviour as is moſt taking with the Sex.

The *Italians*, on the contrary, who are excluded from making their Court this way, are for recommending themſelves to thoſe they converſe with by their Gravity and Wiſdom. In *Spain* therefore, where there are fewer Liberties of this Nature allowed, there is ſomething ſtill more ſerious and compoſed in the Manner of the Inhabitants. But as Mirth is more apt to make Proſelytes than Melancholy, it is obſerved that the *Italians* have many of them for theſe late Years given very far into the Modes and Freedoms of the *French*; which prevail more or leſs in the Courts of *Italy*, as they lie at a ſmaller or greater Diſtance from *France*. It may be here worth while to conſider how it comes to paſs, that the common People of *Italy* have in general ſo very great an Averſion to the *French*, which every Traveller cannot but be ſenſible of, that has paſſed through the Country. The moſt obvious

obvious Reaſon is certainly the great Difference that there is in the Humours and Manners of the two Nations, which always works more in the meaner ſort, who are not able to vanquiſh the Prejudices of Education, than with the Nobility. Beſides, that the *French* Humour, in regard of the Liberties they take in Female Converſations, and their great Ambition to excel in all Companies, is in a more particular manner very ſhocking to the *Italians*, who are naturally Jealous, and value themſelves upon their great Wiſdom. At the ſame time, the common People of *Italy*, who run more into News and Politicks than thoſe of other Countries, have all of them ſomething to exaſperate them againſt the King of *France*. The *Savoyards*, notwithſtanding the preſent Inclinations of their Court, cannot forbear reſenting the infinite Miſchiefs he did them in the laſt War. The *Milaneſe* and *Neapolitans* remember the many Inſults he has offer'd to the Houſe of *Auſtria*, and particularly to their deceaſed King, for whom they ſtill retain a natural kind of Honour and Affection. The *Genoeſe* cannot forget his Treatment of their Doge, and his bombarding their City. The *Venetians* will tell you of his Leagues with the *Turks*; and the *Romans*, of his Threats to Pope *Innocent* the Eleventh, whoſe Memory they adore. It is true, that Intereſt of State, and Change of Circumſtances, may have ſweetned theſe Reflections to the Politer Sort; but Impreſſions are not ſo eaſily worn out of the Minds of the Vulgar. That however, which I take to be the principal Motive among moſt of the *Italians*, for their favouring the *Germans* above the *French*, is this, that they are entirely perſuaded it is for the Intereſt of *Italy*, to have *Milan* and *Naples* rather in the Hands of the

firſt, than of the other. One may generally obſerve, that the Body of a People has juſter Views for the Publick Good, and purſues them with greater Uprightneſs than the Nobility and Gentry, who have ſo many private Expectations and particular Intereſts, which hang like a falſe Bias upon their Judgments, and may poſſibly diſpoſe them to ſacrifice the Good of their Country to the Advancement of their own Fortunes; whereas the Groſs of the People can have no other Proſpect in Changes and Revolutions than of publick Bleſſings, that are to diffuſe themſelves thro' the whole State in general.

To return to *Milan*: I ſhall here ſet down the Deſcription *Auſonius* has given of it, among the reſt of his great Cities.

Et Mediolani mira omnia, copia rerum:
Innumeræ cultæque domus, facunda virorum
Ingenia, et mores læti: Tum duplice muro
Amplificata loci ſpecies, populique voluptas
Circus, et incluſi moles cuneata Theatri:
Templa, Palatinæque arces, opulenſque Moneta,
Et regio Herculei celebris ab honore lavacri,
Cunctaque marmoreis ornata periſtyla Signis,
Omnia quæ magnis operum velut æmula formis
Excellunt; nec juncta premit vicinia Romæ.

Milan with Plenty and with Wealth o'erflows,
And num'rous Streets and cleanly Dwellings ſhows.
The People, bleſs'd with Nature's happy Force,
Are Eloquent and Chearful in Diſcourſe;
A *Circus* and a Theatre invites
Th' unruly Mob to Races and to Fights;

Moneta

Moneta conſecrated Buildings grace,
And the whole Town redoubled Walls embrace:
Here ſpacious Baths and Palaces are ſeen,
And intermingled Temples riſe between;
Here circling *Colonnades* the Ground incloſe,
And here the marble Statues breathe in Rows:
Profuſely grac'd the happy Town appears,
Nor *Rome* it ſelf, her beauteous Neighbour, fears.

BRESCIA,
VERONA,
PADUA.

FROM [illegible] we travell'd thro' a very pleasant Country to *Brescia*, and by the way pass'd the River *Adda*, that falls into the *Lago di Como*, which *Virgil* calls the Lake *Larius*, and running out at the other End loses it self at last in the *Po*, which is the great Receptacle of all the Rivers of this Country. The Town and Province of *Brescia* have freer Access to the Senate of *Venice*, and a quicker Redress of Injuries, than any other Part of their Dominions. They have always a mild and prudent Governor, and live much more happily than their Fellow-Subjects: For as they were once a Part of the *Milanese*, and are now on their Frontiers, the *Venetians* dare not exasperate them, by the Loads they lay on other Provinces, for fear of a Revolt; and are forced to treat them with more Indulgence than the *Spaniards* do their Neighbours, that they may have no Temptation to it. *Brescia* is famous for its Iron-Works. A small Day's Journey

ney more brought us to *Verona*. We ſaw the Lake *Benacus* in our way, which the *Italians* now call *Lago di Garda:* It was ſo rough with Tempeſts when we paſs'd by it, that it brought into my mind *Virgil*'s noble Deſcription of it.

Adde lacus tantos, te Lari maxime, teque
Fluctibus et fremitu aſſurgens, Benace, marino.
Georg. 2. v. 159.

Here vex'd by Winter Storms *Benacus* raves,
Confus'd with working Sands and rolling Waves;
Rough and tumultuous like a Sea it lies,
So loud the Tempeſt roars, ſo high the Billows riſe.

This Lake perfectly reſembles a Sea, when it is work'd up by Storms. It is thirty five Miles in length, and twelve in breadth. At the lower end of it we croſs'd the *Mincius*.

— Tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
Mincius, et tenerâ prætexit arundine ripas.
Virg. Georg. 3. v. 14.

Where the ſlow *Mincius* thro' the Valley ſtrays:
Where cooling Streams invite the Flocks to drink,
And Reeds defend the winding Waters Brink.
Dryden.

The River *Adige* runs thro' *Verona*; ſo much is the Situation of the Town chang'd from what it was in *Silius Italicus* his Time.

——— Verona Atheſi circumflua. Lib. 8.

Verona by the circling *Adige* bound.

This is the only great River in *Lombardy* that does not fall into the *Po*; which it muſt have done, had it run but a little further before its entering the *Adriatick*. The Rivers are all of them mention'd by *Claudian*.

——— *Venetoſque erectior amnes*
Magnâ voce ciet. Frondentibus humida ripis
Colla levant, pulcher Ticinus, et Addua viſu
Cæruleus, velox Atheſis, tarduſque meatu
Mincius, inque novem conſurgens ora Timavus.
Sexto Conſ. Hon.

Venetia's Rivers, ſummon'd all around,
Hear the loud Call, and anſwer to the Sound;
Her dropping Locks the Silver *Teſſin* rears;
The blue tranſparent *Adda* next appears;
The rapid *Adige* then cruſts her Head;
And *Mincio* riſing ſlowly from his Bed;
And laſt *Timavus*, that with eager Force
From nine wide Mouths comes guſhing to his Courſe.

His *Larius* is doubtleſs an Imitation of *Virgil*'s *Benacus*.

———*Umbroſâ veſtit quà littus olivâ*
Larius, et dulci mentitur Nerea fluctu. De Bel. Get.

The *Larius* here with Groves of Olives crown'd,
An Ocean of freſh Water ſpreads around.

I ſaw at *Verona* the famous Amphitheatre, that with a few modern Reparations has all the Seats entire. There is ſomething very noble in it, tho' the high Wall and Corridors that went round it are almoſt entirely ruined, and the Area is quite filled up to

to the lower Seat, which was formerly deep enough to let the Spectators ſee in Safety the Combats of the wild Beaſts and Gladiators. Since I have *Claudian* before me, I cannot forbear ſetting down the beautiful Deſcription he has made of a wild Beaſt newly brought from the Woods, and making its firſt Appearance in a full Amphitheatre.

Ut fera quæ nuper montes amiſit avitos,
Altorumque exul nemorum, damnatur arenæ
Muneribus, commota ruit; vir murmure contra
Hortatur, nixuſque genu venabula tendit;
Illa pavet ſtrepitus, cuneoſque erecta Theatri
Deſpicit, et tanti miratur ſibila vulgi. In Ruf. Lib. 2.

So ruſhes on his Foe the griſly Bear,
That baniſh'd from the Hills and bushy Brakes,
His old hereditary Haunts forſakes.
Condemn'd the cruel Rabble to delight,
His angry Keeper goads him to the Fight.
Bent on his Knee, the Savage glares around,
Scar'd with the mighty Crowd's promiſcuous Sound;
Then rearing on his hinder Paws retires,
And the vaſt hiſſing Multitude admires.

There are ſome other Antiquities in *Verona*, of which the principal is the Ruin of a Triumphal Arch erected to *Flaminius*, where one ſees old *Doric* Pillars without any Pedeſtal or Baſis, as *Vitruvius* has deſcribed them. I have not yet ſeen any Gardens in *Italy* worth taking Notice of. The *Italians* fall as far ſhort of the *French* in this Particular, as they excel them in their Palaces. It muſt however be ſaid, to the Honour of the *Italians*, that the *French* took from them the firſt Plans of their Gardens, as well as of their Water-Works; ſo that

their ſurpaſſing of them at preſent is to be attributed rather to the Greatneſs of their Riches, than the Excellence of their Taſte. I ſaw the Terrace-Garden of *Verona*, that Travellers generally mention. Among the Churches of *Verona*, that of St. *George* is the handſomeſt: Its chief Ornament is the Martyrdom of the Saint, drawn by *Paul Veroneſe*; as there are many other Pictures about the Town by the ſame Hand. A Stranger is always ſhown the Tomb of Pope *Lucius*, who lies buried in the Dome. I ſaw in the ſame Church a Monument erected by the Publick to one of their Biſhops: The Inſcription ſays, that there was between him and his Maker, *Summa Neceſſitudo, Summa Similitudo.* The *Italian* Epitaphs are often more extravagant than thoſe of other Countries, as the Nation is more given to Compliment and Hyperbole. From *Verona* to *Padua* we travelled thro' a very pleaſant Country: It is planted thick with Rows of white Mulberry-trees, that furniſh Food for great Quantities of Silk-worms with their Leaves, as the Swine and Poultry conſume the Fruit. The Trees themſelves ſerve, at the ſame time, as ſo many Stays for their Vines, which hang all along like Garlands from Tree to Tree. Between the ſeveral Ranges lie Fields of Corn, which in theſe Warm Countries ripens much better among the Mulberry Shades, than if it were expoſed to the open Sun. This was one Reaſon why the Inhabitants of this Country, when I paſſed thro' it, were extremely apprehenſive of ſeeing *Lombardy* the Seat of War, which muſt have made miſerable Havock among their Plantations; for it is not here as in the Corn Fields of *Flanders*, where the whole Product of the Place riſes from Year to Year. We arrived ſo late at *Vicenza*, that we had not time to take a full Sight of the Place. The next Day brought us

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to *Padua*. St. *Anthony*, who lived about five hundred Years ago, is the great Saint to whom they here pay their Devotions. He lies buried in the Church that is dedicated to him at preſent, tho' it was formerly conſecrated to the Bleſſed Virgin. It is extremely magnificent, and very richly adorned. There are narrow Clefts in the Monument that ſtands over him, where good Catholicks rub their Beads, and ſmell his Bones, which they ſay have in them a natural Perfume, tho' very like Apoplectic Balſam; and what would make one ſuſpect that they rub the Marble with it, it is obſerved that the Scent is ſtronger in the Morning than at Night. There are abundance of Inſcriptions and Pictures hung up by his Votaries in ſeveral Parts of the Church: For it is the way of thoſe that are in any ſignal Danger to implore his Aid, and if they come off ſafe they call their Deliverance a Miracle, and perhaps hang up the Picture or Deſcription of it in the Church. This Cuſtom ſpoils the Beauty of ſeveral *Roman* Catholick Churches, and often covers the Walls with wretched Daubings, impertinent Inſcriptions, Hands, Legs, and Arms of Wax, with a thouſand idle Offerings of the ſame Nature.

They ſell at *Padua* the Life of St. *Anthony*, which is read with great Devotion; the moſt remarkable Part of it is his Diſcourſe to an Aſſembly of Fiſh. As the Audience and Sermon are both very extraordinary, I will ſet down the whole Paſſage at length.

Non curando gli Heretici il ſuo parlare, egli ſi come era alla riva del mare, dove ſbocca il fiume Marecchia, chiamò da parte di Dio li peſci, che veniſſero à ſentir la ſua ſanta parola. Et ecco che di ſubito ſopra l'acque nuotando gran moltitudine di varii, & diverſi peſci, e del mare, e del fiume, ſi unirono tutti, ſecondo

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le ſpecie loro, e con bell ordine, quaſi che di ragion capaci ſtati foſſero, attenti, e cheti non gratioſo ſpettacolo s'accommodaro per ſentir la parola di Dio. Ciò veduto il ſanto entro al cuor ſuo di dolcezza ſtillandoſi, & per altretanta maraviglia inarcando le ciglia, della obedientia di queſte irragionevoli creature così cominciò loro à parlare. Se bene in tutto le cose create (cari, & amati peſci) ſi ſcuopere la potenza, & providenza infinita di Dio, como nel Cielo, nel Sole, nella Luna, nelle Stelle, in queſto mondo inferiore, nel huomo, e nelle altre creature perfette, nondimeno in Voi particolarmente lampeggia e riſplende la bontà della maeſtà divina; perche ſe bene ſiete chiamati Rettili, mezzi frà pietre, e bruti, confinati nelli profondi abiſſi delle ondeggiante acque: agitati ſempre da flutti: moſſi ſempre da procelle; ſordi al' udire, mutoli al parlare, & horridi al vedere; con tutto ciò in Voi maravigliosamente ſi ſcorge la Divina grandezza; e da voi ſi cavano la maggiori miſterii della bontà di Dio, ne mai ſi parla di voi nella Scrittura Sacra, che non vi ſi aſcoſto qualche profondo Sacramento; Credete voi, che ſia ſenza grandiſſimo miſterio, che il primo dono fatto dall' omnipotente Iddio all' huomo foſſe di voi Peſci? Credete voi che non ſia miſterio in queſto, che di tutte le creature, e di tutti gl' animali ſi ſien fatti ſacrificii, eccetto, che di voi Peſci? Credete, che non vi ſia qualche ſecreto in queſto, che Chriſto noſtro ſalvatore dall' agnelo paſquale in poi, ſi compiaque tanto del cibi di voi peſci? Credete, che ſia à caſo queſto, che dovendo il Redentor del mondo, pagar, como huomo, il cenſo à Ceſare la voleſſe trovare nella bocca di un peſce? Tutti, tutti ſono miſteri e Sacramenti: perciò ſiete particolarmente obligati a lodare il voſtro Creatore: amati peſci di Dio havete ricevuto l' eſſere, la vita, li moto, e'l ſenſo; per ſtanza vi hà dato li liquido elemento dell' Acqua, ſecondo che alla voſtra naturale

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inclinatione conviene: ivi hà fatti ampliſſimi alberghi, ſtanze, caverne, grotte, e ſecreti luogi à voi più che ſale Regie, e regal Palazzi, cari, e grati; & per propria ſede havete l'acqua, elemento diafano, tranſparente, e ſempre lucido quaſi criſtallo, e verro; & dalle più baſſe, e profonde voſtre ſtanze ſcorgete ciò che ſopra acqua ò ſi fa, ò nuota; havete gli occhi quaſi di Lince, ò di Argo, & da cauſa non errante guidati, ſeguite ciò che vi giova, & aggrada; & fuggite ciò che vi nuoce, havete natural deſio di conſervarvi ſecondo le ſpetie voſtre, faſe, oprate & caminate ove natura vi detta ſenza contraſtro alcuno; nè algor d'inverno, nè calor di ſtate vi offende, ò nuoce: ſiaſi per ſereno, ò turbato il cielo, che alli voſtri humidi alberghi nè frutto, nè danno apporta; ſiaſi pure abbondevole de ſuoi teſori, ò ſcarſa de ſuo frutti la terra, che a voi nulla giova; piova, tuoni, ſaetti, lampaggi, è ſubiſſi il mondo, che a voi ciò poco importa; verdeggi primavera, ſcaldi la ſtate, fruttaſichi l'Autunno, & aſſideri li inverno, queſto non vi rileva punto: ne trappaſſar dell'hore, nè correr de giorni, nè volar de meſi, ne fuggir d'anni, ne mutar de tempi, ne cangiar de ſtagioni vi dan penſiero alcuno, ma ſempre ſicura, & tranquilla vita liatamente vivere: O quanto, o quanto grande la Maeſtà di Dio in voi ſi ſcuopre, O quanto mirabile la potenza ſua; O quanto ſtupenda, & maravigliosa ſa ſua providenza; poi che frà tutte le creature dell'univerſo voi ſolo non ſentiſti il diluvio univerſale dell'acque; nè provaſti i danni, che egli face al mondo; e tutto queſto ch'io ho detto dovrebbe muovervi à lodar Dio, à ringratiare ſua divina maeſtà di tanti e coſi ſingolari beneficii, che vi ha fatti; di tante gratie, che vi ha conferite; di tanti favori, di che vi ha fatti degna; per tanto, ſe non potete ſnodar la lingua à ringratiar il voſtro Benefattore, & non ſapete con parole eſprimer le ſue lodi, fatele ſegno di riverenza almeno;

chi-

chinatevi al ſuo nome; moſtrate nel modo che potete ſembiante di gratitudine; rendetevi benevoli alla bontà ſua, in quel miglior modo che potete; O ſapete, non ſiate ſconoſcenti de ſuoi beneficii, & non ſiate ingrati de ſuoi favori. A queſto dire, O maraviglia grande, come ſi quelli peſci haveſſero havuto humano intelletto, e diſcorſo, con geſti di profonda Humiltà, con riverenti ſembianti di religione, chinarono la teſta, blandiro co'l corpo, quaſi approvando ciò che detto havea il benedetto padre St. Antonio.

" When the Hereticks would not regard his Preach-
" ing, he betook himſelf to the Sea-ſhore, where
" the River *Marecchia* diſembogues it ſelf into the
" *Adriatic*. He here called the Fiſh together in the
" Name of God, that they might hear his holy
" Word. The Fiſh came ſwimming towards him
" in ſuch vaſt Shoals, both from the Sea and from
" the River, that the Surface of the Water was
" quite covered with their Multitudes. They quick-
" ly ranged themſelves, according to their ſeveral
" Species, into a very beautiful Congregation, and,
" like ſo many rational Creatures, preſented them-
" ſelves before him to hear the Word of God. St.
" *Antonio* was ſo ſtruck with the miraculous Obe-
" dience and Submiſſion of theſe poor Animals, that
" he found a ſecret Sweetneſs diſtilling upon his
" Soul, and at laſt addreſſed himſelf to them in the
" following Words.

" Altho' the Infinite Power and Providence of
" God (my dearly beloved Fiſh) diſcovers it ſelf in
" all the Works of his Creation, as in the Heavens,
" in the Sun, in the Moon, and in the Stars, in
" this lower World, in Man, and in other perfect
" Creatures; nevertheleſs the Goodneſs of the Divine
" Majeſty ſhines out in you more eminently, and
" appears after a more particular manner, than in
" any

" any other Created Beings. For notwithſtanding
" you are comprehended under the Name of *Reptiles*,
" partaking of a middle Nature between Stones and
" Beaſts, and Impriſoned in the deep Abyſs of Wa-
" ters; notwithſtanding you are toſt among Billows,
" thrown up and down by Tempeſts, deaf to Hear-
" ing, dumb to Speech, and terrible to behold: not-
" withſtanding, I ſay, theſe natural Diſadvantages,
" the Divine Greatneſs ſhows it ſelf in you after a
" very wonderful manner. In you are ſeen the
" mighty Myſteries of an Infinite Goodneſs. The
" Holy Scripture has always made uſe of you, as
" the Types and Shadows of ſome profound Sacra-
" ment.

" Do you think that, without a Myſtery, the
" firſt Preſent that God Almighty made to Man,
" was of you, O ye Fiſhes? Do you think that,
" without a Myſtery, among all Creatures and Ani-
" mals which were appointed for Sacrifices, you only
" were excepted, O ye Fiſhes? Do you think there
" was nothing meant by our Saviour Chriſt, that
" next to the Paſchal Lamb he took ſo much Plea-
" ſure in the Food of you, O ye Fiſhes? Do you
" think it was by meer Chance, that, when the
" Redeemer of the World was to pay a Tribute to
" *Cæſar*, he thought fit to find it in the Mouth of
" a Fiſh? Theſe are all of them ſo many Myſteries
" and Sacraments, that oblige you in a more particu-
" lar manner to the Praiſes of your Creator.

" It is from God, my beloved Fiſh, that you have
" received Being, Life, Motion, and Senſe. It is
" he that has given you, in Compliance with your
" natural Inclinations, the whole World of Waters
" for your Habitation. It is he that has furniſhed
" it with Lodgings, Chambers, Caverns, Grottoes,
" and ſuch magnificent Retirements as are not to be

" met

" met with in the Seats of Kings, or in the Palaces of " Princes. You have the Water for your Dwelling, " a clear tranſparent Element, brighter than Cry- " ſtal; you can ſee from its deepeſt Bottom every " thing that paſſes on its Surface; you have the " Eyes of a *Lynx*, or of an *Argus*; you are guided " by a ſecret and unerring Principle, delighting in " every thing that may be beneficial to you, and " avoiding every thing that may be hurtful; you " are carried on by a hidden Inſtinct to preſerve " your ſelves, and to propagate your Species; you " obey, in all your Actions, Works and Motions, " the Dictates and Suggeſtions of Nature, without " the leaſt Repugnancy or Contradiction.

" The Colds of Winter, and the Heats of Sum- " mer, are equally incapable of moleſting you. A " ſerene or a clouded Sky are indifferent to you. " Let the Earth abound in Fruits, or be curſed with " Scarcity, it has no Influence on your Welfare. " You live ſecure in Rains and Thunders, Light- " nings and Earthquakes; you have no Concern in the " Bloſſoms of Spring, or in the Glowings of Sum- " mer, in the Fruits of Autumn, or in the Froſts " of Winter. You are not ſolicitous about Hours " or Days, Months or Years; the Variableneſs of " the Weather, or the Change of Seaſons.

" In what dreadful Majeſty, in what wonderful " Power, in what amazing Providence, did God " Almighty diſtinguiſh you among all the Species " of Creatures that periſhed in the Univerſal Deluge! " You only were inſenſible of the Miſchief that had " laid waſte the whole World.

" All this, as I have already told you, ought to " inſpire you with Gratitude and Praiſe towards the " Divine Majeſty, that has done ſo great things for " you, granted you ſuch particular Graces and Pri-

" vileges,

" vileges, and heaped upon you ſo many diſtinguiſh-
" ing Favours. And ſince for all this you cannot
" employ your Tongues in the Praiſes of you Bene-
" factor, and are not provided with Words to ex-
" preſs your Gratitude; make at leaſt ſome Sign of
" Reverence; bow your ſelves at his Name; give
" ſome ſhow of Gratitude, according to the beſt of
" your Capacities; expreſs your Thanks in the moſt
" becoming manner that you are able, and be not
" unmindful of all the Benefits he has beſtowed upon
" you.

" He had no ſooner done ſpeaking, but, behold
" a Miracle! The Fiſh, as tho' they had been en-
" dued with Reaſon, bowed down their Heads with
" all the Marks of a profound Humility and Devo-
" tion, moving their Bodies up and down with a
" kind of Fondneſs, as approving what had been
" ſpoken by the bleſſed Father, St. *Antonio*. The
" Legend adds, that after many Hereticks, who were
" preſent at the Miracle, had been converted by it,
" the Saint gave his Benediction to the Fiſh, and diſ-
" miſſed them."

Several other the like Stories of St. *Anthony* are repreſented about his Monument in a very fine *Baſſo Relievo*.

I could not forbear ſetting down the Titles given to St. *Anthony* in one of the Tables that hangs up to him, as a Token of Gratitude from a poor Peaſant, who fancied the Saint had ſaved him from breaking his Neck.

Sacratiſſimi puſionis Bethlehemitici
Lilio candidiori Delicio,
Seraphidum ſoli fulgidiſſimo,
Celſiſſimo ſacræ ſapientiæ tholo,
Prodigiorum patratori Potentiſſimo,

Mortis,

Mortis, Erroris, Calamitatis, Lepræ, Dæmonis,
Diſpenſatori, correctori, liberatori, curatori, fugatori,
Sancto, ſapienti, pio, potenti, tremendo,
Ægrotorum & Naufragantium Salvatori
Præſentiſſimo, tutiſſimo,
Membrorum reſtitutori, vinculorum confractori,
Rerum perditarum Inventori ſtupendo,
Periculorum omnium profligatori
Magno, Mirabili,
Ter Sancto
Antonio Paduano,
Pientiſſimo poſt Deum ejuſque Virgineam matrem
Protectori & Soſpitatori ſuo, &c.

To the thrice holy *Anthony* of *Padua*, Delight (whiter than the Lily) of the moſt holy Child of *Bethlehem*, brighteſt Son of the Seraphs, higheſt Roof of ſacred Wiſdom, moſt powerful Worker of Miracles, holy Diſpenſer of Death, wiſe Corrector of Error, pious Deliverer from Calamity, powerful Curer of Leproſy, tremendous Driver-away of Devils, moſt ready and moſt truſty Preſerver of the Sick and Ship-wreck'd, Reſtorer of Limbs, Breaker of Bonds, ſtupendous Diſcoverer of loſt Things, great and wonderful Defender from all Dangers, his moſt pious (next to God and his Virgin Mother) Protector and Safe-Guard, *&c.*

The Cuſtom of hanging up Limbs in Wax, as well as Pictures, is certainly deriv'd from the old Heathens, who uſed, upon their Recovery, to make an Offering in Wood, Metal or Clay, of the Part that had been afflicted with a Diſtemper, to the Deity that delivered them. I have ſeen, I believe, every Limb of a human Body figured in Iron or Clay, which were formerly made on this Occaſion, among the ſeveral

Collections

Collections of Antiquities that have been ſhewn me in *Italy*. The Church of St. *Juſtina*, deſign'd by *Palladio*, is the moſt handſom, luminous, diſencumber'd Building in the Inſide that I have ever ſeen, and is eſteem'd by many Artiſts one of the fineſt Works in *Italy*. The long Nef conſiſts of a Row of five Cupolas; the croſs one has on each ſide a ſingle Cupola deeper and broader than the others. The Martyrdom of St. *Juſtina* hangs over the Altar, and is a Piece of *Paul Veroneſe*. In the great Town-Hall of *Padua* ſtands a Stone ſuperſcrib'd *Lapis Vituperii*. Any Debtor that will ſwear himſelf not worth five Pound, and is ſet by the Bailiffs thrice with his bare Buttocks on this Stone in a full Hall, clears himſelf of any farther Proſecution from his Creditors; but this is a Puniſhment that no Body has ſubmitted to theſe four and twenty Years. The Univerſity of *Padua* is of late much more regular than it was formerly, tho' it is not yet ſafe walking the Streets after Sun-ſet. There is at *Padua* a Manufacture of Cloth, which has brought very great Revenues into the Republick. At preſent the *Engliſh* have not only gained upon the *Venetians* in the *Levant*, which uſed chiefly to be ſupplied from this Manufacture, but have great Quantities of their Cloth in *Venice* it ſelf; few of the Nobility wearing any other ſort, notwithſtanding the Magiſtrate of the Pomps is obliged by his Office to ſee that no Body wears the Cloth of a Foreign Country. Our Merchants indeed are forced to make uſe of ſome Artifice to get theſe Prohibited Goods into Port. What they here ſhow for the Aſhes of *Livy* and *Antenor* is diſregarded by the beſt of their own Antiquaries.

The pretended Tomb of *Antenor* put me in mind of the latter part of *Virgil*'s Deſcription, which gives us the Original of *Padua*.

Antenor

Antenor potuit mediis elapsus Achivis
Illyricos penetrare sinus, atque intima tutus
Regna Liburnorum, & fontem superare Timavi:
Unde per ora novem vasto cum murmure montis
It mare præruptum, & pelago premit arva sonanti;
Hic tamen ille urbem Patavi, sedesque locavit
Teucrorum, et genti nomen dedit, armaque fixit
Troïa, nunc placidâ compostus pace quiescit.

Æn. 1. v. 246.

Antenor, from the midst of *Grecian* Hosts,
Could pass secure, and pierce th' *Illyrian* Coasts;
Where rolling down the steep *Timavus* raves,
And through nine Channels disembogues his Waves.
At length he founded *Padua*'s happy Seat,
And gave his *Trojans* a secure Retreat;
There fix'd their Arms, and there renew'd their Names;
And there in quiet lies. —— *Dryden.*

From *Padua* I went down to the River *Brent* in the Ordinary Ferry, which brought me in a Day's time to *Venice*.

VENICE.

VENICE.

HAVING often heard *Venice* repreſented as one of the moſt defenſible Cities in the World, I took care to inform my ſelf of the Particulars in which its Strength conſiſts. And theſe I find are chiefly owing to its advantageous Situation; for it has neither Rocks nor Fortifications near it, and yet is, perhaps, the moſt impregnable Town in *Europe*. It ſtands at leaſt four Miles from any part of the *Terra Firma*; nor are the Shallows that lie about it ever frozen hard enough to bring over an Army from the Land-ſide; the conſtant Flux and Reflux of the Sea, or the natural Mildneſs of the Climate, hindering the Ice from gathering to any Thickneſs; which is an Advantage the *Hollanders* want, when they have laid all their Country under Water. On the Side that is expoſed to the *Adriatic*, the Entrance is ſo difficult to hit, that they have marked it out with ſeveral Stakes driven into the Ground, which they would not fail to cut upon the firſt Approach of an Enemy's Fleet. For this Reaſon they have not fortified the little Iſlands, that lie at the Entrance, to the beſt Advantage, which might otherwiſe very eaſily command all the Paſſes that lead to the City from the *Adriatic*. Nor could an ordinary Fleet with Bomb-Veſſels, hope to ſucceed againſt a Place that has always in its Arſenal a conſiderable Number of Gallies and Men of War ready to put to

Sea

Sea on a very ſhort warning. If we could therefore ſuppoſe them block'd up on all ſides, by a Power too ſtrong for them, both by Sea and Land, they would be able to defend themſelves againſt every thing but Famine; and this would not be a little mitigated by the great Quantities of Fiſh that their Seas abound with, and that may be taken up in the midſt of their very Streets; which is ſuch a natural Magazine as few other Places can boaſt of.

Our Voyage-Writers will needs have this City in great Danger of being left, within an Age or two, on the *Terra firma*; and repreſent it in ſuch a manner, as if the Sea was inſenſibly ſhrinking from it, and retiring into its Channel. I asked ſeveral, and among the reſt Father *Coronelli*, the State's Geographer, of the Truth of this Particular, and they all aſſur'd me that the Sea riſes as high as ever, tho' the great Heaps of Dirt it brings along with it are apt to choke up the Shallows; but that they are in no Danger of loſing the Benefit of their Situation, ſo long as they are at the Charge of removing theſe Banks of Mud and Sand. One may ſee abundance of them above the Surface of the Water, ſcatter'd up and down like ſo many little Iſlands, when the Tide is low; and they are theſe that make the Entrance for Ships difficult to ſuch as are not uſed to them; for the deep Canals run between them, which the *Venetians* are at a great Expence to keep free and open.

This City ſtands very convenient for Commerce. It has ſeveral navigable Rivers that run up into the Body of *Italy*, by which they might ſupply a great many Countries with Fiſh and other Commodities; not to mention their Opportunities for the *Levant*, and each ſide of the *Adriatick*. But notwithſtanding theſe Conveniencies, their Trade is far from being

being in a flouriſhing Condition for many Reaſons. The Duties are great that are laid on Merchandiſes. Their Nobles think it below their Quality to engage in Traffick. Their Merchants who are grown rich, and able to manage great Dealings, buy their Nobility, and generally give over Trade. Their Manufactures of Cloth, Glaſs, and Silk, formerly the beſt in *Europe*, are now excell'd by thoſe of other Countries. They are tenacious of old Laws and Cuſtoms to their great Prejudice, whereas a Trading Nation muſt be ſtill for new Changes and Expedients, as different Junctures and Emergencies ariſe. The State is at preſent very ſenſible of this Decay in their Trade, and, as a Noble *Venetian*, who is ſtill a Merchant, told me, they will ſpeedily find out ſome Method to redreſs it; poſſibly by making a free Port, for they look with an evil Eye upon *Leghorne*, which draws to it moſt of the Veſſels bound for *Italy*. They have hitherto been ſo negligent in this particular, that many think the Great Duke's Gold has had no ſmall Influence in their Councils.

Venice has ſeveral Particulars, which are not to be found in other Cities, and is therefore very entertaining to a Traveller. It looks, at a diſtance like a great Town half floated by a Deluge. There are Canals every where croſſing it, ſo that one may go to moſt Houſes either by Land or Water. This is a very great Convenience to the Inhabitants; for a *Gondola*, with two Oars, at *Venice*, is as magnificent as a Coach and ſix Horſes, with a large Equipage, in another Country; beſides that it makes all other Carriages extremely cheap. The Streets are generally paved with Brick or Freeſtone, and always kept very neat; for there is no Carriage, not ſo much as a Chair, that paſſes thro' them. There is

is an innumerable multitude of very handſom Bridges, all of a ſingle Arch, and without any Fence on either ſide, which would be a great Inconvenience to a City leſs ſober than *Venice*. One would indeed wonder that Drinking is ſo little in Vogue among the *Venetians*, who are in a moiſt Air and a moderate Climate, and have no ſuch Diverſions as Bowling, Hunting, Walking, Riding, and the like Exerciſes to employ them without Doors. But as the Nobles are not to converſe too much with Strangers, they are in no Danger of learning it; and they are generally too diſtruſtful of one another for the Freedoms that are uſed in ſuch kind of Converſations. There are many noble Palaces in *Venice*. Their Furniture is not commonly very rich, if we except the Pictures, which are here in greater plenty than in any other Place in *Europe*, from the Hands of the beſt Maſters of the *Lombard* School; as *Titian*, *Paul Veroneſe*, and *Tintoret*. The laſt of theſe is in greater Eſteem at *Venice* than in other Parts of *Italy*. The Rooms are generally hung with Gilt Leather, which they cover on extraordinary Occaſions with Tapiſtry, and Hangings of greater Value. The Flooring is a kind of Red Plaiſter made of Brick ground to Powder, and afterwards work'd into Mortar. It is rubbed with Oil, and makes a ſmooth, ſhining, and beautiful Surface. Theſe Particularities are chiefly owing to the Moiſture of the Air, which would have an ill Effect on other kinds of Furniture, as it ſhows it ſelf too viſibly in many of their fineſt Pictures. Tho' the *Venetians* are extremely jealous of any great Fame or Merit in a living Member of their Commonwealth, they never fail of giving a Man his due Praiſes, when they are in no Danger of ſuffering from his Ambition. For this Reaſon, tho' there

are

are a great many Monuments erected to ſuch as have been Benefactors to the Republick, they are generally put up after their Deaths. Among the many Elogiums that are given to the Doge, *Piſauro*, who had been Ambaſſador in *England*, his Epitaph ſays, *In Angliâ Jacobi Regis obitum mirâ calliditate celatum mirâ ſagacitate rimatus priſcam benevolentiam firmavit.* In *England*, having with wonderful Sagacity diſcover'd the Death of King *James*, which was kept ſecret with wonderful Art, he confirm'd the antient Friendſhip. The particular Palaces, Churches, and Pictures of *Venice*, are enumerated in ſeveral little Books that may be bought on the Place, and have been faithfully tranſcribed by many Voyage-Writers. When I was at *Venice*, they were putting out very curious Stamps of the ſeveral Edifices which are moſt famous for their Beauty or Magnificence. The *Arſenal* of *Venice* is an Iſland of about three Miles round. It contains all the Stores and Proviſions for War, that are not actually employed. There are Docks for their Gallies and Men of War, moſt of them full, as well as Work-houſes for all Land and Naval Preparations. That Part of it, where the Arms are laid, makes a great ſhow, and was indeed very extraordinary about a hundred Years ago; but at preſent a great part of its Furniture is grown uſeleſs. There ſeem to be almoſt as many Suits of Armour as there are Guns. The Swords are old-faſhion'd and unwieldy in a very great Number, and the Fire-Arms fitted with Locks of little Convenience in compariſon of thoſe that are now in uſe. The *Venetians* pretend they could ſet out, in caſe of great Neceſſity, thirty Men of War, a hundred Gallies, and ten Galeaſſes, tho' I cannot conceive how they could man a Fleet of half the number. It was certainly a mighty

Error in this State to affect ſo many Conqueſts on the *Terra Firma*, which has only ſerved to raiſe the Jealouſy of the Chriſtian Princes, and about three hundred Years ago had like to have ended in the utter Extirpation of the Commonwealth; whereas, had they apply'd themſelves, with the ſame Politicks and Induſtry, to the Increaſe of their Strength by Sea, they might perhaps have had all the Iſlands of the *Archipelago* in their Hands, and, by Conſequence, the greateſt Fleet, and the moſt Seamen of any other State in *Europe*. Beſides, that this would have given no Jealouſy to the Princes their Neighbours, who would have enjoy'd their own Dominions in Peace, and have been very well contented to have ſeen ſo ſtrong a Bulwark againſt all the Forces and Invaſions of the *Ottoman* Empire.

This Republick has been much more powerful than it is at preſent, as it is ſtill likelier to ſink than increaſe in its Dominions. It is not impoſſible but the *Spaniard* may, ſome time or other, demand of them *Creme*, *Breſcia*, and *Bergame*, which have been torn from the *Milaneſe*; and in caſe a War ſhould ariſe upon it, and the *Venetians* loſe a ſingle Battle, they might be beaten off the Continent in a ſingle Summer, for their Fortifications are very inconſiderable. On the other ſide the *Venetians* are in continual Apprehenſions from the *Turk*, who will certainly endeavour at the Recovery of the *Morea*, as ſoon as the *Ottoman* Empire has recruited a little of its ancient Strength. They are very ſenſible that they had better have puſhed their Conqueſts on the other ſide of the *Adriatick* into *Albania*; for then their Territories would have lain together, and have been nearer the Fountain-head to have received Succours on occaſion; but the *Venetians* are under Articles with the Emperor, to reſign into his Hands what-

whatever they conquer of the *Turkiſh* Dominions, that has been formerly diſmembered from the Empire. And having already very much diſſatisfy'd him in the *Frioul* and *Dalmatia*, they dare not think of exaſperating him further. The Pope diſputes with them their Pretenſions to the *Poleſin*, as the Duke of *Savoy* lays an equal Claim to the Kingdom of *Cyprus*. 'Tis ſurpriſing to conſider with what Heats theſe two Powers have conteſted their Title to a Kingdom that is in the Hands of the *Turk*.

Among all theſe Difficulties the Republick will ſtill maintain it ſelf, if Policy can prevail upon Force; for it is certain the *Venetian* Senate is one of the wiſeſt Councils in the World, tho' at the ſame time, if we believe the Reports of ſeveral that have been well verſed in their Conſtitution, a great part of their Politics is founded on Maxims, which others do not think conſiſtent with their Honour to put in practice. The Preſervation of the Republick is that to which all other Conſiderations ſubmit. To encourage Idleneſs and Luxury in the Nobility, to cheriſh Ignorance and Licentiouſneſs in the Clergy, to keep alive a continual Faction in the Common People, to connive at the Viciouſneſs and Debauchery of Convents, to breed Diſſenſions among the Nobles of the *Terra Firma*, to treat a brave Man with Scorn and Infamy, in ſhort, to ſtick at nothing for the Publick Intereſt, are repreſented as the refined Parts of the *Venetian* Wiſdom.

Among all the Inſtances of their Politics, there is none more admirable than the great Secrecy that reigns in their publick Councils. The Senate is generally as numerous as our Houſe of Commons, if we only reckon the ſitting Members, and yet carries its Reſolution ſo privately, that they are ſeldom known 'till they diſcover themſelves in the

Execution. It is not many Years ſince they had before them a great Debate concerning the Puniſhment of one of their Admirals, which laſted a Month together, and concluded in his Condemnation; yet was there none of his Friends, nor of thoſe who had engaged warmly in his Defence, that gave him the leaſt Intimation of what was paſſing againſt him, 'till he was actually ſeiz'd, and in the Hands of Juſtice.

The Noble *Venetians* think themſelves equal at leaſt to the Electors of the Empire, and but one Degree below Kings; for which reaſon they ſeldom travel into Foreign Countries, where they muſt undergo the Mortification of being treated like private Gentlemen: Yet it is obſerv'd of them, that they diſcharge themſelves with a great deal of Dexterity in ſuch Embaſſies and Treaties as are laid on them by the Republick; for their whole Lives are employed in Intrigues of State, and they naturally give themſelves Airs of Kings and Princes, of which the Miniſters of other Nations are only the Repreſentatives. Monſieur *Amelot*, reckons in his time, two thouſand five hundred Nobles that had Voices in the great Council; but at preſent, I am told, there are not at moſt fifteen Hundred, notwithſtanding the Addition of many new Families ſince that time. It is very ſtrange, that with this Advantage they are not able to keep up their Number, conſidering that the Nobility ſpreads equally thro' all the Brothers, and that ſo very few of them are deſtroyed by the Wars of the Republick. Whether this may be imputed to the Luxury of the *Venetians*, or to the ordinary Celibacy of the younger Brothers, or to the laſt Plague which ſwept away many of them, I know not. They generally thruſt the Females of their Families into Convents, the better

better to preſerve their Eſtates. This makes the *Venetian* Nuns famous for the Liberties they allow themſelves. They have Operas within their own Walls, and often go out of their Bounds to meet their Admirers, or they are very much miſrepreſented. They have many of them their Lovers, that converſe with them daily at the Grate; and are very free to admit a viſit from a Stranger. There is indeed one of the *Cornara's*, that not long ago refus'd to ſee any under a Prince.

The Carnival of *Venice* is every where talk'd of. The great Diverſion of the Place at that time, as well as on all other high Occaſions, is Maſking. The *Venetians*, who are naturally Grave, love to give into the Follies and Entertainments of ſuch Seaſons, when diſguiſed in a falſe Perſonage. They are indeed under a neceſſity of finding out Diverſions that may agree with the Nature of the Place, and make ſome Amends for the Loſs of ſeveral Pleaſures which may be met with on the Continent. Theſe Diſguiſes give Occaſion to abundance of Love-Adventures; for there is ſomething more intriguing in the Amours of *Venice*, than in thoſe of other Countries; and I queſtion not but the Secret Hiſtory of a Carnival would make a Collection of very diverting Novels. Operas are another great Entertainment of this Seaſon. The Poetry of them is generally as exquiſitely ill, as the Muſick is good. The Arguments are often taken from ſome celebrated Action of the ancient *Greeks* or *Romans*, which ſometimes looks ridiculous enough; for who can endure to hear one of the rough old *Romans* ſqueaking thro' the Mouth of an Eunuch, eſpecially when they may chooſe a Subject out of Courts where Eunuchs are really Actors, or repreſent by them any of the ſoft *Aſiatick* Monarchs? The Opera that

was moſt in Vogue, during my Stay at *Venice*, was built on the following Subject. *Cæſar* and *Scipio* are Rivals for *Cato*'s Daughter. *Cæſar*'s firſt Words bid his Soldiers fly, for the Enemies are upon them: *Si leva Ceſare, e dice a Soldati, A' la fugga, A' lo ſcampo.* The Daughter gives the Preference to *Cæſar*, which is made the Occaſion of *Cato*'s Death. Before he kills himſelf, you ſee him withdrawn into his Library, where, among his Books, I obſerved the Titles of *Plutarch* and *Taſſo*. After a ſhort Soliloquy, he ſtrikes himſelf with the Dagger that he holds in his Hand; but, being interrupted by one of his Friends, he ſtabs him for his Pains, and by the Violence of the Blow unluckily breaks the Dagger on one of his Ribs, ſo that he is forced to diſpatch himſelf by tearing up his firſt Wound. This laſt Circumſtance puts me in mind of a Contrivance in the Opera of St. *Angelo*, that was acted at the ſame time. The King of the Play endeavours at a Rape; but the Poet, being reſolved to ſave his Heroine's Honour, has ſo ordered it, that the King always acts with a great Caſe-Knife ſtuck in his Girdle, which the Lady ſnatches from him in the Struggle, and ſo defends her ſelf.

The *Italian* Poets, beſides the celebrated Smoothneſs of their Tongue, have a particular Advantage, above the Writers of other Nations, in the difference of their Poetical and Proſe Language. There are indeed Sets of Phraſes that in all Countries are peculiar to the Poets; but among the *Italians* there are not only Sentences, but a Multitude of particular Words, that never enter into common Diſcourſe. They have ſuch a different Turn and Poliſhing for Poetical Uſe, that they drop ſeveral of their Letters, and appear in another Form, when they come to be ranged in Verſe. For this Reaſon the *Italian* Opera

ſeldom

ſeldom ſinks into a Poorneſs of Language, but, amidſt all the Meanneſs and Familiarity of the Thoughts, has ſomething beautiful and ſonorous in the Expreſſion. Without this natural Advantage of the Tongue, their preſent Poetry would appear wretchedly low and vulgar, notwithſtanding the many ſtrained Allegories that are ſo much in uſe among the Writers of this Nation. The *Engliſh* and *French*, who always uſe the ſame Words in Verſe as in ordinary Converſation, are forced to raiſe their Language with Metaphors and Figures, or, by the Pompouſneſs of the whole Phraſe, to wear off any Littleneſs that appears in the particular Parts that compoſe it. This makes our Blank Verſe, where there is no Rhyme to ſupport the Expreſſion, extremely difficult to ſuch as are not Maſters in the Tongue, eſpecially when they write on low Subjects; and 'tis probably for this reaſon that *Milton* has made uſe of ſuch frequent Tranſpoſitions, Latiniſms, antiquated Words and Phraſes, that he might the better deviate from vulgar and ordinary Expreſſions.

The Comedies that I ſaw at *Venice*, or indeed in any other Part of *Italy*, are very indifferent, and more lewd than thoſe of other Countries. Their Poets have no Notion of gentile Comedy, and fall into the moſt filthy Double Meanings imaginable, when they have a mind to make their Audience merry. There is no Part generally ſo wretched as that of the Fine Gentleman, eſpecially when he converſes with his Miſtreſs; for then the whole Dialogue is an inſipid mixture of Pedantry and Romance. But 'tis no wonder that the Poets of ſo jealous and reſerved a Nation fail in ſuch Converſations on the Stage, as they have no Patterns of it in Nature. There are four ſtanding Characters which enter into every Piece

that comes on the Stage, the *Doctor*, *Harlequin*, *Pantalone*, and *Coviello*. The *Doctor*'s Character comprehends the whole Extent of a Pedant, that, with a deep Voice, and a Magiſterial Air, breaks in upon Converſation, and drives down all before him: Every thing he ſays is backed with Quotations out of *Galen*, *Hippocrates*, *Plato*, *Virgil*, or any other Author that riſes uppermoſt, and all Anſwers from his Companions are looked upon as Impertinencies or Interruptions. *Harlequin*'s Part is made up of Blunders and Abſurdities: He is to miſtake one Name for another, to forget his Errands, to ſtumble over Queens, and to run his Head againſt every Poſt that ſtands in his way. This is all attended with ſomething ſo comical in the Voice and Geſtures, that a Man, who is ſenſible of the Folly of the Part, can hardly forbear being pleaſed with it. *Pantalone* is generally an old Cully, and *Coviello* a Sharper.

I have ſeen a Tranſlation of the *Cid* acted at *Bolonia*, which would never have taken, had they not found a Place in it for theſe Buffoons. All four of them appear in Masks that are made like the old *Roman Perſonæ*, as I ſhall have occaſion to obſerve in another Place. The *French* and *Italians* have probably derived this Cuſtom, of ſhewing ſome of their Characters in Masks, from the *Greek* and *Roman* Theatre. The old *Vatican Terence* has, at the Head of every Scene, the Figures of all the Perſons that are concerned in it, with the particular Diſguiſes in which they acted; and I remember to have ſeen in the *Villa Mattheio* an antique Statue mask'd, which was perhaps deſign'd for *Gnatho* in the Eunuch; for it agrees exactly with the Figure he makes in the *Vatican* Manuſcript. One would wonder indeed how ſo polite a People as the ancient *Romans* and *Athenians* ſhould not look on theſe borrowed Faces as unnatural.

natural. They might do very well for a Cyclops, or a Satyr that can have no Reſemblance in Humane Features; but for a Flatterer, a Miſer, or the like Characters, which abound in our own Species, nothing is more ridiculous than to repreſent their Looks by a painted Vizard. In Perſons of this nature the Turns and Motions of the Face are often as agreeable as any part of the Action. Could we ſuppoſe that a Mask repreſented never ſo naturally the general Humour of a Character, it can never ſuit with the Variety of Paſſions that are incident to every ſingle Perſon in the whole courſe of a Play. The Grimace may be proper on ſome Occaſions, but is too ſteady to agree with all. The Rabble indeed are generally pleaſed at the firſt Entry of a Diſguiſe; but the Jeſt grows cold even with them too when it comes on the Stage in a ſecond Scene.

Since I am on this Subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a Cuſtom at *Venice*, which they tell me is particular to the Common People of this Country, of ſinging Stanza's out of *Taſſo*. They are ſet to a pretty ſolemn Tune, and when one begins in any part of the Poet, it is odds but he will be anſwered by ſomebody elſe that overhears him: So that ſometimes you have Ten or a Dozen in the Neighbourhood of one another, taking Verſe after Verſe, and running on with the Poem as far as their Memories will carry them.

On *Holy-Thurſday*, among the ſeveral Shows that are yearly exhibited, I ſaw one that is odd enough, and particular to the *Venetians*. There is a Set of Artiſans, who, by the help of ſeveral Poles, which they lay a-croſs each others Shoulders, build themſelves up into a kind of Pyramid; ſo that you ſee a Pile of Men in the Air of four or five Rows riſing one above another. The Weight is ſo equally diſtri-

buted, that every Man is very well able to bear his Part of it, the Stories, if I may ſo call them, growing leſs and leſs as they advance higher and higher. A little Boy repreſents the Point of the Pyramid, who, after a ſhort Space, leaps off, with a great deal of Dexterity, into the Arms of one that catches him at the Bottom. In the ſame manner the whole Building falls to pieces. I have been the more particular in this, becauſe it explains the following Verſes of *Claudian*, which ſhow that the *Venetians* are not the Inventors of this Trick.

Vel qui more avium ſeſe jaculantur in auras,
Corporaque ædificant, celeri creſcentia nexu,
Quorum compoſitam puer augmentatus in arcem
Emicat, et vinctus plantæ, vel cruribus hærens,
Pendula librato figit veſtigia ſaltu.
Claud. de Pr. & Olyb. Conſ.

Men, pil'd on Men, with active Leaps ariſe,
And build the breathing Fabrick to the Skies;
A ſprightly Youth above the topmoſt Row
Points the tall Pyramid, and crowns the Show.

Tho' we meet with the *Veneti* in the old Poets, the City of *Venice* is too modern to find a Place among them. *Sannazarius*'s Epigram is too well known to be inſerted. The ſame Poet has celebrated this City in two other Places of his Poems.

------- *Quis Venetæ miracula proferat urbis,*
Una inſtar magni quæ ſimul Orbis habet?
Salve Italûm Regina, altæ pulcherrima Romæ
Æmula, quæ terris, quæ dominaris aquis!
Tu tibi vel Reges cives facis, O Decus, O Lux
Auſoniæ, per quam libera turba ſumus,

Per

Per quam Barbaries nobis non imperat, et Sol
Exoriens noſtro clariùs orbe nitet! Lib. 3. Eleg. 1.

Venetia ſtands with endleſs Beauties crown'd,
And as a World within her ſelf is found.
Hail Queen of *Italy!* for Years to come
The mighty Rival of immortal *Rome!*
Nations and Seas are in thy States enroll'd,
And Kings among thy Citizens are told.
Auſonia's brighteſt Ornament! by Thee
She ſits a Sov'reign, Unenſlav'd and Free;
By Thee, the rude Barbarian chas'd away,
The Riſing Sun chears with a purer Ray
Our Weſtern World, and doubly gilds the Day.

Nec Tu ſemper eris, quæ ſeptem amplecteris arces,
Nec Tu, quæ mediis æmula ſurgis aquis.
Lib. 2. Eleg. 1.

Thou too ſhalt fall by Time or barb'rous Foes,
Whoſe circling Walls the Sev'n fam'd Hills incloſe;
And Thou, whoſe Rival Tow'rs invade the Skies,
And, from amidſt the Waves, with equal Glory riſe.

FERRARA,

RAVENNA,

RIMINI.

AT *Venice* I took a Bark for *Ferrara*, and in my way thither ſaw ſeveral Mouths of the *Po*, by which it empties it ſelf into the *Adriatic*,

-------- *Quo non alius per pinguia culta*
In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.
Virg. Georg. 4. v. 373.

which is true, if underſtood only of the Rivers of *Italy*.

Lucan's Deſcription of the *Po* would have been very beautiful, had he known when to have given over.

Quoque magis nullum tellus ſe ſolvit in amnem
Eridanus, fractaſque evolvit in æquora ſylvas,
Heſperiamque exhaurit aquis: hunc fabula primum
Populeâ fluvium ripas umbrâſſe coronâ:
Cumque diem pronum tranſverſo limite ducens
Succendit Phaëton flagrantibus æthera loris;

Gurgitibus

Gurgitibus raptis, penitùs tellure peruſtâ,
Hunc habuiſſe pares Phœbeis ignibus undas.
Lib. 2. v. 408.

The *Po*, that, ruſhing with uncommon Force,
O'er-ſets whole Woods in its tumultuous Courſe,
And, riſing from *Heſperia*'s watry Veins,
Th' exhauſted Land of all its Moiſture drains.
The *Po*, as ſings the Fable, firſt convey'd
Its wand'ring Current through a Poplar Shade:
For when young *Phaeton* miſtook his way,
Loſt and confounded in the Blaze of Day,
This River, with ſurviving Streams ſupply'd,
When all the reſt of the whole Earth were dry'd,
And Nature's ſelf lay ready to expire,
Quench'd the dire Flame that ſet the World on Fire.

The Poet's Reflexions follow.

Non minor hic Nilo, ſi non per plana jacentis
Ægypti Libycas Nilus ſtagnaret arenas.
Non minor hic Iſtro, niſi quod dum permeat orbem
Iſter, caſuros in quælibet æquora fontes
Accipit, & Scythicas exit non ſolus in undas.
Ib. v. 416.

Nor would the *Nile* more watry Stores contain,
But that he ſtagnates on his *Libyan* Plain:
Nor would the *Danube* run with greater Force,
But that he gathers in his tedious Courſe
Ten thouſand Streams, and, ſwelling as he flows,
In *Scythian* Seas the Glut of Rivers throws.

That is, ſays *Scaliger*, the *Eridanus* would be bigger than the *Nile* and *Danube*, if the *Nile* and *Danube* were not bigger than the *Eridanus*. What makes

makes the Poet's Remark the more improper, the very Reaſon why the *Danube* is greater than the *Po*, as he aſſigns it, is that which really makes the *Po* as great as it is; for, before its Fall into the Gulf, it receives into its Channel the moſt conſiderable Rivers of *Piedmont*, *Milan*, and the reſt of *Lombardy*.

From *Venice* to *Ancona* the Tide comes in very ſenſibly at its ſtated Periods, but riſes more or leſs in proportion as it advances nearer the Head of the Gulf. *Lucan* has run out of his way to deſcribe the *Phænomenon*, which is indeed very extraordinary to thoſe who lie out of the Neighbourhood of the great Ocean, and, according to his uſual Cuſtom, lets his Poem ſtand ſtill that he may give way to his own Reflexions.

Quáque jacet littus dubium, quod terra fretumque
Vendicat alternis vicibus, cùm funditur ingens
Oceanus, vel cùm refugis ſe fluctibus aufert.
Ventus ab extremo pelagus ſic axe volutet
Deſtituatque ferens: an ſidere mota ſecundo
Tethyos unda vagæ Lunaribus æſtuet horis:
Flammiger an Titan, ut alentes hauriat undas,
Erigat Oceanum, fluctuſque ad ſidera tollat;
Quærite quos agitat mundi labor: at mihi ſemper
Tu quæcunque moves tam crebros cauſa meatus,
Ut ſuperi voluere, lates. ———

Lib. 1. v. 409.

Waſh'd with ſucceſſive Seas, the doubtful Strand
By turns is Ocean, and by turns is Land:
Whether the Winds in diſtant Regions blow,
Moving the World of Waters to and fro;
Or waining Moons their ſettled Periods keep
To ſwell the Billows, and ferment the Deep;

Or

Or the tir'd Sun, his Vigour to ſupply,
Raiſes the floating Mountains to the Sky,
And ſlakes his Thirſt within the mighty Tide,
Do you who ſtudy Nature's Works decide:
Whilſt I the dark myſterious Cauſe admire,
Nor, into what the Gods conceal, preſumptuouſly inquire.

At *Ferrara* I met nothing extraordinary. The Town is very large, but extremely thin of People. It has a Citadel, and ſomething like a Fortification running round it, but ſo large that it requires more Soldiers to defend it, than the Pope has in his whole Dominions. The Streets are as beautiful as any I have ſeen, in their Length, Breadth and Regularity. The *Benedictines* have the fineſt Convent of the Place. They ſhow'd us in the Church *Arioſto*'s Monument: His Epitaph ſays, he was *Nobilitate Generis atque Animi clarus, in rebus publicis adminiſtrandis, in regendis populis, in graviſſimis & ſummis Pontificis legationibus prudentiâ, conſilio, eloquentiâ præſtantiſſimus.* i. e. Noble both in Birth and Mind, and moſt conſpicuous for Prudence, Counſel, and Eloquence, in adminiſtring the Affairs of the Publick, and diſcharging the moſt important Embaſſies from the Pope.

I came down a Branch of the *Po*, as far as *Alberto*, within ten Miles of *Ravenna*. All this Space lies miſerably uncultivated 'till you come near *Ravenna*, where the Soil is made extremely fruitful, and ſhows what much of the reſt might be, were there Hands enough to manage it to the beſt Advantage. It is now on both ſides the Road very marſhy, and generally overgrown with Ruſhes, which made me fancy it was once floated by the Sea, that lies within four Miles of it. Nor could I in the leaſt doubt it when I ſaw

I ſaw *Ravenna*, that is now almoſt at the ſame diſtance from the *Adriatick*, tho' it was formerly the moſt famous of all the *Roman* Ports.

One may gueſs at its ancient Situation from *Martial*'s

Meliúſque Ranæ garriant Ravennates. Lib. 3. Epigr.

Ravenna's Frogs in better Muſick croak.

And the Deſcription that *Silius Italicus* has given us of it.

Quáque gravi remo limoſis ſegniter undis
Lenta paludoſæ perſcindunt ſtagna Ravennæ. Lib. 8.

Encumber'd in the Mud, their Oars divide
With heavy Strokes the thick unwieldy Tide.

Accordingly the old Geographers repreſent it as ſituated among Marſhes and Shallows. The Place, which is ſhown for the Haven, is on a Level with the Town, and has probably been ſtopped up by the great Heaps of Dirt that the Sea has thrown into it; for all the Soil on that ſide of *Ravenna* has been left there inſenſibly by the Sea's diſcharging it ſelf upon it for many Ages. The Ground muſt have been formerly much lower, for otherwiſe the Town would have lain under Water. The Remains of the *Pharos*, that ſtand about three Miles from the Sea, and two from the Town, have their Foundations covered with Earth for ſome Yards, as they told me, which notwithſtanding are upon a Level with the Fields that lie about them, tho' 'tis probable they took the Advantage of a riſing Ground to ſet it upon. It was a ſquare Tower, of about twelve Yards in Breadth,

as

as appears by that part of it which yet remains entire; ſo that its Height muſt have been very conſiderable to have preſerved a Proportion. It is made in the Form of the *Venetian Campanello*, and is probably the high Tower mentioned by *Pliny*, Lib. 36. cap. 12.

On the ſide of the Town, where the Sea is ſuppoſed to have lain formerly, there is now a little Church called the *Rotonda*. At the Entrance of it are two Stones, the one with an Inſcription in *Gothic* Characters, that has nothing in it remarkable; the other is a ſquare Piece of Marble, that by the Inſcription appears ancient, and by the Ornaments about it ſhows itſelf to have been a little Pagan Monument of two Perſons who were ſhipwreck'd, perhaps in the Place where now their Monument ſtands. The firſt Line and a half, that tells their Names and Families in Proſe, is not legible; the reſt run thus:

------ *Raniæ domus hos produxit alumnos,*
Libertatis opus contulit una dies.
Naufraga mors pariter rapuit quos junxerat antè,
Et duplices luctus mors periniqua dedit.

Both with the ſame indulgent Maſter bleſs'd,
On the ſame Day their Liberty poſſeſs'd:
A Shipwreck ſlew whom it had join'd before,
And left their common Friends their Fun'rals to deplore.

There is a turn in the third Verſe, that we loſe by not knowing the Circumſtances of their Story. It was the *Naufraga mors* which deſtroyed them, as it had formerly united them; what this Union

Union was is expreſs'd in the preceding Verſe, by their both having been made Free-men on the ſame Day. If therefore we ſuppoſe they had been formerly ſhipwreck'd with their Maſter, and that he made them Free at the ſame time, the *Epigram* is unriddled. Nor is this Interpretation perhaps ſo forc'd as it may ſeem at firſt ſight, ſince it was the Cuſtom of the Maſters, a little before their Death, to give their Slaves their Freedom, if they had deſerv'd it at their Hands; and it is natural enough to ſuppoſe one, involved in a common Shipwreck, would give ſuch of his Slaves their Liberty, as ſhould have the good Luck to ſave themſelves. The Chancel of this Church is vaulted with a ſingle Stone of four Foot in thickneſs, and a hundred and fourteen in Circumference. There ſtood, on the outſide of this little Cupola, a great Tomb of *Porphyry*, and the Statues of the twelve Apoſtles; but in the War that *Louis* the Twelfth made on *Italy*, the Tomb was broken in pieces by a Cannon Ball. It was, perhaps, the ſame Blow that made the Flaw in the Cupola, tho' the Inhabitants ſay it was crack'd by Thunder, that deſtroyed a Son of one of their *Gothic* Princes, who had taken ſhelter under it, as having been foretold what kind of Death he was to die. I asked an Abbot, that was in the Church, what was the Name of this *Gothic* Prince, who, after a little Recollection, anſwered me, that he could not tell preciſely, but that he thought it was one *Julius Caſar*. There is a Convent of *Theatins*, where they ſhow a little Window in the Church, thro' which the Holy Ghoſt is ſaid to have entered in the Shape of a Dove, and to have ſettled on one of the Candidates for the Biſhoprick. The Dove is repreſented

ſented in the Window, and in ſeveral Places of the Church, and is in great Reputation all over *Italy*. I ſhould not indeed think it impoſſible for a Pigeon to fly in accidentally thro' the Roof, where they ſtill keep the Hole open, and, by its fluttering over ſuch a particular Place, to give ſo ſuperſtitious an Aſſembly an Occaſion of favouring a Competitor, eſpecially if he had many Friends among the Electors that would make a politick Uſe of ſuch an Accident: But they pretend the Miracle has happen'd more than once. Among the Pictures of ſeveral famous Men of their Order, there is one with this Inſcription. *P. D. Thomas Gouldvellus Ep. Aſſ^is Trid^no conſilio contra Hæreticos, & in Anglia contra Eliſabet. Fidei Confeſſor conſpicuus.* The Statue of *Alexander* the Seventh ſtands in the large Square of the Town; it is caſt in Braſs, and has the Poſture that is always given the Figure of a Pope; an Arm extended, and bleſſing the People. In another Square on a high Pillar is ſet the Statue of the bleſſed Virgin, arrayed like a Queen, with a Sceptre in her Hand, and a Crown upon her Head, for having deliver'd the Town from a raging Peſtilence. The Cuſtom of crowning the Holy Virgin is ſo much in vogue among the *Italians*, that one often ſees in their Churches a little Tinſel Crown, or perhaps a Circle of Stars glued to the Canvaſs over the Head of the Figure, which ſometimes ſpoils a good Picture. In the Convent of *Benedictines*, I ſaw three huge Cheſts of Marble, with no Inſcription on them that I could find, tho' they are ſaid to contain the Aſhes of *Valentinian*, *Honorius*, and his Siſter *Placidia*. From *Ravenna* I came to *Rimini*, having paſſed the *Rubicon* by the way. This River is not ſo very contemptible as it

is

is generally repreſented, and was much increaſed by the melting of the Snows when *Cæſar* paſſed it, according to *Lucan.*

Fonte cadit modico parviſque impellitur undis
Puniceus Rubicon, cùm fervida canduit æſtas;
Perque imas ſerpit valles, & Gallica certus
Limes ab Auſoniis diſterminat arva colonis:
Tunc vires præbebat hyems, atque auxerat undas
Tertia jam gravido pluvialis Cynthia cornu,
Et madidis Euri reſolutæ flatibus Alpes. Lib. 1. v. 213.

While Summer laſts, the Streams of *Rubicon*
From their ſpent Source in a ſmall Current run;
Hid in the winding Vales they gently glide,
And *Italy* from neighb'ring *Gaul* divide;
But now, with Winter Storms increas'd, they roſe,
By watry Moons produc'd, and *Alpine* Snows,
That melting on the hoary Mountains lay,
And in warm Eaſtern Winds diſſolv'd away.

This River is now called *Piſatello.*

Rimini has nothing modern to boaſt of. Its Antiquities are as follow: A Marble Bridge of five Arches, built by *Auguſtus* and *Tiberius*, for the Inſcription is ſtill legible, tho' not rightly tranſcrib'd by *Gruter.* A triumphal Arch raiſed by *Auguſtus*, which makes a noble Gate to the Town, tho' part of it is ruined. The Ruins of an Amphitheatre. The *Suggeſtum*, on which it is ſaid that *Julius Cæſar* harangued his Army after having paſſed the *Rubicon.* I muſt confeſs I can by no means look on this laſt as Authentick: It is built of hewn Stone, like the Pedeſtal of a Pillar, but ſomething higher than ordinary, and is but juſt broad enough for

for one Man to ſtand upon it. On the contrary, the ancient *Suggeſtums*, as I have often obſerved on Medals, as well as on *Conſtantine*'s Arch, were made of Wood like a little kind of Stage; for the Heads of the Nails are ſometimes repreſented, that are ſuppoſed to have faſtened the Boards together. We often ſee on them the Emperor, and two or three General Officers, ſometimes ſitting, and ſometimes ſtanding, as they made Speeches, or diſtributed a Congiary to the Soldiers or People. They were probably always in readineſs, and carried among the Baggage of the Army, whereas this at *Rimini* muſt have been built on the Place, and required ſome time before it could be finiſhed.

If the Obſervation I have here made is juſt, it may ſerve as a Confirmation to the learned *Fabretti*'s Conjecture on *Trajan*'s Pillar; who ſuppoſes, I think, with a great deal of Reaſon, that the Camps, Intrenchments, and other Works of the

the ſame Nature, which are cut out as if they had been made of Brick or hewn Stone, were in reality only of Earth, Turf, or the like Materials; for there are on the Pillar ſome of theſe *Suggeſtums*, which are figured like thoſe on Medals, with only this Difference, that they ſeem built with Brick or Free-ſtone. At twelve Miles diſtance from *Rimini* ſtands the little Republick of St. *Marino*, which I could not forbear viſiting, tho' it lies out of the common Tour of Travellers, and has exceſſively bad Ways to it. I ſhall here give a particular Account of it, becauſe I know of no Body elſe that has done it. One may, at leaſt, have the Pleaſure of ſeeing in it ſomething more ſingular than can be found in great Governments, and form from it an Idea of *Venice* in its firſt Beginnings, when it had only a few Heaps of Earth for its Dominions, or of *Rome* it ſelf, when it had yet cover'd but one of its Seven Hills.

THE REPUBLICK OF St. *MARINO.*

THE Town and Republick of St. *Marino* ſtands on the Top of a very high and craggy Mountain. It is generally hid among the Clouds, and lay under Snow when I ſaw it, tho' it was clear and warm Weather in all the Country about it. There is not a Spring or Fountain, that I could hear of in the whole Dominions, but they are always well provided with huge Ciſterns and Reſervoirs of Rain and Snow-water. The Wine that grows on the ſides of their Mountain is extraordinary good, and I think much better than any I met with on the cold ſide of the *Apennines*. This put me in mind of their Cellars, which have moſt of 'em a natural Advantage that renders 'em extremely cool in the hotteſt Seaſons; for they have generally in the Sides of them deep Holes that run into the Hollows of the Hill, from whence there conſtantly iſſues a breathing kind of Vapours, ſo very chilling in the Summer-time, that a Man can ſcarce ſuffer his Hand in the Wind of it.

This

This Mountain, and a few neighbouring Hillocks that lie ſcatter'd about the Bottom of it, is the whole Circuit of theſe Dominions. They have, what they call, three Caſtles, three Convents, and five Churches, and reckon about five thouſand Souls in their Community. The Inhabitants, as well as the Hiſtorians, who mention this little Republick, give the following Account of its Original. St. *Marino* was its Founder, a *Dalmatian* by Birth, and by Trade a Maſon. He was employed above thirteen hundred Years ago in the Reparation of *Rimini*, and, after he had finiſh'd his Work, retired to this ſolitary Mountain, as finding it very proper for the Life of the Hermit which he led in the greateſt Rigours and Auſterities of Religion. He had not been here long before he wrought a reputed Miracle, which, join'd with his extraordinary Sanctity, gain'd him ſo great an Eſteem, that the Princeſs of the Country made him a Preſent of the Mountain to diſpoſe of it at his own Diſcretion. His Reputation quickly Peopled it, and gave Riſe to the Republick which calls it ſelf after his Name. So that the Commonwealth of *Marino* may boaſt at leaſt of a nobler Original than that of *Rome*, the one having been at firſt an *Aſylum* for Robbers and Murderers, and the other a Reſort of Perſons eminent for their Piety and Devotion. The beſt of their Churches is dedicated to the Saint, and holds his Aſhes. His Statue ſtands over the high Altar, with the Figure of a Mountain in its Hands, crown'd with three Caſtles, which is likewiſe the Arms of the Commonwealth. They attribute to his Protection the long Duration of their State, and look on him as the greateſt Saint next the Bleſſed Virgin. I ſaw in their Statute-Book a Law againſt ſuch as ſpeak diſreſpectfully of him, who are to be puniſhed in the ſame manner as thoſe who are convicted of Blaſphemy.

This petty Republick has now lasted thirteen hundred Years, while all the other States of *Italy* have several times changed their Masters and Forms of Government. Their whole History is compris'd in two Purchases, which they made of a neighbouring Prince, and in a War in which they assisted the Pope against a Lord of *Rimini*. In the Year 1100 they bought a Castle in the Neighbourhood, as they did another in the Year 1170. The Papers of the Conditions are preserv'd in their Archives, where 'tis very remarkable that the Name of the Agent for the Commonwealth, of the Seller, of the Notary, and the Witnesses, are the same in both the Instruments, tho' drawn up at seventy Years distance from each other. Nor can it be any Mistake in the Date, because the Popes and Emperors Names, with the Year of their respective Reigns, are both punctually set down. About two hundred and ninety Years after this, they assisted Pope *Pius* the Second against one of the *Malatesta's*, who was then Lord of *Rimini*; and when they had helped to conquer him, received from the Pope, as a Reward for their Assistance, four little Castles. This they represent as the flourishing Time of the Commonwealth, when their Dominions reach'd half way up a neighbouring Hill; but at present they are reduced to their old Extent. They would probably sell their Liberty as dear as they could to any that attacked them; for there is but one Road by which to climb up to them, and they have a very severe Law against any of their own Body that enters the Town by another Path, lest any new one should be worn on the Sides of their Mountain. All that are capable of bearing Arms are exercis'd, and ready at a Moment's Call.

The Sovereign Power of the Republick was lodg'd originally in what they call the *Arengo*, a great Council

cil in which every Houſe had its Repreſentative. But becauſe they found too much Confuſion in ſuch a Multitude of Stateſmen, they devolv'd their whole Authority into the Hands of the Council of Sixty. The *Arengo* however is ſtill called together in Caſes of extraordinary Importance; and if, after due Summons, any Member abſents himſelf, he is to be fin'd to the value of about a Penny *Engliſh*, which the Statute ſays he ſhall pay, *Sine aliquâ diminutione aut gratiâ. i. e.* Without any Abatement or Favour. In the ordinary Courſe of Government, the Council of Sixty (which, notwithſtanding the Name, conſiſts but of forty Perſons) has in its Hands the Adminiſtration of Affairs, and is made up half out of the Noble Families, and half out of the *Plebeian*. They decide all by Baloting, are not admitted 'till five and twenty Years old, and chooſe the Officers of the Commonwealth.

Thus far they agree with the Great Council of *Venice*; but their Power is much more extended; for no Sentence can ſtand that is not confirm'd by two Thirds of this Council. Beſides, that no Son can be admitted into it during the Life of his Father, nor two be in it of the ſame Family, nor any enter but by Election. The chief Officers of the Commonwealth are the two *Capitaneos*, who have ſuch a Power as the old *Roman* Conſuls had, but are choſen every ſix Months. I talk'd with ſome that had been *Capitaneos* ſix or ſeven times, tho' the Office is never to be continu'd to the ſame Perſons twice ſucceſſively. The third Officer is the Commiſſary, who judges in all Civil and Criminal Matters. But becauſe the many Alliances, Friendſhips, and Intermarriages, as well as the Perſonal Feuds and Animoſities that happen among ſo ſmall a People, might obſtruct the Courſe of Juſtice, if one of their own Number had

the Diſtribution of it, they have always a Foreigner for this Employ, whom they chooſe for three Years, and maintain out of the Publick Stock. He muſt be a Doctor of Law, and a Man of known Integrity. He is join'd in Commiſſion with the *Capitaneos*, and acts ſomething like the Recorder of *London* under the Lord Mayor. The Commonwealth of *Genoa* was forc'd to make uſe of a foreign Judge for many Years, whilſt their Republick was torn into the Diviſions of *Guelphs* and *Gibelines*. The fourth Man in the State is the Phyſician, who muſt likewiſe be a Stranger, and is maintain'd by a publick Salary. He is oblig'd to keep a Horſe, to viſit the Sick, and to inſpect all Drugs that are imported. He muſt be at leaſt thirty five Years old, a Doctor of the Faculty, and eminent for his Religion and Honeſty; that his Raſhneſs or Ignorance may not unpeople the Commonwealth. And that they may not ſuffer long under any bad Choice, he is elected only for three Years. The preſent Phyſician is a very underſtanding Man, and well read in our Countrymen, *Harvey*, *Willis*, *Sydenham*, &c. He has been continued for ſome time among 'em, and they ſay the Commonwealth thrives under his Hands. Another Perſon, who makes no ordinary Figure in the Republick, is the School-Maſter. I ſcarce met with any in the Place that had not ſome Tincture of Learning. I had the Peruſal of a *Latin* Book in *Folio*, entitled, *Statuta Illuſtriſſimæ Reipublicæ Sancti Marini*, Printed at *Rimini* by order of the Commonwealth. The Chapter on the publick Miniſters ſays, that when an Ambaſſador is diſpatch'd from the Republick to any Foreign State, he ſhall be allow'd, out of the Treaſury, to the Value of a Shilling a Day. The People are eſteem'd very honeſt and rigorous in the Execution of Juſtice, and ſeem to live more happy and contented among their Rocks and Snows, than others of the *Italians* do

do in the pleaſanteſt Vallies of the World. Nothing indeed can be a greater Inſtance of the natural Love that Mankind has for Liberty, and of their Averſion to Arbitrary Government, than ſuch a Savage Mountain cover'd with People, and the *Campania* of *Rome*, which lies in the ſame Country, almoſt deſtitute of Inhabitants.

Peſaro, Fano, Senigallia, Ancona, Loretto, &c.

To *ROME.*

FROM *Rimini* to *Loretto* the Towns of Note are *Peſaro*, *Fano*, *Senigallia*, and *Ancona*. *Fano* received its Name from the Fane or Temple of Fortune that ſtood in it. One may ſtill ſee the Triumphal Arch erected there to *Auguſtus:* It is indeed very much defaced by Time; but the Plan of it, as it ſtood entire with all its Inſcriptions, is neatly cut upon the Wall of a neighbouring Building. In each of theſe Towns is a beautiful Marble Fountain, where the Water runs continually thro' ſeveral little Spouts, which looks very refreſhing in theſe hot Countries, and gives a great Coolneſs to the Air about them. That of *Peſaro* is handſomly deſigned. *Ancona* is much the moſt conſiderable of theſe Towns. It ſtands on a Promontory, and looks more beautiful at a diſtance than when you are in it. The Port was made by *Trajan*, for which he has a Triumphal Arch erected to him by the Sea-ſide. The Marble of this Arch looks very white and freſh, as being expoſed to the Winds

Winds and Salt Sea-vapours, that by continually fretting it preſerves it ſelf from that mouldy Colour, which others of the ſame Materials have contracted. Tho' the *Italians* and Voyage-Writers call theſe of *Rimini*, *Fano*, and *Ancona*, Triumphal Arches, there was probably ſome Diſtinction made among the *Romans* between ſuch honorary Arches erected to Emperors, and thoſe that were rais'd to them on account of a Victory, which are properly Triumphal Arches. This at *Ancona* was an Inſtance of Gratitude to *Trajan* for the Port he had made there, as the two others I have mention'd were probably for ſome Reaſon of the ſame nature. One may however obſerve the Wiſdom of the ancient *Romans*, who, to encourage their Emperors in their Inclination of doing good to their Country, gave the ſame Honours to the great Actions of Peace, which turn'd to the Advantage of the Publick, as to thoſe of War. This is very remarkable in the Medals that were ſtamp'd on the ſame Occaſions. I remember to have ſeen one of *Galba*'s, with a Triumphal Arch on the Reverſe, that was made by the Senate's Order for his having remitted a Tax. *R. XXXX. REMISSA. S. C.* The Medal, which was made for *Trajan*, in Remembrance of his Beneficence to *Ancona*, is very common. The Reverſe has on it a Port with a Chain running acroſs it, and betwixt them both a Boat, with this Inſcription, *S. P. Q. R. OPTIMO PRINCIPI. S. C.*

I know, *Fabretti* would fain aſcribe this Medal to another Occaſion; but *Bellorio*, in his Additions to *Angeloni*, has ſufficiently refuted all he ſays on that Subject.

At *Loretto* I inquir'd for the *Engliſh* Jeſuits Lodgings, and on the Stair-Caſe that leads to 'em I ſaw ſeveral Pictures of ſuch as had been Exe-

cuted

cuted in *England*, as the two *Garnets*, *Old-Corn*, and others, to the Number of thirty. Whatever were their Crimes, the Inſcription ſays they ſuffer'd for their Religion, and ſome of 'em are repreſented lying under ſuch Tortures as are not in uſe among us. The Martyrs of 1679 are ſet by themſelves, with a Knife ſtuck in the Boſom of each Figure, to ſignify that they were quarter'd.

The Riches in the Holy Houſe and Treaſury are ſurprizingly great, and as much ſurpaſs'd my Expectation as other Sights have generally fallen ſhort of it. Silver can ſcarce find an Admiſſion, and Gold it ſelf looks but poorly among ſuch an incredible Number of precious Stones. There will be, in a few Ages more, the Jewels of the greateſt Value in *Europe*, if the Devotion of its Princes continues in its preſent Fervour. The laſt Offering was made by the Queen Dowager of *Poland*, and coſt her 18000 Crowns. Some have wonder'd that the *Turk* never attacks this Treaſury, ſince it lies ſo near the Sea-ſhore, and is ſo weakly guarded. But beſides that he has attempted it formerly with no Succeſs, it is certain the *Venetians* keep too watchful an Eye over his Motions at preſent, and would never ſuffer him to enter the *Adriatic*. It would indeed be an eaſy thing for a Chriſtian Prince to ſurprize it, who has Ships ſtill paſſing to and fro without Suſpicion, eſpecially if he had a Party in the Town, diſguis'd like Pilgrims, to ſecure a Gate for him; for there have been ſometimes to the Number of 100000 in a Day's time, as it is generally reported. But 'tis probable the Veneration for the Holy Houſe, and the Horror of an Action that would be reſented by all the Catholick Princes of *Europe*, will be as great a Security to the Place as the ſtrongeſt Fortification. It is indeed an amazing thing to ſee ſuch a prodigious Quan-

tity of Riches lie dead, and untouch'd in the midſt of ſo much Poverty and Miſery as reign on all Sides of 'em. There is no queſtion, however, but the Pope would make uſe of theſe Treaſures in caſe of any great Calamity that ſhould endanger the Holy See; as an unfortunate War with the *Turk*, or a powerful League among the Proteſtants. For I can't but look on thoſe vaſt Heaps of Wealth, that are amaſs'd together in ſo many religious Places of *Italy*, as the hidden Reſerves and Magazines of the Church, that ſhe would open on any preſſing Occaſion for her laſt Defence and Preſervation. If theſe Riches were all turn'd into current Coin, and employ'd in Commerce, they would make *Italy* the moſt flouriſhing Country in *Europe*. The Caſe of the Holy Houſe is nobly deſign'd, and executed by the great Maſters of *Italy*, that flouriſh'd about a hundred Years ago. The Statues of the *Sibyls* are very finely wrought, each of 'em in a different Air and Poſture, as are likewiſe thoſe of the Prophets underneath 'em. The Roof of the Treaſury is painted with the ſame kind of Device. There ſtands at the upper End of it a large Crucifix very much eſteem'd, the Figure of our Saviour repreſents him in his laſt Agonies of Death, and amidſt all the Ghaſtlineſs of the Viſage has ſomething in it very amiable. The Gates of the Church are ſaid to be of *Corinthian* Braſs, with many Scripture Stories riſing on 'em in *Baſſo Relievo*. The Pope's Statue, and the Fountain by it, would make a noble Show in a Place leſs beautified with ſo many other Productions of Art. The Spicery, the Cellar and its Furniture, the great Revenues of the Convent, with the Story of the Holy Houſe, are too well known to be here inſiſted upon.

Whoever were the firſt Inventors of this Impoſture, they ſeem to have taken the hint of it from the Ve-

neration

neration that the old *Romans* paid to the Cottage of *Romulus*, which ſtood on Mount *Capitol*, and was repair'd from time to time as it fell to decay. *Virgil* has given a pretty Image of this little thatch'd Palace, that repreſents it ſtanding in *Manlius*'s Time, 327 Years after the Death of *Romulus*.

In ſummo cuſtos Tarpeiæ Manlius arcis
Stabat pro templo, & Capitolia celſa tenebat:
Romuleoque recens horrebat Regia culmo.
Æn. lib. 8. v. 652.

High on a Rock Heroick *Manlius* ſtood
To guard the Temple, and the Temple's God:
Then *Rome* was poor, and there you might behold
The Palace thatch'd with Straw. *Dryden.*

From *Loretto*, in my way to *Rome*, I paſs'd thro' *Recanati*, *Macerata*, *Tolentino*, and *Poligni*. In the laſt there is a Convent of Nuns call'd *la Conteſſa*, that has in the Church an incomparable *Madonna* of *Raphael*. At *Spoletto*, the next Town on the Road, are ſome Antiquities. The moſt remarkable is an Aqueduct of a *Gothic* Structure, that conveys the Water from Mount St. *Francis* to *Spoletto*, which is not to be equall'd for its height by any other in *Europe*. They reckon from the Foundation of the loweſt Arch to the Top of it 230 Yards. In my way hence to *Terni* I ſaw the River *Clitumnus*, celebrated by ſo many of the Poets for a particular Quality in its Waters of making Cattle white that drink of it. The Inhabitants of that Country have ſtill the ſame Opinion of it, as I found upon Inquiry, and have a great many Oxen of a whitiſh Colour to confirm 'em in it. It is probable this Breed was firſt ſettled in the Country, and continuing ſtill the ſame Species, has made the Inhabitants impute it to a wrong Cauſe; tho' they

they may as well fancy their Hogs turn black for ſome Reaſon of the ſame Nature, becauſe there are none in *Italy* of any other Breed. The River *Clitumnus*, and *Mevania* that ſtood on the Banks of it, are famous for the Herds of Victims with which they furniſh'dall *Italy*.

Quà formoſa ſuo Clitumnus flumina luco
Integit, & niveos abluit unda boves.
Prop. Lib. 2. Eleg. 19. v. 25.

Shaded with Trees, *Clitumnus'* Waters glide,
And milk-white Oxen drink its beauteous Tide.

Hinc Albi, Clitumne, greges, & maxima Taurus
Victima, ſæpe tuo perfuſi flumine ſacro,
Romanos ad Templa Deûm duxere triumphos.
Virg. Georg. 2. v. 146.

There flows *Clitumnus* thro' the flow'ry Plain;
Whoſe Waves, for Triumphs after proſp'rous War,
The Victim Ox, and Snowy Sheep prepare.

———*Patulis Clitumnus in Arvis*
Candentes gelido perfundit flumine Tauros.
Sil. Ital. Lib. 2.

Its cooling Stream *Clitumnus* pours along,
To waſh the ſnowy Kine, that on its Borders throng.

———*Tauriferis ubi ſe Mevania campis*
Explicat ——— Luc. Lib. 1. v. 468.

Where Cattle graze in fair *Mevania's* Fields.

———*Atque ubi latis*
Projecta in campis nebulas exhalat inertes,

Et

Et ſedet ingentem paſcens Mevania taurum,
Dona Jovi ——————— Id.

Here fair *Mevania*'s pleaſant Fields extend,
Whence riſing Vapours ſluggiſhly aſcend;
Where, 'midſt the Herd that in its Meadows rove,
Feeds the large Bull, a Sacrifice to Jove.

——*Nec ſi vacuet Mevania valles,*
Aut præſtent niveos Clitumna novalia tauros,
Sufficiam ——————— Stat. Syl. 4. Lib. 1.

Tho' fair *Mevania* ſhould exhauſt her Field,
Or his white Kine the ſwift *Clitumnus* yield,
Still I were poor ——

Pinguior Hiſpullâ traheretur taurus et ipſâ
Mole piger, non finitimâ nutritus in herbâ,
Læta ſed oſtendens Clitumni paſcua ſanguis
Iret, et à grandi cervix ferienda Miniſtro.
Juv. Sat. 12. v. 11.

A Bull high-fed ſhould fall the Sacrifice,
One of *Hiſpulla*'s huge prodigious Size:
Not one of thoſe our neighb'ring Paſtures feed,
But of *Clitumnus*' whiteſt Sacred Breed:
The lively Tincture of whoſe guſhing Blood
Should clearly prove the Richneſs of his Food:
A Neck ſo ſtrong, ſo large, as would command
The ſpeeding Blow of ſome uncommon Hand.
Congreve.

I ſhall afterwards have occaſion to quote *Claudian.*

Terni is the next Town in courſe, formerly call'd *Interamna*, for the ſame Reaſon that a part of *Aſia* was nam'd *Meſopotamia.* We enter at the Gate of the

the three Monuments, ſo call'd becauſe there ſtood near it a Monument erected to *Tacitus* the Hiſtorian, with two others to the Emperors *Tacitus* and *Florianus*, all of them Natives of the Place. Theſe were a few Years ago demoliſh'd by Thunder, and the Fragments of them are in the Hands of ſome Gentlemen of the Town. Near the Dome I was ſhown a ſquare Marble, inſerted in the Wall, with the following Inſcription.

Saluti perpetuæ Auguſtæ
Libertatique Publicæ Populi Romani
Genio municipi Anno poſt
Interamnam Conditam.
D. CC. IV.
Ad Cneium Domitium
Ahenobarbum.
Coſſ. providentiæ Ti. Cæſaris
Auguſti nati ad Æternitatem Romani nominis ſublato
hoſte perniciosiſſimo P. R. Fauſtus Titius Liberalis
VI. *vir iterum. P. S. F. C.* that is, *pecunia ſua fieri curavit.*

This Stone was probably ſet up on occaſion of the Fall of *Sejanus*. After the Name of *Ahenobarbus* there is a little Furrow in the Marble, but ſo ſmooth and well poliſh'd, that I ſhould not have taken notice of it had not I ſeen *Coſſ.* at the end of it, by which it is plain there was once the Name of another Conſul, which has been induſtriouſly razed out. *Lucius Aruncius Camillus Scribonianus* was Conſul, under the Reign of * *Tiberius*, and was afterwards put to Death for a Conſpiracy that

* Vid. Faſt. Conſul. Sicul.

he

he had form'd againſt the Emperor *Claudius*; at which time it was order'd that his Name and Conſulate ſhould be effaced out of all publick Regiſters and Inſcriptions. It is not therefore improbable, that it was this long Name which fill'd up the Gap I am now mentioning. There are near this Monument the Ruins of an ancient Theatre, with ſome of the Caves intire. I ſaw among the Ruins an old Heathen Altar, with this Particularity in it, that it is hollow'd, like a Diſh, at one End; but it was not this End on which the Sacrifice was laid, as one may gueſs from the Make of the Feſtoon, that runs round the Altar, and is inverted when the Hollow ſtands uppermoſt. In the ſame Yard, among the Rubbiſh of the Theatre, lie two Pillars, the one of Granate, and the other of a very beautiful Marble. I went out of my way to ſee the famous *Caſcade* about three Miles from *Terni*. It is form'd by the Fall of the River *Velino*, which *Virgil* mentions in the Seventh *Æneid* —— *Roſea rura Velini*.

The Channel of this River lies very high, and is ſhaded on all ſides by a green Foreſt, made up of ſeveral kinds of Trees that preſerve their Verdure all the Year. The neighbouring Mountains are covered with them, and by reaſon of their Height are more expos'd to the Dews and drizling Rains than any of the adjacent Parts, which gives occaſion to *Virgin*'s *Roſea rura* (Dewy Countries). The River runs extremely rapid before its Fall, and ruſhes down a Precipice of a hundred Yards high. It throws it ſelf into the hollow Rock, which has probably been worn by ſuch a conſtant Fall of Water. It is impoſſible to ſee the Bottom on which it breaks, for the Thickneſs of the Miſt that riſes from it, which looks at a diſtance like Clouds of Smoke aſcending

cending from ſome vaſt Furnace, and diſtils in perpetual Rains on all the Places that lie near it. I think there is ſomething more aſtoniſhing in this *Caſcade*, than in all the Water-works of *Verſailles*, and could not but wonder when I firſt ſaw it, that I had never met with it in any of the old Poets, eſpecially in *Claudian*, who makes his Emperor *Honorius* go out of his way to ſee the River *Nar*, which runs juſt below it, and yet does not mention what would have been ſo great an Embelliſhment to his Poem. But at preſent I don't in the leaſt queſtion, notwithſtanding the Opinion of ſome learned Men to the contrary, that this is the Gulf thro' which *Virgil*'s *Alecto* ſhoots her ſelf into Hell: for the very Place, the great Reputation of it, the Fall of Waters, the Woods that encompaſs it, with the Smoke and Noiſe that ariſe from it, are all pointed at in the Deſcription. Perhaps he would not mention the Name of the River, becauſe he has done it in the Verſes that precede. We may add to this, that the *Caſcade* is not far off that part of *Italy* which has been call'd *Italiæ Meditullium.*

Eſt locus Italiæ medio, ſub montibus altis,
Nobilis, et famâ multis memoratus in oris,
Amſancti valles; denſis hunc frondibus atrum
Urget utrinque latus nemoris, medioque fragoſus
Dat ſonitum ſaxis et torto vortice torrens:
Hic ſpecus horrendum, & ſævi ſpiracula Ditis
Monſtrantur, ruptoque ingens Acheronte vorago
Peſtiferas aperit fauces, queis condita Erinnys
Inviſum Numen terras cœlumque levabat.
Æn. 7. v. 563.

In midſt of *Italy*, well known to Fame,
There lies a Vale, *Amſanctus* is the Name,

Below

Below the lofty Mounts: On either ſide
Thick Foreſts the forbidden Entrance hide:
Full in the Centre of the ſacred Wood
An Arm ariſeth of the *Stygian* Flood;
Which falling from on high, with bellowing Sound,
Whirls the black Waves and rattling Stones around.
Here *Pluto* pants for Breath from out his Cell,
And opens wide the grinning Jaws of Hell.
To this infernal Gate the Fury flies,
Here hides her hated Head, and frees the lab'ring Skies. *Dryden.*

It was indeed the moſt proper Place in the World for a Fury to make her *Exit*, after ſhe had filled a Nation with Diſtractions and Alarms; and I believe every Reader's Imagination is pleas'd, when he ſees the angry Goddeſs thus ſinking, as it were, in a Tempeſt, and plunging herſelf into Hell, amidſt ſuch a Scene of Horror and Confuſion.

The River *Velino*, after having found its way out from among the Rocks where it falls, runs into the *Nera*. The Channel of this laſt River is white with Rocks, and the Surface of it, for a long Space, cover'd with Froth and Bubbles; for it runs all along upon the Fret, and is ſtill breaking againſt the Stones that oppoſe its Paſſage: So that for theſe Reaſons, as well as for the Mixture of Sulphur in its Waters, it is very well deſcrib'd by *Virgil*, in that Verſe which mentions theſe two Rivers in their old *Roman* Names.

Tartaream intendit vocem, quâ protinus omne
Contremuit nemus, et ſylvæ intonuere profundæ,
Audiit et longè Triviæ lacus, audiit amnis
Sulfureâ Nar albus aquâ, fonteſque Velini.
Æn. 7. v. 514.

The

The ſacred Lake of *Trivia* from afar,
The *Veline* Fountains, and Sulphureous *Nar*,
Shake at the baleful Blaſt, the Signal of the War.
Dryden.

He makes the Sound of the Fury's Trumpet run up the *Nera* to the very Sources of *Velino*, which agrees extremely well with the Situation of theſe Rivers. When *Virgil* has mark'd any particular Quality in a River, the other Poets ſeldom fail of copying after him.

——— *Sulphureus Nar.* Auſon.

——— The ſulphureous *Nar.*

——— *Narque albeſcentibus undis*
In Tibrim properans ——— Sil. Ital. Lib. 8.
——— *Et Nar vitiatus odore*
Sulfure ——— Claud. de Pr. & Olyb. Conſ.

——— The hoary *Nar*
Corrupted with the Stench of Sulphur flows,
And into *Tiber*'s Streams th' infected Current throws.

From this River our next Town on the Road receives the Name of *Narni*. I ſaw hereabouts nothing remarkable except *Auguſtus*'s Bridge, that ſtands half a Mile from the Town, and is one of the ſtateſieſt Ruins in *Italy*. It has no Cement, and looks as firm as one intire Stone. There is an Arch of it unbroken, the broadeſt that I have ever ſeen, tho' by reaſon of its great Height it does not appear ſo. The middle one was ſtill much broader. They join'd together two Mountains, and belong'd, without doubt, to the Bridge that *Martial* mentions,

tions, tho' Mr. *Ray* takes them to be the Remains of an Aqueduct.

Sed jam parce mihi, nec abutere Narnia Quinto;
Perpetuò liceat ſic tibi ponte frui!
Lib. 7. Epigr. 93.

Preſerve my better part, and ſpare my Friend;
So, *Narni*, may thy Bridge for ever ſtand.

From *Narni* I went to *Otricoli*, a very mean little Village, that ſtands where the Caſtle of *Ocriculum* did formerly. I turn'd about half a Mile out of the Road, to ſee the Ruins of the old *Ocriculum*, that lie near the Banks of the *Tiber*. There are ſtill ſcatter'd Pillars and Pedeſtals, huge Pieces of Marble half-buried in the Earth, Fragments of Towers, Subterraneous Vaults, Bathing-Places, and the like Marks of its ancient Magnificence.

In my way to *Rome*, ſeeing a high Hill ſtanding by it ſelf in the *Campania*, I did not queſtion but it had a *Claſſic* Name, and upon Enquiry found it to be Mount *Soracte*. The *Italians* at preſent call it, becauſe its Name begins with an *S*, St. *Oreſte*.

The Fatigue of our croſſing the *Apennines*, and of our whole Journey from *Loretto* to *Rome*, was very agreeably reliev'd by the Variety of Scenes we paſs'd thro'. For not to mention the rude Proſpect of Rocks riſing one above another, of the deep Gutters worn in the Sides of them by Torrents of Rain and Snow-water, or the long Channels of Sand winding about their Bottoms, that are ſometimes filled with ſo many Rivers; we ſaw, in ſix Days travelling, the ſeveral Seaſons of the Year in their Beauty and Perfection. We were ſometimes

ſhivering

ſhivering on the top of a bleak Mountain, and a little while after basking in a warm Valley, covered with Violets, and Almond-trees in Bloſſom, the Bees already ſwarming over them, tho' but in the Month of *February*. Sometimes our Road led us thro' Groves of Olives, or by Gardens of Oranges, or into ſeveral hollow Apartments among the Rocks and Mountains, that look like ſo many natural Green-houſes; as being always ſhaded with a great Variety of Trees and Shrubs that never loſe their Verdure.

I ſhall ſay nothing of the *Via Flaminia*, which has been ſpoken of by moſt of the Voyage-Writers that have paſs'd it, but ſhall ſet down *Claudian*'s Account of the Journey that *Honorius* made from *Ravenna* to *Rome*, which lies moſt of it in the ſame Road that I have been deſcribing.

——— *Antiquæ muros egreſſa Ravennæ*
Signa movet, jamque ora Padi portuſque relinquit
Flumineos, certis ubi legibus advena Nereus
Æſtuat, et pronas puppes nunc amne ſecundo,
Nunc redeunte vehit, nudataque littora fluctu
Deſerit, Oceani Lunaribus æmula damnis;
Lætior hinc Fano recipit Fortuna vetuſto,
Deſpicitur que vagus præruptâ valle Metaurus,
* *Quâ mons arte patens vivo ſe perforat Arcu,*
Admiſitque viam ſectæ per viſcera rupis,
Exuperans delubra Jovis, ſaxoque minantes
Apenninigenis cultas paſtoribus aras:
Quin et Clitumni ſacras victoribus undas,
Candida quæ Latiis præbent armenta triumphis,

* An Highway made by *Veſpaſian*, like the *Grotto Obſcure* near *Naples*.

Viſere

Viſere cura fuit. Nec te miracula Fontis †
Prætereunt: tacito paſſu quem ſi quis adiret,
Lentus erat; ſi voce gradum majore citâſſet,
Commiſtis fervebat aquis: cùmque omnibus una
Sit natura vadis, ſimiles ut corporis umbras
Oſtendant, hæc ſola novam jactantia ſortem
Humanos properant imitari flumina mores.
Celſa dehinc patulum proſpectans Narnia campum
Regali calcatur equo, rarique coloris
Non procul amnis adeſt, urbi qui nominis auctor
Ilice ſub densâ ſylvis arctatus opacis
Inter utrumque jugum tortis anfractibus albet.
Inde ſalutato libatis Tibride Nymphis,
Excipiunt arcus, operoſaque ſemita, vaſtis
Molibus, & quicquid tantæ præmittitur urbi.
De ſexto Conſ. Hon.

They leave *Ravenna*, and the Mouths of *Po*,
That all the Borders of the Town o'erflow;
And ſpreading round in one continu'd Lake,
A ſpacious hoſpitable Harbour make.
Hither the Seas at ſtated times reſort,
And ſhove the loaden Veſſels into Port;
Then with a gentle Ebb retire again,
And render back their Cargo to the Main.
So the pale Moon the reſtleſs Ocean guides,
Driv'n to and fro by ſuch ſubmiſſive Tides.
Fair *Fortune* next, with Looks ſerene and kind,
Receives 'em, in her ancient Fane enſhrin'd;
Then the high Hills they croſs, and from below
In diſtant Murmurs hear *Metaurus* flow,
'Till to *Clitumno*'s ſacred Streams they come,
That ſend white Victims to Almighty *Rome*;

† The Fountain not known.

When

When her triumphant Sons in War ſucceed,
And ſlaughter'd Hecatombs around 'em bleed.
At *Narni*'s lofty Seats arriv'd, from far
They view the Windings of the hoary *Nar*;
Through Rocks and Woods impetuouſly he glides,
While Froth and Foam the fretting Surface hides.
And now the Royal Gueſt, all Dangers paſs'd,
Old *Tiber* and his Nymphs ſalutes at laſt;
The long laborious Pavement here he treads,
That to proud *Rome* th' admiring Nations leads;
While ſtately Vaults and tow'ring Piles appear,
And ſhow the World's Metropolis is near.

Silius Italicus, who has taken more Pains on the Geography of *Italy* than any other of the *Latin* Poets, has given a Catalogue of moſt of the Rivers that I ſaw in *Umbria*, or in the Borders of it. He has avoided a Fault (if it be really ſuch) which *Macrobius* has objected to *Virgil*, of paſſing from one Place to another, without regarding their regular and natural Situation, in which *Homer*'s Catalogues are obſerv'd to be much more methodical and exact than *Virgil*'s.

——— *Cavis venientes montibus Umbri,*
Hos Æſis Sapiſque lavant, rapidaſque ſonanti
Vortice contorquens undas per ſaxa Metaurus:
Et lavat ingentem perfundens flumine ſacro
Clitumnus taurum, Narque albeſcentibus undis
In Tibrim properans, Tineæque inglorius humor,
Et Clanis, et Rubico, et Senonum de nomine Senon.
Sed pater ingenti medios illabitur amne
Albula, et immotâ perſtringit mœnia ripâ,
His urbes arva, et latis Mevania pratis,
Hiſpellum, et duro monti per ſaxa recumbens
Narnia, &c. ——— Sil. Ital. Lib. 8.

The

The *Umbri*, that from hollow Mountains came:
Theſe *Æſis* and the Stream of *Sapis* laves;
And ſwift *Metaurus*, that with rapid Waves
O'er Beds of Stone its noiſy current pours:
Clitumnus, that preſents its ſacred Stores,
To waſh the Bull: the *Nar*'s infected Tide,
Whoſe ſulph'rous Waters into *Tyber* glide:
Tinea's ſmall Stream, that runs inglorious on:
The *Clanis*, *Senon*, and the *Rubicon*:
With larger Waters, and ſuperior Sway,
Amids the reſt, the hoary *Albula*
Thro' Fields and Towns purſues his wat'ry Way.

Since I am got among the Poets, I ſhall end this Chapter with two or three Paſſages out of them, that I have omitted inſerting in their proper Places.

Sit Ciſterna mihi quam Vinea malo Ravennæ,
Cùm poſſim multo vendere pluris Aquam.
Mart. Lib. 3. Epigr. 56.

Lodg'd at *Ravenna*, (Water ſells ſo dear)
A Ciſtern to a Vineyard I prefer.

Callidus impoſuit nuper mihi Caupo Ravennæ;
Cum peterem mixtum, vendidit ille merum.
Id. ib. Epigr. 57.

By a *Ravenna* Vintner once betray'd,
So much for Wine and Water mix'd I paid;
But when I thought the purchas'd Liquor mine,
The Raſcal ſobb'd me off with only Wine.

Stat

Stat fucare colus, nec Sidone vilior Ancon,
Murice nec Tyrio —— Sil. Ital. Lib. 8.

The Wool, when ſhaded with *Ancona*'s Dye,
May with the proudeſt *Tyrian* Purple vie.

Fountain Water is ſtill very ſcarce at *Ravenna*, and was probably much more ſo, when the Sea was within its Neighbourhood.

FROM

FROM

ROME

TO

NAPLES.

UPON my Arrival at *Rome* I took a View of St. *Peter*'s, and the *Rotunda*, leaving the reſt 'till my Return from *Naples*, when I ſhould have Time and Leiſure enough to conſider what I ſaw. St. *Peter*'s ſeldom anſwers Expectation at firſt entring it, but enlarges itſelf on all ſides inſenſibly, and mends upon the Eye every Moment. The Proportions are ſo very well obſerv'd, that nothing appears to an Advantage, or diſtinguiſhes itſelf above the reſt. It ſeems neither extremely high, nor long, nor broad, becauſe it is all of them in a juſt Equality. As on the contrary in our *Gothic* Cathedrals, the Narrowneſs of the Arch makes it riſe in Height, or run out in Length; the Lowneſs often opens it in Breadth, or the Defectiveneſs of ſome other Particular makes any ſingle Part appear in great Perfection. Tho' every thing in this Church is admirable, the moſt aſtoniſhing Part

of it is the Cupola. Upon my going to the top of it, I was ſurpriz'd to find that the Dome, which we ſee in the Church, is not the ſame that one looks upon without Doors, the laſt of them being a kind of Caſe to the other, and the Stairs lying betwixt them both, by which one aſcends into the Ball. Had there been only the outward Dome, it would not have ſhewn itſelf to an Advantage to thoſe that are in the Church; or had there only been the inward one, it would ſcarce have been ſeen by thoſe that are without; had they both been one ſolid Dome of ſo great a Thickneſs, the Pillars would have been too weak to have ſupported it. After having ſurvey'd this Dome, I went to ſee the *Rotunda*, which is generally ſaid to have been the Model of it. This Church is at preſent ſo much chang'd from the ancient *Pantheon*, as *Pliny* has deſcrib'd it, that ſome have been inclin'd to think it is not the ſame Temple; but the Cavalier *Fontana* has abundantly ſatisfy'd the World in this Particular, and ſhewn how the ancient Figure, and Ornaments of the *Pantheon*, have been chang'd into what they are at preſent. This Author, who is now eſteem'd the beſt of the *Roman* Architects, has lately written a Treatiſe on *Veſpaſian*'s Amphitheatre, which is not yet printed.

After having ſeen theſe two Maſter-pieces of Modern and Ancient Architecture, I have often conſider'd with myſelf, whether the ordinary Figure of the Heathen, or that of the Chriſtian Temples be the moſt beautiful, and the moſt capable of Magnificence, and can't forbear thinking the Croſs Figure more proper for ſuch ſpacious Buildings than the *Rotund*. I muſt confeſs the Eye is much better fill'd at firſt entering the *Rotund*, and takes in the whole Beauty and Magnificence of the

the Temple at one view. But ſuch as are built in the Form of a Croſs give us a greater Variety of Noble Proſpects. Nor is it eaſy to conceive a more glorious Show in Architecture, than what a Man meets with in St. *Peter*'s, when he ſtands under the Dome. If he looks upward, he is aſtoniſhed at the ſpacious Hollow of the Cupola, and has a Vault on every ſide of him, that makes one of the beautifulleſt *Viſtas* that the Eye can poſſibly paſs thro'. I know that ſuch as are profeſs'd Admirers of the Ancients will find abundance of chimerical Beauties, the Architects themſelves never thought of; as one of the moſt Famous of the Moderns in that Art tells us, the Hole in the Roof of the *Rotunda* is ſo admirably contriv'd, that it makes thoſe who are in the Temple look like Angels, by diffuſing the Light equally on all ſides of them.

In all the old Highways, that lead from *Rome*, one ſees ſeveral little Ruins on each ſide of them, that were formerly ſo many Sepulchres; for the ancient *Romans* generally bury'd their Dead near the great Roads.

Quorum Flaminiâ tegitur cinis atque Latinâ.
Juv. Sat. 1. v. ult.

——— ——— Whoſe Aſhes lay
Under the *Latin* and *Flaminian* Way.

None but ſome few of a very extraordinary Quality, having been interred within the Walls of the City.

Our Chriſtian Epitaphs, that are to be ſeen only in Churches, or Church-yards, begin often with a *Siſte Viator*; *Viator precare ſalutem*, &c. probably in Imitation of the old *Roman* Inſcriptions, that generally addreſs'd themſelves to the Travel-

lers; as it was impoſſible for them to enter the City, or to go out of it, without paſſing thro' one of theſe melancholy Roads, which for a great Length was nothing elſe but a Street of Funeral Monuments.

In my way from *Rome* to *Naples* I found nothing ſo remarkable as the Beauty of the Country, and the extreme Poverty of its Inhabitants. It is indeed an amazing thing to ſee the preſent Deſolation of *Italy*, when one conſiders what incredible Multitudes of People it abounded with during the Reigns of the *Roman* Emperors: And notwithſtanding the Removal of the Imperial Seat, the Irruptions of the barbarous Nations, the Civil Wars of this Country, with the Hardſhips of its ſeveral Governments, one can ſcarce imagine how ſo plentiful a Soil ſhould become ſo miſerably unpeopled in compariſon of what it once was. We may reckon, by a very moderate Computation, more Inhabitants in the *Campania* of old *Rome*, than are now in all *Italy*. And if we could number up thoſe prodigious Swarms that had ſettled themſelves in every part of this delightful Country, I queſtion not but that they would amount to more than can be found, at preſent, in any ſix Parts of *Europe* of the ſame Extent. This Deſolation appears no where greater than in the Pope's Territories; and yet there are ſeveral Reaſons would make a Man expect to ſee theſe Dominions the beſt regulated, and moſt flouriſhing of any other in *Europe*. Their Prince is generally a Man of Learning and Virtue, mature in Years and Experience, who has ſeldom any Vanity or Pleaſure to gratify at his People's Expence, and is neither encumber'd with Wife, Children or Miſtreſſes; not to mention the ſuppos'd Sanctity of his Character, which obliges him in a more particular manner to conſult the Good and Happineſs of Mankind.

kind. The Direction of Church and State are lodg'd entirely in his own Hands, ſo that his Government is naturally free from thoſe Principles of Faction and Diviſion, which are mix'd in the very Compoſition of moſt others. His Subjects are always ready to fall in with his Deſigns, and are more at his Diſpoſal than any others of the moſt abſolute Government, as they have a greater Veneration for his Perſon, and not only court his Favour but his Bleſſing. His Country is extremely fruitful, and has good Havens both for the Adriatick and Mediterranean, which is an Advantage peculiar to himſelf, and the *Neapolitans*, above the reſt of the *Italians*. There is ſtill a Benefit the Pope enjoys above all other Sovereigns, in drawing great Sums out of *Spain*, *Germany*, and other Countries that belong to Foreign Princes, which one would fancy might be no ſmall Eaſe to his own Subjects. We may here add, that there is no Place in *Europe* ſo much frequented by Strangers, whether they are ſuch as come out of Curioſity, or ſuch who are obliged to attend the Court of *Rome* on ſeveral Occaſions, as are many of the Cardinals and Prelates, that bring conſiderable Sums into the Pope's Dominions. But notwithſtanding all theſe promiſing Circumſtances, and the long Peace that has reign'd ſo many Years in *Italy*, there is not a more miſerable People in *Europe* than the Pope's Subjects. His State is thin of Inhabitants, and a great Part of his Soil uncultivated. His Subjects are wretchedly poor and idle, and have neither ſufficient Manufactures nor Traffick to employ them. Theſe ill Effects may ariſe, in a great meaſure, out of the Arbitrarineſs of the Government; but I think they are chiefly to be aſcrib'd to the very Genius of the *Roman* Catholick Religion, which here ſhews it ſelf

in its Perfection. It is not ſtrange to find a Country half unpeopled, where ſo great a Proportion of the Inhabitants of both Sexes is ty'd under ſuch Vows of Chaſtity, and where at the ſame time an Inquiſition forbids all Recruits out of any other Religion. Nor is it leſs eaſy to account for the great Poverty and Want that are to be met with in a Country, which invites into it ſuch Swarms of Vagabonds, under the Title of Pilgrims, and ſhuts up in Cloiſters ſuch an incredible Multitude of young and luſty Beggars, who, inſtead of increaſing the common Stock by their Labour and Induſtry, lie as a dead Weight on their Fellow-Subjects, and conſume the Charity that ought to ſupport the Sickly, Old and Decrepid. The many Hoſpitals, that are every where erected, ſerve rather to encourage Idleneſs in the People, than to ſet them at Work; not to mention the great Riches which lie uſeleſs in Churches and Religious Houſes, with the Multitude of Feſtivals that muſt never be violated by Trade or Buſineſs. To ſpeak truly, they are here ſo wholly taken up with Mens Souls, that they neglect the good of their Bodies; and when, to theſe natural Evils in the Government and Religion, there ariſes among them an avaritious Pope, who is for making a Family, it is no wonder if the People ſink under ſuch a Complication of Diſtempers. Yet it is to this Humour of Nepotiſm that *Rome* owes its preſent Splendor and Magnificence; for it would have been impoſſible to have furniſh'd out ſo many glorious Palaces with ſuch a Profuſion of Pictures, Statues, and the like Ornaments, had not the Riches of the People at ſeveral times fallen into the Hands of many different Families, and of particular Perſons; as we may obſerve, tho' the Bulk of the *Roman* People was more rich and happy in the times of the Common-

Commonwealth, the City of *Rome* receiv'd all its Beauties and Embelliſhments under the Emperors. It is probable the *Campania* of *Rome*, as well as other Parts of the Pope's Territories, would be cultivated much better than it is, were there not ſuch an exorbitant Tax on Corn, which makes them plow up only ſuch ſpots of Ground as turn to the moſt Advantage: Whereas were the Money to be rais'd on Lands, with an Exception to ſome of the more barren Parts, that might be Tax-free for a certain Term of Years, every one would turn his Ground to the beſt Account, and in a little time perhaps bring more Money into the Pope's Treaſury.

The greateſt Pleaſure I took in my Journey from *Rome* to *Naples* was in ſeeing the Fields, Towns, and Rivers, that have been deſcrib'd by ſo many *Claſſic* Authors, and have been the Scenes of ſo many great Actions; for this whole Road is extremely barren of Curioſities. It is worth while to have an Eye on *Horace*'s Voyage to *Brundiſi*, when one paſſes this Way; for by comparing his ſeveral Stages, and the Road he took, with thoſe that are obſerv'd at preſent, we may have ſome Idea of the Changes that have been made in the Face of this Country ſince his time. If we may gueſs at the common travelling of Perſons of Quality, among the ancient *Romans*, from this Poet's Deſcription of his Voyage, we may conclude they ſeldom went above fourteen Miles a Day over the *Appian* Way, which was more us'd by the Noble *Romans* than any other in *Italy*, as it led to *Naples*, *Baiæ*, and the moſt delightful Parts of the Nation. It is indeed very diſagreeable to be carry'd in haſte over this Pavement.

Minùs eſt gravis Appia tardis.
Hor. Sat. 5. l. 1. v. 6.

For to quick Trav'lers 'tis a tedious Road;
But if you walk but ſlow, 'tis pretty good. *Creech.*

Lucan has deſcrib'd the very Road from *Anxur* to *Rome*, that *Horace* took from *Rome* to *Anxur*. It is not indeed the ordinary Way at preſent, nor is it mark'd out by the ſame Places in both Poets.

Jamque et præcipites ſuperaverat Anxuris arces,
Et quà † Pontinas via dividit uda paludes;
Quà ſublime nemus, Scythicæ quà regna Dianæ;
Quaque iter eſt Latiis ad ſummum faſcibus Albam:
Excelsâ de rupe procul jam conſpicit Urbem.
Lib. 3. v. 84.

He now had conquer'd *Anxur*'s ſteep Aſcent,
And to *Pontina*'s wat'ry Marſhes went;
A long Canal the muddy Fen divides,
And with a clear unſully'd Current glides;
Diana's woody Realms he next invades,
And croſſing through the conſecrated Shades,
Aſcends high *Alba*, whence with new Delight
He ſees the City riſing to his Sight.

In my way to *Naples* I croſs'd the two moſt conſiderable Rivers of the *Campania Felice*, that were formerly call'd the *Liris* and *Vulturnus*, and are at preſent the *Garigliano* and *Vulturno*. The firſt of theſe Rivers had been deſervedly celebrated by the *Latin* Poets for the Gentleneſs of its Courſe, as the other for its Rapidity and Noiſe.

† *A Canal, the Marks of it ſtill ſeen.*

---- *Rura*

------. *Rura quæ Liris quietâ*
Mordet aquâ, taciturnus Amnis.
Hor. Lib. 1. Od 31. v. 37.

Liris ----- qui fonte quieto
Diſſimulat curſum, et nullo mutabilis imbre
Perſtringit tacitas gemmanti gurgite ripas.
Sil. Ital. Lib. 4.

------ *Miſcentem flumina Lirim*
Sulfureum, tacitiſque vadis ad littora lapſum
Accolit Arpinas ------ Id. Lib. 8.

Where the ſmooth Streams of *Liris* ſtray,
And ſteal inſenſibly away.
The Warlike *Arpine* borders on the Sides
Of the ſlow *Liris*, that in Silence glides,
And in its tainted Stream the working Sulphur hides.

Vulturnuſque rapax ----- Cl. de Pr. &. Ol. Conſ.
Vulturnuſque celer —— Luc. Lib. 2. 28.
------- *Fluctuque ſonorum*
Vulturnum —— Sil. Ital. Lib. 8.

The rough *Vulturnus*, furious in its Courſe,
With rapid Streams divides the fruitful Grounds,
And from afar in hollow Murmurs ſounds.

The Ruins of *Anxur* and old *Capua* mark out the pleaſant Situation in which thoſe Towns formerly ſtood. The firſt of them was planted on the Mountain, where we now ſee *Terracina*, and by reaſon of the Breezes that came off the Sea, and the Height of its Situation, was one of the Summer Retirements of the ancient *Romans*.

O nemus, O fontes! ſolidumque madentis arenæ
Littus, et æquoreis ſplendidus Anxur aquis!
Mart. Lib. 10. Epigr. 51.

Ye warbling Fountains, and ye ſhady Trees,
Where *Anxur* feels the cool refreſhing Breeze
Blown off the Sea, and all the dewy Strand
Lies cover'd with a ſmooth unſinking Sand.

Anxuris æquorei placidos, Frontine, receſſus,
Et propiùs Baias littoreamque domum.
Et quod inhumanæ Cancro fervente Cicadæ
Non novere, nemus, flumineoſque lacus,
Dum colui, &c. —— Id. ib. Epigr. 58.

On the cool Shore, near *Baia*'s gentle Seats,
I lay retir'd in *Anxur*'s ſoft Retreats:
Where Silver Lakes, with verdant Shadows crown'd,
Diſperſe a grateful Chilneſs all around:
The Graſshopper avoids th' untainted Air,
Nor in the midſt of Summer ventures there.

Impoſitum Saxis latè candentibus Anxur.
Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. 5. v. 26.
Monte procelloſo Murranum miſerat Anxur.
Sil. Ital. Lib. 4.
—— *Scopuloſi verticis Anxur.* Sil. Ital. Lib. 4.
Capuæ Luxum vide apud Sil. Ital. Lib. 11.

Murranus came from *Anxur*'s ſhow'ry Height,
With ragged Rocks, and ſtony Quarries white;
Seated on Hills ——

I don't know whether it be worth while to take notice that the Figures which are cut in the Rock near *Terracina*, increaſe ſtill in a Decimal Proportion as they come nearer the Bottom. If one of our Voyage-Writers, who paſſed this way more than once, had obſerv'd the Situation of theſe Figures, he would

would not have troubled himſelf with the Diſſertation that he has made upon them. *Silius Italicus* has given us the Names of ſeveral Towns and Rivers in the *Campania Felice*.

Jam verò quos dives opum, quos dives avorum,
Et toto dabat ad bellum Campania tractu;
Ductorum adventum vicinis ſedibus Oſci
Servabant; Sinueſſa tepens, fluctuque ſonorum
Vulturnum, quaſque evertere ſilentia Amyclæ,
Fundique et regnata Lamo Cajeta, domuſque
Antiphatæ compreſſa freto, ſtagniſque paluſtre
Linternum, et quondam fatorum conſcia Cume;
Illic Nuceriæ, et Gaurus navalibus apta,
Prole Dicharchæâ multo cum milite Graia;
Illic Parthenope, et Pœno non pervia Nola,
Alliphe, et Clanio contemtæ ſemper Acerræ.
Sarraſtes etiam populos totaſque videres
Sarni mitis opes: illic quos ſulphure pingues
Phlegræi legere ſinus, Miſenus et ardens
Ore gigantæo ſedes Ithaceſia, Bajæ;
Non Prochyte, non ardentem ſortita Typhœa
Inarime, non antiqui ſaxoſa Telonis
Inſula, nec parvis aberat Galatia muris,
Surrentum, et pauper ſulci Cerealis Avella;
In primis Capuæ, heu rebus ſervare ſecundis
Inconſulta modum, et pravo peritura tumore. Lib. 8.

Now rich *Campania* ſends forth all her Sons,
And drains her populous Cities for the War:
The *Oſci*, firſt, in Arms their Leaders wait:
Warm *Sinueſſa* comes; *Vulturnum* too,
Whoſe Walls are deafen'd by the ſounding Main;
And fair *Amyclæ*, to the Foe betray'd
Thro' fatal Silence: *Fundi* too was there;
And *Cajeta* by antient *Lamus* ruled:

Anti-

Antiphata, waſh'd by the rolling Sea;
And moiſt *Linternum* on its marſhy Soil:
Cume, the *Sibyll*'s antient Seat, was there;
Nuceriæ too, and woody *Gaurus*, came:
There was *Parthenope*, and *Nola* there,
Nola, impervious to the *Punic* Arms;
Alliphæ, and *Acerræ* ſtill o'erflow'd
By the ſwift *Clanius*: there you might behold
Sarraſte's manly Sons, and all the Wealth
Of gentle *Sarnus*; thoſe whom *Phlegra* ſent
Steaming with Sulphur: Thither *Baiæ* came,
Built by *Ulyſſes*' Friend; *Miſenus* too;
Nor *Prochyte* was abſent, nor the fam'd
Inarime, where huge *Typhœus* lies
Transfix'd with Thunder; nor the ſtony Iſle
Of *Telon*, nor *Calatia*'s humble Walls;
Surrentum, and *Avella*'s barren Soil:
But chiefly *Capua*, *Capua*, doom'd, alas!
By her own Pride and Inſolence to fall.

NAPLES.

MY firſt Days at *Naples* were taken up with the Sight of Proceſſions, which are always very magnificent in the Holy-Week. It would be tedious to give an Account of the ſeveral Repreſentations of our Saviour's Death and Reſurrection, of the Figures of himſelf, the bleſſed Virgin, and the Apoſtles, which are carried up and down on this Occaſion, with the cruel Penances that ſeveral inflict on themſelves, and the multitude of Ceremonies that attend theſe Solemnities. I ſaw, at the ſame time, a very ſpendid Proceſſion for the Acceſſion of the Duke of *Anjou* to the Crown of *Spain*, in which the Vice-Roy bore his Part at the Left Hand of Cardinal *Cantelmi*. To grace the Parade, they expos'd, at the ſame time, the Blood of St. *Januarius*, which liquify'd at the Approach of the Saint's Head, tho', as they ſay, it was hard congeal'd before. I had twice an Opportunity of ſeeing the Operation of this pretended Miracle, and muſt confeſs I think it ſo far from being a real Miracle, that I look upon it as one of the moſt bungling Tricks that I ever ſaw: Yet it is this that makes as great a Noiſe as any in the *Roman* Church, and that Monſieur *Paſchal* has hinted at among the reſt, in his Marks of the true Religion. The modern *Neapolitans* ſeem to have copy'd it out from one, which

was

was ſhewn in a Town of the Kingdom of *Naples*, as long ago as in *Horace*'s Time.

——— *Dehinc Gnatia lymphis*
Iratis extructa dedit riſuſque jocoſque,
Dum, flammâ ſinè, thura liqueſcere limine Sacro
Perſuadere cupit: credat Judæus apella,
Non ego. ——— Lib. 1. Sat. 5. v. 97.

At *Gnatia* next arriv'd, we laugh'd to ſee
The ſuperſtitious Crowd's Simplicity,
That in the ſacred Temple needs would try
Without a Fire th' unheated Gums to fry;
Believe who will the ſolemn Sham, not I.

One may ſee at leaſt that the heathen Prieſthood had the ſame kind of Secret among them, of which the *Roman* Catholicks are now Maſters.

I muſt confeſs, tho' I had liv'd above a Year in a *Roman* Catholick Country, I was ſurpriz'd to ſee many Ceremonies and Superſtitions in *Naples*, that are not ſo much as thought of in *France*. But as it is certain there has been a kind of ſecret Reformation made, tho' not publickly own'd, in the *Roman* Catholick Church, ſince the ſpreading of the Proteſtant Religion, ſo we find the ſeveral Nations are recover'd out of their Ignorance, in proportion as they converſe more or leſs with thoſe of the Reform'd Churches. For this Reaſon the *French* are much more enlighten'd than the *Spaniards* or *Italians*, on Occaſion of their frequent Controverſies with the *Huguenots*; and we find many of the *Roman* Catholick Gentlemen of our own Country, who will not ſtick to laugh at the Superſtitions they ſometimes meet with in other Nations.

I ſhall

I ſhall not be particular in deſcribing the Grandeur of the City of *Naples*, the Beauty of its Pavement, the Regularity of its Buildings, the Magnificence of its Churches and Convents, the Multitude of its Inhabitants, or the Delightfulneſs of its Situation, which ſo many others have done with a great deal of Leiſure and Exactneſs. If a War ſhould break out, the Town has reaſon to apprehend the exacting of a large Contribution, or a Bombardment. It has but ſeven Gallies, a Mole, and two little Caſtles, which are capable of hindering an Enemy's Approaches. Beſides that the Sea which lies near it is not ſubject to Storms, has no ſenſible Flux and Reflux, and is ſo deep that a Veſſel of Burden may come up to the very Mole. The Houſes are flat-roof'd to walk upon, ſo that every Bomb that fell on them would take Effect.

Pictures, Statues, and Pieces of Antiquity are not ſo common at *Naples*, as one might expect in ſo great and ancient a City of *Italy*; for the Vice-Roys take care to ſend into *Spain* every thing that is valuable of this nature. Two of their fineſt modern Statues are thoſe of *Apollo* and *Minerva*, plac'd on each ſide of *Sannazarius*'s Tomb. On the Face of this Monument, which is all of Marble, and very neatly wrought, is repreſented, in *Bas Relief*, *Neptune* among the Satyrs, to ſhow that this Poet was the Inventor of Piſcatory Eclogues. I remember *Hugo Grotius* deſcribes himſelf, in one of his Poems, as the firſt that brought the Muſes to the Sea-ſide; but he muſt be underſtood only of the Poets of his own Country. I here ſaw the Temple that *Sannazarius* mentions in his Invocation of the bleſſed Virgin, at the beginning of his *De partu Virginis*, which was all rais'd at his own Expence.

— *Niveis*

——Niveis tibi ſi ſolennia templis
Serta damus; ſi manſuras tibi ponimus aras
Exciſo in ſcopulo, fluctus unde aurea canos
Deſpiciens celſo de culmine Mergilline
Attollet, nautiſque procul venientibus offert;
Tu vatem ignarumque viæ inſuetumque labori
Diva mone—————— Lib. 1.

Thou bright Celeſtial Goddeſs, if to Thee
An acceptable Temple I erect,
With faireſt Flow'rs and freſheſt Garlands deck'd,
On tow'ring Rocks, whence *Mergelline* ſpies
The ruffled Deep in Storms and Tempeſts riſe;
Guide thou the Pious Poet, nor refuſe
Thine own propitious Aid to his unpractis'd Muſe.

There are ſeveral very delightful Proſpects about *Naples*, eſpecially from ſome of the Religious Houſes; for one ſeldom finds in *Italy* a Spot of Ground more agreeable than ordinary, that is not cover'd with a Convent. The Cupolas of this City, tho' there are many of them, don't appear to the beſt Advantage when one ſurveys them at a diſtance, as being generally too high and narrow. The Marquiſs of *Medina Sidonia*, in his Vice-Royalty, made the Shell of a Houſe, which he had not time to finiſh, that commands a View of the whole Bay, and would have been a very noble Building, had he brought it to Perfection.

It ſtands ſo on the Side of a Mountain, that it would have had a Garden to every Story, by the help of a Bridge, which was to have been laid over each Garden.

The Bay of *Naples* is the moſt delightful one that I ever ſaw. It lies in almoſt a round Figure of about thirty Miles in the Diameter. Three Parts of it are ſhelter'd with a noble Circuit of Woods

Woods and Mountains. The high Promontory of *Surrentum* divides it from the Bay of *Salernum*. Between the utmoſt Point of this Promontory, and the Iſle of *Caprea*, the Sea enters by a Strait of about three Miles wide. This Iſland ſtands as a vaſt Mole, which ſeems to have been planted there on purpoſe to break the Violence of the Waves that run into the Bay. It lies longways, almoſt in a parallel Line to *Naples*. The exceſſive Height of its Rocks ſecures a great Part of the Bay from Winds and Waves, which enter again between the other End of this Iſland and the Promontory of *Miſeno*. The Bay of *Naples* is call'd the *Crater* by the old Geographers, probably from this its Reſemblance to a round Bowl half fill'd with Liquor. Perhaps *Virgil*, who compos'd here a great part of his *Æneids*, took from hence the Plan of that beautiful Harbour, which he has made in his firſt Book; for the *Libyan* Port is but the *Neapolitan* Bay in little.

Eſt in ſeceſſu longo locus: Inſula portum
Efficit objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur, inque ſinus ſcindit ſeſe unda reductos:
Hinc atque hinc vaſtæ rupes geminique minantur
In cœlum ſcopuli, quorum ſub vertice latè
Æquora tuta ſilent; tum Silvis Scena coruſcis
Deſuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbrâ.
Æn. 1. v. 163.

Within a long Receſs there lies a Bay;
An Iſland ſhades it from the rolling Sea,
And forms a Port ſecure for Ships to ride:
Broke by the jutting Land on either Side,
In double Streams the briny Waters glide
Between two Rows of Rocks: a *Silvan* Scene
Appears above, and Groves for ever Green. *Dryden.*

Naples

Naples ſtands in the Boſom of this Bay, and has the pleaſanteſt Situation in the World, tho', by reaſon of its Weſtern Mountains, it wants an Advantage *Vitruvius* would have to the Front of his Palace, of ſeeing the ſetting Sun.

One would wonder how the *Spaniards*, who have but very few Forces in the Kingdom of *Naples*, ſhould be able to keep a People from Revolting, that has been famous for its Mutinies and Seditions in former Ages. But they have ſo well contriv'd it, that, tho' the Subjects are miſerably harraſs'd and oppreſs'd, the greateſt of their Oppreſſors are thoſe of their own Body. I ſhall not mention any thing of the Clergy, who are ſufficiently reproached in moſt Itineraries for the univerſal Poverty that one meets with in this noble and plentiful Kingdom. A great Part of the People is in a State of Vaſſalage to the Barons, who are the harſheſt Tyrants in the World to thoſe that are under them. The Vaſſals indeed are allow'd, and invited to bring in their Complaints and Appeals to the Vice-Roy, who, to foment Diviſions, and gain the Hearts of the Populace, does not ſtick at impriſoning and chaſtiſing their Maſters very ſeverely on Occaſion. The Subjects of the Crown are notwithſtanding much more rich and happy than the Vaſſals of the Barons. Inſomuch that when the King has been upon the Point of ſelling a Town to one of his Barons, the Inhabitants have rais'd the Sum upon themſelves, and preſented it to the King, that they might keep out of ſo inſupportable a Slavery. Another way the *Spaniards* have taken to grind the *Neapolitans*, and yet to take off the *Odium* from themſelves, has been by erecting ſeveral Courts of Juſtice, with a very ſmall Penſion for ſuch as ſit at the Head of them, ſo that they are tempted to take Bribes, keep Cauſes undecided,

decided, encourage Law-ſuits, and do all they can to fleece the People, that they may have wherewithal to ſupport their own Dignity. It is incredible how great a Multitude of Retainers to the Law there are at *Naples*. It is commonly ſaid, that when *Innocent* the Eleventh had deſir'd the Marquiſs of *Carpio* to furniſh him with thirty thouſand Head of Swine, the Marquiſs anſwer'd him, that for his Swine he cou'd not ſpare them, but if his Holineſs had occaſion for thirty thouſand Lawyers, he had them at his Service. Theſe Gentlemen find a continual Employ for the fiery Temper of the *Neapolitans*, and hinder them from uniting in ſuch common Friendſhips and Alliances as might endanger the Safety of the Government. There are very few Perſons of Conſideration who have not a Cauſe depending; for when a *Neapolitan* Cavalier has nothing elſe to do, he gravely ſhuts himſelf up in his Cloſet, and falls a tumbling over his Papers, to ſee if he can ſtart a Law-Suit, and plague any of his Neighbours. So much is the Genius of this People chang'd ſince *Statius*'s Time.

Nulla foro rabies, aut ſtrictæ Jurgia Legis;
Morum jura viris ſolùm & ſine faſcibus Æquum.
Sylv. 5. Lib. 3. v. 87.

By Love of Right and Native Juſtice led,
In the ſtraight Paths of Equity they tread;
Nor know the Bar, nor fear the Judge's Frown,
Unpractis'd in the Wranglings of the Gown.

There is another Circumſtance, which makes the *Neapolitans*, in a very particular manner, the Oppreſſors of each other. The Gabels of *Naples* are

are very high on Oil, Wine, Tobacco, and indeed on almoſt every thing that can be eaten, drank or worn. There would have been one on Fruit, had not *Maſſaniello*'s Rebellion aboliſh'd it, as it has probably put a ſtop to many others. What makes theſe Impoſts more intolerable to the poorer ſort, they are laid on all Butchers Meat, while at the ſame time the Fowl and Gibbier are Tax free. Beſides, all Meat being taxed equally by the Pound, it happens that the Duty lies heavieſt on the coarſer Sorts, which are moſt likely to fall to the ſhare of the common People, ſo that Beef perhaps pays a Third, and Veal a Tenth of its Price to the Government, a Pound of either Sort having the ſame Tax fix'd on it. Theſe Gabels are moſt of them at preſent in the Hands of private Men; for as the King of *Spain* has had occaſion for Money, he has borrow'd it of the rich *Neapolitans*, on condition that they ſhould receive the Intereſt out of ſuch or ſuch Gabels 'till he could repay them the Principal.

This he has repeated ſo often that at preſent there is ſcarce a ſingle Gabel unmortgag'd; ſo that there is no Place in *Europe* which pays greater Taxes, and at the ſame time no Prince who draws leſs Advantage from them. In other Countries the People have the Satisfaction of ſeeing the Money they give ſpent in the Neceſſities, Defence, or Ornament of their State, or at leaſt in the Vanity or Pleaſures of their Prince: but here moſt of it goes to the enriching of their Fellow-Subjects. If there was not ſo great a Plenty of every thing in *Naples* the People could not bear it. The *Spaniard* however reaps this Advantage from the preſent Poſture of Affairs, that the Murmurs of the People are turn'd upon their own Countrymen, and what is more conſiderable,

able, that almoſt all the Perſons, of the greateſt Wealth and Power in *Naples*, are engag'd by their own Intereſts to pay theſe Impoſitions chearfully, and to ſupport the Government which has laid them on. For this Reaſon, tho' the poorer ſort are for the Emperor, few of the Perſons of Conſequence can endure to think of a Change in their preſent Eſtabliſhment; tho' there is no queſtion but the King of *Spain* will reform moſt of theſe Abuſes, by breaking or retrenching the Power of the Barons, by cancelling ſeveral unneceſſary Employs, or by ranſoming or taking the Gabels into his own Hands. I have been told too there is a Law of *Charles* the Fifth ſomething like our Statute of Mortmain, which has laid dormant ever ſince his Time, and will probably have new Life put into it under the Reign of an active Prince. The Inhabitants of *Naples* have been always very notorious for leading a Life of Lazineſs and Pleaſure, which I take to ariſe partly out of the wonderful Plenty of their Country, that does not make Labour ſo neceſſary to them, and partly out of the Temper of their Climate, that relaxes the Fibres of their Bodies, and diſpoſes the People to ſuch an idle indolent Humour. Whatever it proceeds from, we find they were formerly as famous for it as they are at preſent.

This was perhaps the Reaſon that the Antients tell us one of the *Sirens* was bury'd in this City, which thence receiv'd the Name of *Parthenope*.

——— *Improba Siren*
Deſidia ——— Hor. Sat. 3. Lib. 2. v. 14.

Sloth, the deluding *Siren* of the Mind.

——— *Et*

——— *Et in Otia natam*
Parthenopen ——— Ov. Met. Lib. 15. v. 11

——— *Otioſa Neapolis.* Hor. Epod. 5. v. 43.

Parthenope, for idle Hours deſign'd,
To Luxury and Eaſe unbinds the Mind.

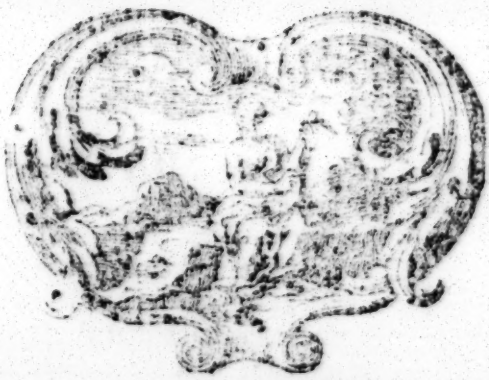
Parthenope non dives opum, non ſpreta vigoris:
Nam molles Urbi ritus, atque hoſpita Muſis
Otia, et exemptum curis gravioribus ævum.
Sirenum dedit una ſuum et memorabile nomen
Parthenope muris Acheloïas, æquore cujus
Regnavere diu cantus, cum dulce per undas
Exitium miſeris caneret non proſpera Nautis.
Sil. Ital. Lib. 12.

Here wanton *Naples* crowns the happy Shore,
Nor vainly rich, nor deſpicably poor;
The Town in ſoft Solemnities delights,
And gentle Poets to her Arms invites;
The People, free from Cares, ſerene and gay,
Paſs all their mild untroubled Hours away.
Parthenope the riſing City nam'd
A *Siren*, for her Songs and Beauty fam'd,
That oft had drown'd among the neighb'ring Seas
The liſt'ning Wretch, and made Deſtruction pleaſe.

Has ego te ſedes (nam nec mihi barbara Thrace
Nec Libye natale ſolum) transferre laboro:
Quas et mollis hyems et frigida temperat æſtas,
Quas imbelle fretum torpentibus alluit undis:
Pax ſecura locis, et deſidis Otia vitæ,
Et nunquam turbata quies, ſomnique peracti:
Nulla foro rabies, &c. Stat. Sylv. 5. Lib. 3. v. 81.

Theſe

These are the gentle Seats that I propose;
For not cold *Scythia*'s undissolving Snows,
Nor the parch'd *Libyan* Sands thy Husband bore,
But mild *Parthenope*'s delightful Shore:
Where hush'd in Calms the bord'ring Ocean laves
Her silent Coast, and rolls in languid Waves;
Refreshing Winds the Summer's Heats assuage;
And kindly Warmth disarms the Winter's Rage;
Remov'd from Noise and the tumultuous War,
Soft Sleep and downy Ease inhabit there,
And Dreams unbroken with intruding Care.



11 JU 63

THE

——— *Et in Otia natam*
Parthenopen ——— Ov. Met. Lib. 15. v. 11.

——— *Otiosa Neapolis.* Hor. Epod. 5. v. 43.

Parthenope, for idle Hours design'd,
To Luxury and Ease unbinds the Mind.

Parthenope non dives opum, non spreta vigoris:
Nam molles Urbi ritus, atque hospita Musis
Otia, et exemptum curis gratioribus ævum.
Sirenum dedit una suum et memorabile nomen
Parthenope muris Acheloïas, æquore cujus
Regnavere diu cantus, cum dulce per undas
Exitium miseris caneret non prospera Nautis.
Sil. Ital. Lib. 12.

Here wanton *Naples* crowns the happy Shore,
Nor vainly rich, nor despicably poor;
The Town in soft Solemnities delights,
And gentle Poets to her Arms invites;
The People, free from Cares, serene and gay,
Pass all their mild untroubled Hours away.
Parthenope the rising City nam'd
A *Siren*, for her Songs and Beauty fam'd,
That oft had drown'd among the neighb'ring Seas
The list'ning Wretch, and made Destruction please.

Has ego te sedes (nam nec mihi barbara Thrace
Nec Libye natale solum) transferre laboro:
Quas et mollis hyems et frigida temperat æstas,
Quas imbelle fretum torpentibus alluit undis:
Pax secura locis, et desidis Otia vitæ,
Et nunquam turbata quies, somnique peracti:
Nulla foro rabies, &c. Stat. Sylv. 5. Lib. 3. v. 81.

These

These are the gentle Seats that I propose;
For not cold *Scythia*'s undissolving Snows,
Nor the parch'd *Libyan* Sands thy Husband bore,
But mild *Parthenope*'s delightful Shore;
Where hush'd in Calms the bord'ring Ocean laves
Her silent Coast, and rolls in languid Waves;
Refreshing Winds the Summer's Heats asswage;
And kindly Warmth disarms the Winter's Rage;
Remov'd from Noise and the tumultuous War,
Soft Sleep and downy Ease inhabit there,
And Dreams unbroken with intruding Care.

11 JU 63

THE

THE ANTIQUITIES AND Natural Curioſities That lie near the CITY *of* NAPLES.

AT about eight Miles Diſtance from *Naples* lies a very noble Scene of Antiquities. What they call *Virgil*'s Tomb is the firſt that one meets with on the Way thither. It is certain this Poet was bury'd at *Naples*; but I think it is almoſt as certain, that his Tomb ſtood on the other ſide of the Town, which looks towards *Veſuvio*. By this Tomb is the Entry into the Grotto of *Pauſilypo*. The common People of *Naples* believe it to have been wrought by Magick, and that *Virgil* was the Magician; who is in greater Repute among the *Neapolitans* for having made the Grotto, than the *Æneid*.

If

If a Man would form to himſelf a juſt Idea of this Place, he muſt fancy a vaſt Rock undermin'd from one end to the other, and a Highway running thro' it, near as long and as broad as the Mall in St. *James*'s Park. This ſubterraneous Paſſage is much mended ſince *Seneca* gave ſo bad a Character of it. The Entry at both Ends is higher than the middle Parts of it, and ſinks by degrees to fling in more Light upon the reſt. Towards the middle are two large Funnels, bor'd thro' the Roof of the Grotto, to let in Light and freſh Air.

There are no where about the Mountain any vaſt Heaps of Stones, tho' it is certain the great Quantities of 'em that are dug out of the Rock could not eaſily conceal themſelves, had they not probably been conſum'd in the Moles and Buildings of *Naples*. This confirm'd me in a Conjecture, which I made at the firſt ſight of this ſubterraneous Paſſage, that it was not at firſt deſign'd ſo much for a High-way as for a Quarry of Stone, but that the Inhabitants, finding a double Advantage by it, hew'd it into the Form we now ſee. Perhaps the ſame Deſign gave the Original to the *Sibyl*'s Grotto, conſidering the prodigious multitude of Palaces that ſtood in its Neighbourhood.

I remember, when I was at *Chateaudun* in *France*, I met with a very curious Perſon, a Member of one of the *German* Univerſities. He had ſtay'd a Day or two in the Town longer than ordinary, to take the Meaſures of ſeveral empty Spaces that had been cut in the Sides of a neighbouring Mountain. Some of 'em were ſupported with Pillars form'd out of the Rock; ſome were made in the Faſhion of Galleries, and ſome not unlike Amphitheatres. The Gentleman had made to himſelf ſeveral ingenious Hypo-

theſes concerning the uſe of theſe ſubterraneous Apartments, and from thence collected the vaſt Magnificence and Luxury of the ancient *Chateaudunois*. But upon communicating his Thoughts on this Subject to one of the moſt learned of the Place, he was not a little ſurpriz'd to hear, that theſe ſtupendous Works of Art were only ſo many Quarries of Free-Stone, that had been wrought into different Figures, according as the Veins of it directed the Workmen.

About five Miles from the Grotto of *Pauſilypo*, lie the Remains of *Puteoli* and *Baiæ*, in a ſoft Air and a delicious Situation.

The Country about 'em, by reaſon of its vaſt Caverns and ſubterraneous Fires, has been miſerably torn in pieces by Earthquakes, ſo that the whole Face of it is quite chang'd from what it was formerly. The Sea has overwhelm'd a multitude of Palaces, which may be ſeen at the bottom of the Water in a calm Day.

The *Lucrine* Lake is but a Puddle in compariſon of what it once was, its Springs having been ſunk in an Earthquake, or ſtopp'd up by Mountains that have fallen upon 'em. The Lake of *Avernus*, formerly ſo famous for its Streams of Poiſon, is now plentifully ſtock'd with Fiſh and Fowl. Mount *Gaurus*, from one of the fruitfulleſt Parts in *Italy*, is become one of the moſt barren. Several Fields, which were laid out in beautiful Groves and Gardens, are now naked Plains, ſmoking with Sulphur, or encumber'd with Hills that have been thrown up by Eruptions of Fire. The Works of Art lie in no leſs Diſorder than thoſe of Nature; for that which was once the moſt beautiful Spot of *Italy*, cover'd with Temples and Palaces, adorn'd by the greateſt of the *Roman* Commonwealth, embelliſh'd

belliſh'd by many of the *Roman* Emperors, and celebrated by the beſt of their Poets, has now nothing to ſhew but the Ruins of its ancient Splendor, and a great Magnificence in Confuſion.

The Mole of *Puteoli* has been miſtaken by ſeveral Authors for *Caligula*'s Bridge. They have all been led into this Error from the Make of it, becauſe it ſtands on Arches. But to paſs over the many Arguments that may be brought againſt this Opinion, I ſhall here take away the Foundation of it, by ſetting down an Inſcription mention'd by *Julius Capitolinus* in the Life of *Antoninus Pius*, who was the Repairer of this Mole. *Imp. Cæſari, Divi Hadriani filio, Divi Trajani, Parthici, Nepoti, Divi Nervæ pronepoti, T. Ael. Hadriano Antonio Aug. Pio*, &c. *quod ſuper cætera beneficia ad hujus etiam tutelam portûs*, Pilarum *viginti* molem *cum ſumptu* fornicum *reliquo ex Ærario ſuo largitus eſt.* i. e. To the Emperor *Adrian Antoninus Pius*, Son of the Emperor *Adrian*, Grandſon of the Emperor *Trajan* ſirnamed *Parthicus*, Great-Grandſon of the Emperor *Nerva*, &c. who, beſides other Benefactions, built, at his own Expence, a Mole of twenty Piles, for the Security of this Haven.

It would have been very difficult to have made ſuch a Mole as this of *Puteoli*, in a Place where they had not ſo natural a Commodity as the Earth of *Puzzuola*, which immediately hardens in the Water, and after a little lying in it looks rather like Stone than Mortar. It was this that gave the ancient *Romans* an Opportunity of making ſo many Encroachments on the Sea, and of laying the Foundations of their Villas and Palaces within the very Borders of it, as † *Horace* has elegantly deſcribed it more than once.

† Lib. 2, Od. 18. Lib. 3, Od. 1. Lib. 3. Od. 24. Epiſt. Lib. 1.

About four Years ago they dug up a great Piece of Marble near *Puzzuola*, with ſeveral Figures and Letters engraven round it, which have given occaſion to ſome Diſputes among the Antiquaries. † But they all agree that it is the Pedeſtal of a Statue erected to *Tiberius* by the fourteen Cities of *Aſia*, which were flung down by an Earthquake; the ſame that, according to the Opinion of many learned Men, happen'd at our Saviour's Crucifixion. They have found in the Letters, which are ſtill legible, the Names of the ſeveral Cities, and diſcover in each Figure ſomething particular to the City, of which it repreſents the Genius. There are two Medals of *Tiberius* ſtamp'd on the ſame Occaſion, with this Inſcription to one of them, *Civitatibus Aſiæ Reſtitutis.* The Emperor is repreſented in both ſitting, with a *Patera* in one Hand, and a Spear in the other.

† Vid. Gronovium, Fabretti, Bulifon. *&c.*

It is probable this might have been the Poſture of the Statue, which in all likelihood does not lie far from the Place where they took up the Pedeſtal; for they ſay there were other great Pieces of Marble near it, and ſeveral of 'em inſcrib'd, but that no Body would be at the Charges of bringing them to light. The Pedeſtal it ſelf lay neglected in an open Field when I ſaw it. I ſhall not be particular on the Ruins of the Amphitheatre, the ancient Reſervoirs of Water, the *Sibyl*'s Grotto, the *Centum Cameræ*, the Sepulchre of *Agrippina*, *Nero*'s Mother, with ſeveral other Antiquities of leſs Note, that lie in the Neighbourhood of this Bay, and have been often deſcrib'd by many others. I muſt confeſs, after having ſurvey'd the Antiquities about *Naples* and *Rome*, I cannot but think that our Admiration of 'em doe not ſo much ariſe out of their Greatneſs as Uncommonneſs.

There are indeed many extraordinary Ruins; but I believe a Traveller would not be ſo much aſto-

niſh'd at 'em, did he find any Works of the ſame kind in his own Country. Amphitheatres, Triumphal Arches, Baths, Grottoes, Catacombs, Rotunda's, Highways pav'd for ſo great a Length, Bridges of ſuch an amazing Height, Subterraneous Buildings for the Reception of Rain and Snow-Water, are moſt of 'em at preſent out of Faſhion, and only to be met with among the Antiquities of *Italy*. We are therefore immediately ſurpriz'd when we ſee any conſiderable Sums laid out in any thing of this nature, tho' at the ſame time there is many a *Gothic* Cathedral in *England*, that has coſt more Pains and Money than ſeveral of theſe celebrated Works. Among the Ruins of the old Heathen Temples they ſhew'd me what they call the Chamber of *Venus*, which ſtands a little behind her Temple. It is wholly dark, and has ſeveral Figures on the Cieling wrought in *Stucco*, that ſeem to repreſent Luſt and Strength by the Emblems of naked *Jupiters* and *Gladiators*, *Tritons*, and *Centaurs*, &c. ſo that one would gueſs it has formerly been the Scene of many lewd Myſteries. On the other Side of *Naples* are the Catacombs. Theſe muſt have been full of Stench and Loathſomneſs, if the dead Bodies that lay in 'em were left to rot in open Niches, as an Eminent Author of our own Country imagines. But upon examining 'em I find they were each of 'em ſtopp'd up; without doubt, as ſoon as the Corps was laid in it. For at the Mouth of the Nich one always finds the Rock cut into little Channels, to faſten the Board or Marble that was to cloſe it up; and I think I did not ſee one which had not ſtill ſome Mortar ſticking in it. In ſome I found Pieces of Tiles that exactly tallied with the Channel, and in others a little Wall of Bricks, that ſometimes ſtopp'd up above a quarter of the Nich, the reſt having

ing been broken down. St. *Proculus*'s Sepulchre ſeems to have a kind of Moſaic Work on its Covering; for I obſerv'd at one End of it ſeveral little Pieces of Marble ranged together after that manner. 'Tis probable they were adorn'd, more or leſs, according to the Quality of the Dead. One would indeed wonder to find ſuch a Multitude of Niches unſtopp'd, and I can't imagine any Body ſhould take the Pains to do it, who was not in queſt of ſome ſuppos'd Treaſure.

Baiæ was the Winter Retreat of the old *Romans*, that being the proper Seaſon to enjoy the *Baiani Soles*, and the *Mollis Lucrinus*; as on the contrary, *Tiber*, *Tuſculum*, *Preneſte*, *Alba*, *Cajeta*, *Mons Circeius*, *Anxur*, and the like airy Mountains and Promontories, were their Retirements during the Heats of Summer.

Dum nos blanda tenent jucundi Stagna Lucrini,
Et quæ pumiceis fontibus antra calent,
Tu colis Argivi regnum, Fauſtine, coloni, †
Quò te bis decimus ducit ab urbe lapis.
Horrida ſed fervent Nemeæi pectora monſtri:
Nec ſatis eſt Baias igne calere ſuo.
Ergo Sacri fontes, & littora Sacra valete,
Nympharum pariter, Nereidumque domus.
Herculeos colles gelidâ vos vincite brumâ,
Nunc Tiburtinis cedite frigoribus.

Mart. Lib. 4. Epigr. 57.

While near the *Lucrine* Lake conſum'd to Death
I draw the ſultry Air, and gaſp for Breath,
Where Streams of Sulphur raiſe a ſtifling Heat,
And thro' the Pores of the warm Pumice ſweat;

† Vid. Hor. Lib. 2. Od. 6.

You taſte the cooling Breeze, where nearer home
The twentieth Pillar marks the Mile from *Rome*:
And now the Sun to the bright Lion turns,
And *Baia* with redoubled Fury burns;
Then briny Seas and taſteful Springs farewel,
Where Fountain Nymphs confus'd with *Nereids* dwell;
In Winter You may all the World deſpiſe,
But now 'tis *Tivoli* that bear the Prize.

The Natural Curioſities about *Naples* are as numerous and extraordinary as the Artificial. I ſhall ſet them down, as I have done the other, without any regard to their Situation. The Grotto *del Cani* is famous for the poiſonous Steams which float within a Foot of its Surface. The Sides of the Grotto are mark'd with green, as high as the Malignity of the Vapour reaches. The common Experiments are as follow. A Dog, that has his Noſe held in the Vapour, loſes all Signs of Life in a very little time; but if carry'd into the open Air, or thrown into a Neighbouring Lake, he immediately recovers, if he is not quite gone. A Torch, Snuff and all, goes out in a Moment when dipp'd into the Vapour. A Piſtol cannot take fire in it. I ſplit a Reed, and laid in the Channel of it a Train of Gun-powder, ſo that one End of the Reed was above the Vapour, and the other at the Bottom of it; and I found, tho' the Steam was ſtrong enough to hinder a Piſtol from taking fire in it, and to quench a lighted Torch, that it could not intercept the Train of Fire when it had once begun flaſhing, nor hinder it from running to the very End. This Experiment I repeated twice or thrice, to ſee if I could quite diſſipate the Vapour, which I did in ſo great a Meaſure, that one might eaſily let off a Piſtol in it. I obſerv'd how long a Dog

Dog was in expiring the firſt time, and after his Recovery, and found no ſenſible difference. A Viper bore it nine Minutes the firſt time we put him in, and ten the ſecond. When we brought it out after the firſt Trial, it took ſuch a vaſt quantity of Air into its Lungs, that it ſwell'd almoſt twice as big as before; and it was perhaps on this Stock of Air that it liv'd a Minute longer the ſecond time. Doctor *Conner* made a Diſcourſe in one of the Academies at *Rome* upon the Subject of this Grotto, which he has ſince Printed in *England*. He attributes the Death of Animals, and the Extinction of Lights, to a great Rarefaction of the Air, caus'd by the Heat and Eruption of the Steams. But how is it poſſible for theſe Steams, tho' in never ſo great quantity, to reſiſt the Preſſure of the whole Atmoſphere? And as for the Heat, it is but very inconſiderable. However, to ſatisfy my ſelf, I plac'd a thin Vial, well ſtopp'd up with Wax, within the Smoke of the Vapour, which would certainly have burſt in an Air rarify'd enough to kill a Dog, or quench a Torch; but nothing follow'd upon it. However, to take away all further Doubt, I borrow'd a Weather-Glaſs, and ſo fix'd it in the Grotto, that the *Stagnum* was wholly cover'd with the Vapour; but I could not perceive the Quickſilver ſunk after half an Hour's ſtanding in it. This Vapour is generally ſuppos'd to be Sulphureous, tho' I can ſee no Reaſon for ſuch a Suppoſition. He that dips his Hand in it finds no Smell that it leaves upon it; and tho' I put a whole Bundle of lighted Brimſtone Matches to the Smoke, they all went out in an Inſtant, as if immers'd in Water. Whatever is the Compoſition of the Vapour, let it have but one Quality of being very glewy or viſcous, and I believe it will mechanically ſolve all the *Phænomena* of the Grotto. Its Unctuouſneſs will make it heavy, and

unfit for mounting higher than it does, unleſs the Heat of the Earth, which is juſt ſtrong enough to agitate, and bear it up at a little Diſtance from the Surface, were much greater than it is to rarify and ſcatter it. It will be too groſs and thick to keep the Lungs in play for any time, ſo that Animals will die in it ſooner or later, as their Blood circulates ſlower or faſter. Fire will live in it no longer than in Water, becauſe it wraps itſelf in the ſame manner about the Flame, and by its Continuity hinders any quantity of Air and Nitre from coming to its Succour. The Parts of it however are not ſo compact as thoſe of Liquors, nor therefore tenacious enough to intercept the Fire that has once caught a Train of Gun-powder; for which Reaſon they may be quite broken and diſpers'd by the Repetition of this Experiment. There is an unctuous clammy Vapour that ariſes from the Stum of Grapes, when they lie maſh'd together in the Vat, which puts out a Light when dipp'd into it, and perhaps would take away the Breath of weaker Animals, were it put to the Trial.

It would be endleſs to reckon up the different Baths, to be met with in a Country that ſo much abounds in Sulphur. There is ſcarce a Diſeaſe which has not one adapted to it. A Stranger is generally led into that they call *Cicero*'s Bath, and ſeveral Voyage-Writers pretend there is a cold Vapour ariſing from the Bottom of it, which refreſhes thoſe who ſtoop into it. 'Tis true the Heat is much more ſupportable to one that ſtoops, than to one that ſtands upright, becauſe the Steams of Sulphur gather in the Hollow of the Arch about a Man's Head, and are therefore much thicker and warmer in that Part than at the Bottom. The three Lakes of *Agnano*, *Avernus*, and the *Lucrin*, have now nothing in them particular.

ticular. The *Monte Novo* was thrown out by an Eruption of Fire, that happen'd in the Place where the Mountain now ſtands. The *Sulfatara* is very ſurprizing to one who has not ſeen Mount *Veſuvio*. But there is nothing about *Naples*, nor indeed in any Part of *Italy*, which deſerves our Admiration ſo much as this Mountain. I muſt confeſs the Idea I had of it did not anſwer the real Image of the Place when I came to ſee it; I ſhall therefore give the Deſcription of it as it then lay.

This Mountain ſtands at about ſix *Engliſh* Miles diſtance from *Naples*, tho', by reaſon of its Height, it ſeems much nearer to thoſe that ſurvey it from the Town. In our Way to it we paſs'd by what was one of thoſe Rivers of burning Matter, that ran from it in a late Eruption. This looks at a diſtance like new-plow'd Land; but as you come near it, you ſee nothing but a long Heap of heavy disjointed Clods lying one upon another. There are innumerable Cavities and Interſtices among the ſeveral Pieces, ſo that the Surface is all broken and irregular. Sometimes a great Fragment ſtands like a Rock above the reſt; ſometimes the whole Heap lies in a kind of Channel, and in other Places has nothing like Banks to confine it, but riſes four or five Foot high in the open Air, without ſpreading abroad on either Side. This, I think, is a plain Demonſtration that theſe Rivers were not, as they are uſually repreſented, ſo many Streams of running Matter; for how could a Liquid, that lay hardening by degrees, ſettle in ſuch a furrow'd uncompact Surface? Were the River a Confuſion of never ſo many different Bodies, if they had been all actually diſſolv'd, they would at leaſt have form'd one continu'd Cruſt, as we ſee the *Scorium* of Metals always gathers into a ſolid Piece, let it be compounded of a thouſand Heterogeneous Parts. I am

apt

apt to think therefore that theſe huge unwieldy Lumps that now lie one upon another, as if thrown together by Accident, remain'd in the melted Matter rigid and unliquify'd, floating in it like Cakes of Ice in a River, and that, as the Fire and Ferment gradually abated, they adjuſted themſelves together as well as their irregular Figures would permit, and by this means fell into ſuch an interrupted diſorderly Heap as we now find it. What was the melted Matter lies at the Bottom out of Sight. After having quitted the Side of this long Heap, which was once a Stream of Fire, we came to the Roots of the Mountain, and had a very troubleſome March to gain the Top of it. It is cover'd on all Sides with a kind of burnt Earth, very dry, and crumbled into Powder, as if it had been artificially ſifted. It is very hot under the Feet, and mix'd with ſeveral burnt Stones and Cakes of Cinders, which have been thrown out at different times. A Man ſinks almoſt a Foot in the Earth, and generally loſes half a Step by ſliding backwards. When we had climb'd this Mountain, we diſcover'd the Top of it to be a wide naked Plain, ſmoking with Sulphur in ſeveral Places, and probably undermin'd with Fire; for we concluded it to be hollow by the Sound it made under our Feet. In the midſt of this Plain ſtands a high Hill in the ſhape of a Sugar-loaf, ſo very ſteep that there would be no mounting or deſcending it, were it not made up of ſuch a looſe crumbled Earth as I have before deſcribed. The Air of this Place muſt be very much impregnated with Salt-petre, as appears by the Specks of it on the Sides of the Mountain, where one can ſcarce find a Stone that has not the Top white with it. After we had, with much ado, conquer'd this Hill, we ſaw in the midſt of it the preſent Mouth of *Veſuvio*, that goes ſhelving down on all Sides, 'till above a hundred Yards

Yards deep, as near as we could gueſs, and has about three or four hundred in the Diameter, for it ſeems a perfect Round. This vaſt Hollow is generally fill'd with Smoke; but, by the Advantage of a Wind that blew for us, we had a very clear and diſtinct ſight of it. The Sides appear all over ſtain'd with Mixtures of White, Green, Red, and Yellow, and have ſeveral Rocks ſtanding out of them that look like pure Brimſtone. The Bottom was entirely cover'd, and tho' we look'd very narrowly we could ſee nothing like a Hole in it; the Smoke breaking through ſeveral imperceptible Cracks in many Places. The very Middle was firm Ground when we ſaw it, as we concluded from the Stones we flung upon it, and I queſtion not but one might then have croſs'd the Bottom, and have gone up on the other Side of it with very little Danger, unleſs from ſome accidental Breath of Wind. In the late Eruptions this great Hollow was like a vaſt Cauldron fill'd with glowing and melted Matter, which, as it boil'd over in any Part, ran down the Sides of the Mountain, and made five ſuch Rivers as that beforemention'd. In proportion as the Heat ſlacken'd, this burning Matter muſt have ſubſided within the Bowels of the Mountain, and as it ſunk very leiſurely had time to Cake together, and form the Bottom which covers the Mouth of that dreadful Vault that lies underneath it. The next Eruption or Earthquake will probably break in Pieces this falſe Bottom, and quite change the preſent Face of Things.

This whole Mountain, ſhap'd like a Sugar-loaf, has been made at ſeveral times, by the prodigious Quantities of Earth and Cinders, which have been flung up out of the Mouth that lies in the midſt of them; ſo that it increaſes in the Bulk at every Eruption, the Aſhes ſtill falling down the ſides of it, like the Sand in an Hour-Glaſs. A Gentleman of

Naples

Naples told me, that in his Memory it had gained twenty Foot in thickneſs, and I queſtion not but in length of time it will cover the whole Plain, and make one Mountain with that on which it now ſtands.

In thoſe Parts of the Sea, that are not far from the Roots of this Mountain, they find ſometimes a very fragrant Oil, which is ſold dear, and makes a rich Perfume. The Surface of the Sea is, for a little Space, cover'd with its Bubbles, during the time that it riſes, which they skim off into their Boats, and afterwards ſet a ſeparating in Pots and Jars. They ſay its Sources never run but in calm warm weather. The Agitations of the Water perhaps hinder them from diſcovering it at other times.

Among the natural Curioſities of *Naples*, I cannot forbear mentioning their manner of furniſhing the Town with Snow, which they here uſe inſtead of Ice, becauſe, as they ſay, it cools or congeals any Liquor ſooner. There is a great Quantity of it conſum'd yearly; for they drink very few Liquors, not ſo much as Water, that have not lain in *Freſco*; and every Body, from the higheſt to the loweſt, makes uſe of it, inſomuch that a Scarcity of Snow would raiſe a Mutiny at *Naples*, as much as a Dearth of Corn or Proviſions in another Country. To prevent this the King has ſold the Monopoly of it to certain Perſons, who are oblig'd to furniſh the City with it all the Year at ſo much the Pound. They have a high Mountain at about eighteen Miles from the Town, which has ſeveral Pits dug into it. Here they employ many poor People at ſuch a Seaſon of the Year to roll in vaſt Balls of Snow, which they ram together, and cover from the Sunſhine. Out of theſe Reſervoirs of Snow they

cut

cut ſeveral Lumps, as they have occaſion for them, and ſend them on Aſſes to the Sea-ſide, where they are carry'd off in Boats, and diſtributed to ſeveral Shops at a ſettled Price, that from time to time ſupply the whole City of *Naples*. While the *Banditti* continu'd their Diſorders in this Kingdom, they often put the Snow-Merchants under Contribution, and threaten'd them, if they appear'd tardy in their Payments, to deſtroy their Magazines, which they ſay might eaſily have been effected by the Infuſion of ſome Barrels of Oil.

It would have been tedious to have put down the many Deſcriptions that the *Latin* Poets have made of ſeveral of the Places mention'd in this Chapter: I ſhall therefore conclude it with the general Map which *Silius Italicus* has given us of this great Bay of *Naples*. Moſt of the Places he mentions lie within the ſame Proſpect; and if I have paſs'd over any of them, it is becauſe I ſhall take them in my way by Sea, from *Naples* to *Rome*.

Stagna inter celebrem nunc mitia monſtrat Avernum;
Tum triſti nemore atque umbris nigrantibus horrens,
Et formidatus volucri, lethale vomebat
Suffuſo virus cælo, Stygiâque per urbes
Religione ſacer, ſævum retinebat honorem.
Hinc vicina palus, fama eſt Acherontis ad undas
Pandere iter, cæcas ſtagnante voragine fauces
Laxat, et horrendos aperit telluris hiatus,
Interdumque novo perturbat lumine manes.
Juxta caligante ſitu, longumque per ævum
Infernis preſſas nebulis, pallente ſub umbrâ
Cimmerias jacuiſſe domos, noctemque profundam
Tartareæ narrant urbis: tum ſulfure et igni
Semper anhelantes, coctoque bitumine campos
Oſtentant: tellus atro exundante vapore

Suf-

Suſpirans, uſtiſque diu calefacta medullis
Æſtuat, et Stygios exhalat in aëra flatus:
Parturit, et tremulis metuendum exſibilat antris,
Interdumque cavas luctatus rumpere ſedes,
Aut exire foras, ſonitu lugubre minaci
Mulciber immugit, laceratæque viſcera terræ
Mandit, et exeſos labefactat murmure montes.
Tradunt Herculeâ proſtratos mole Gigantes
Tellurem injectam quatere, et ſpiramine anhelo
Torreri latè campos, quotieſque minantur
Rumpere compagem impoſitam, expalleſcere cœlum.
Apparet procul Inarime, quæ turbine nigro
Fumantem premit Iäpetum, flammaſque rebelli
Ora ejectantem, et ſiquando evadere detur
Bella Jovi rurſus ſuperiſque iterare volentem.
Monſtrantur Veſeva juga, atque in vertice ſummo
Depaſti flammis ſcopuli, fractuſque ruinâ
Mons circùm, atque Ætnæ fatis certantia Saxa.
Nec non Miſenum ſervantem Idæa ſepulcro
Nomina, et Herculeos videt ipſo littore Baulos.

Lib. 12.

Averno next he ſhow'd his wond'ring Gueſt,
Averno now with milder Virtues bleſs'd;
Black with ſurrounding Foreſts then it ſtood,
That hung above, and darken'd all the Flood:
Clouds of unwholeſome Vapours, rais'd on high,
The flutt'ring Bird entangled in the Sky,
Whilſt all around the gloomy Proſpect ſpread
An awful Horror, and religious Dread.
Hence to the Borders of the Marſh they go,
That mingles with the baleful Streams below,
And ſometimes with a mighty Yawn, 'tis ſaid,
Opens a diſmal Paſſage to the Dead,
Who pale with Fear the rending Earth ſurvey,
And ſtartle at the ſudden Flaſh of Day.
The dark *Cimmerian* Grotto then he paints,
Deſcribing all its old Inhabitants, That

That in the deep Infernal City dwell'd,
And lay in everlaſting Night conceal'd.
Advancing ſtill, the ſpacious Fields he ſhow'd,
That with the ſmother'd Heat of Brimſtone glow'd;
Through frequent Cracks the ſteaming Sulphur broke,
And cover'd all the blaſted Plain with Smoke:
Impriſon'd Fires, in the cloſe Dungeons pent,
Roar to get looſe, and ſtruggle for a Vent,
Eating their Way, and undermining all,
'Till with a mighty Burſt whole Mountains fall.
Here, as 'tis ſaid, the Rebel Giants lie,
And, when to move th' incumbent Load they try,
Aſcending Vapours on the Day prevail,
The Sun looks ſickly, and the Skies grow pale.
Next to the diſtant Iſle his Sight he turns,
That o'er the Thunderſtruck *Typhœus* burns:
Enrag'd his wide-extended Jaws expire
In angry Whirlwinds, Blaſphemies and Fire,
Threat'ning, if looſen'd from his dire Abodes,
Again to challenge *Jove*, and fight the Gods.
On Mount *Veſuvio* next he fixt his Eyes,
And ſaw the ſmoking Tops confus'dly riſe;
(A hideous Ruin!) that with Earthquakes rent
A ſecond *Ætna* to the View preſent.
Miſeno's Cape and *Bauli* laſt he view'd,
That on the Sea's extremeſt Borders ſtood.

Silius Italicus here takes notice, that the poiſonous Vapours, which aroſe from the Lake *Averno* in *Hannibal*'s Time, were quite diſpers'd at the time when he wrote his Poem; becauſe *Agrippa*, who liv'd between *Hannibal* and *Silius*, had cut down the Woods, that inclos'd the Lake, and hinder'd theſe noxious Steams from diſſipating, which were immediately ſcatter'd as ſoon as the Winds and freſh Air were let in among them.

THE

THE

ISLE of *CAPREA.*

HAving ſtaid longer at *Naples* than I at firſt deſign'd, I could not diſpenſe with my ſelf from making a little Voyage to the Iſle of *Caprea*, as being very deſirous to ſee a Place, which had been the Retirement of *Auguſtus* for ſome time, and the Reſidence of *Tiberius* for ſeveral Years. The Iſland lies four Miles in Length from Eaſt to Weſt, and about one in Breadth. The Weſtern Part, for about two Miles in Length, is a continu'd Rock vaſtly high, and inacceſſible on the Sea-ſide. It has however the greateſt Town in the Iſland, that goes under the Name of *Ano-Caprea*, and is in ſeveral Places cover'd with a very fruitful Soil. The Eaſtern End of the Iſle riſes up in Precipices very near as high, tho' not quite ſo long as the Weſtern. Between theſe Eaſtern and Weſtern Mountains lies a Slip of lower Ground, which runs acroſs the Iſland, and is one of the pleaſanteſt Spots I have ſeen. It is hid with Vines, Figs, Oranges, Almonds, Olives, Myrtles, and Fields of Corn, which looks extremely freſh and beautiful, and make up the moſt delightful little Landskip imaginable, when they are ſurvey'd from the Tops of the neighbouring Mountains. Here ſtands the Town of *Caprea*, the Biſhop's Palace, and two or three Convents.

Convents. In the midſt of this fruitful Tract of Land riſes a Hill, that was probably cover'd with Buildings in *Tiberius*'s Time. There are ſtill ſeveral Ruins on the Sides of it, and about the Top are found two or three dark Galleries, low built, and cover'd with Maſon's Work, tho' at preſent they appear overgrown with Graſs. I enter'd one of them that is a hundred Paces in Length. I obſerved, as ſome of the Countrymen were digging into the Sides of this Mountain, that what I took for ſolid Earth was only Heaps of Brick, Stone, and other Rubbiſh, skinn'd over with a Covering of Vegetables. But the moſt conſiderable Ruin is that which ſtands on the very Extremity of the Eaſtern Promontory, where are ſtill ſome Apartments left, very high and arch'd at Top. I have not indeed ſeen the Remains of any ancient *Roman* Buildings, that have not been Roof'd with either Vaults or Arches. The Rooms I am mentioning ſtand deep in the Earth, and have nothing like Windows or Chimnies, which make me think they were formerly either Bathing-places or Reſervoirs of Water. An old Hermit lives at preſent among the Ruins of this Palace, who loſt his Companion a few Years ago by a Fall from the Precipice. He told me they had often found Medals and Pipes of Lead, as they dug among the Rubbiſh, and that not many Years ago they diſcover'd a pav'd Road running under Ground, from the Top of the Mountain to the Sea-ſide, which was afterwards confirm'd to me by a Gentleman of the Iſland. There is a very noble Proſpect from this Place. On the one ſide lies a vaſt Extent of Seas, that runs abroad further than the Eye can reach. Juſt oppoſite ſtands the green Promontory of *Surrentum*, and on the other ſide the whole Circuit of the Bay of *Naples*. This Proſpect,

according

according to *Tacitus*, was more agreeable before the burning of *Veſuvio*. That Mountain probably, which after the firſt Eruption look'd like a great Pile of Aſhes, was in *Tiberius*'s time ſhaded with Woods and Vineyards; for I think *Martial*'s Epigram may ſerve here as a Comment to *Tacitus*.

Hic eſt pampineis viridis Veſuvius umbris,
Preſſerat hic madidos nobilis uva lacus.
Hæc juga, quàm Niſæ colles, plùs Bacchus amavit:
Hoc nuper Satyri monte dedere choros.
Hæc Veneris ſedes, Lacedæmone gratior illi;
Hic locus Herculeo nomine clarus erat.
Cuncta jacent flammis et triſti merſa favillâ:
Nec ſuperi vellent hoc licuiſſe ſibi.
Lib. 2. Epigr. 105.

Veſuvio, cover'd with the fruitful Vine,
Here flouriſh'd once, and ran with Floods of Wine;
Here *Bacchus* oft to the cool Shades retir'd,
And his own native *Niſa* leſs admir'd;
Oft to the Mountain's airy Tops advanc'd,
The friſking Satyrs on the Summets danc'd;
Alcides here, here *Venus* grac'd the Shore,
Nor lov'd her Fav'rite *Lacedæmon* more:
Now Piles of Aſhes, ſpreading all around,
In undiſtinguiſh'd Heaps deform the Ground.
The Gods themſelves the ruin'd Seats bemoan,
And blame the Miſchiefs that themſelves have done.

This View muſt ſtill have been more pleaſant, when the whole Bay was encompaſs'd with ſo long a Range of Buildings, that it appear'd to thoſe, who look'd on it at a diſtance, but as one continu'd City. On both the Shores of that fruitful Bottom, which I have before mention'd, are ſtill

ſtill to be ſeen the Marks of ancient Edifices; particularly on that which looks towards the South there is a little kind of Mole, which ſeems to have been the Foundation of a Palace; unleſs we may ſuppoſe that the *Pharos* of *Caprea* ſtood there, which *Statius* takes notice of in his Poem that invites his Wife to *Naples*, and is, I think, the moſt natural among the *Sylvæ*.

Nec deſunt variæ circùm oblectamina vitæ;
Sive vaporiferas, blandiſſima littora, Baias,
Enthea fatidicæ ſeu viſere tecta Sibyllæ
Dulce ſit, Iliacoque jugum memorabile remo:
Seu tibi Bacchei vineta madentia Gauri,
Teleboumque domos, trepidis ubi dulcia nautis
Lumina noctivagæ tollit Pharus æmula Lunæ,
Caraque non molli juga Surrentina Lyæo.
Sylv. 5. Lib. 3. v. 95.

The bliſsful Seats with endleſs Pleaſures flow,
Whether to *Baia*'s Sunny Shores you go,
And view the Sulphur to the Baths convey'd,
Or the dark Grotte of the Prophetick Maid,
Or ſteep *Miſeno* from the *Trojan* nam'd,
Or *Gaurus* for its flowing Vintage fam'd,
Or *Caprea*, where the Lanthorn fix'd on high
Shines like a Moon through the benighted Sky,
While by its Beams the wary Sailor ſteers;
Or where *Surrentum*, clad in Vines, appears.

They found in *Ara Caprea*, ſome Years ago, a Statue and a rich Pavement under Ground, as they had occaſion to turn up the Earth that lay upon them. One ſtill ſees, on the Bendings of theſe Mountains, the Marks of ſeveral ancient Scales of Stairs, by which they uſed to aſcend them. The whole

whole Iſland is ſo unequal that there were but few Diverſions to be found in it without Doors; but what recommended it moſt to *Tiberius* was its wholeſome Air, which is warm in Winter and cool in Summer, and its inacceſſible Coaſts, which are generally ſo very ſteep, that a handful of Men might defend them againſt a powerful Army.

We need not doubt but *Tiberius* had his different Reſidences, according as the Seaſons of the Year, and his different Sets of Pleaſure requir'd. *Suetonius* ſays, *Duodecim Villas totidem nominibus ornavit.* i. e. He diſtinguiſh'd twelve Towns by as many Names. The whole Iſland was probably cut into ſeveral eaſy Aſcents, planted with variety of Palaces, and adorn'd with as great a multitude of Groves and Gardens as the Situation of the Place would ſuffer. The Works under Ground were however more extraordinary than thoſe above it; for the Rocks were all under-min'd with Highways, Grottoes, Galleries, Bagnio's, and ſeveral ſubterraneous Retirements, that ſuited with the brutal Pleaſures of the Emperor. One would indeed very much wonder to ſee ſuch ſmall Appearances of the many Works of Art, that were formerly to be met with in this Iſland, were we not told that the *Romans*, after the Death of *Tiberius*, ſent hither an Army of Pioneers on purpoſe to demoliſh the Buildings, and deface the Beauties of the Iſland.

In ſailing round *Caprea* we were entertain'd with many rude Proſpects of Rocks and Precipices, that riſe in ſeveral Places half a Mile high in Perpendicular. At the Bottom of them are Caves and Grottoes form'd by the continual breaking of the Waves upon them. I enter'd one which the Inhabitants call *Grotto Oſcuro*, and, after the Light of the Sun was a little worn off my Eyes, could ſee all the Parts of

of it diſtinctly, by a glimmering Reflection that play'd upon them from the Surface of the Water. The Mouth is low and narrow; but after having enter'd pretty far in, the Grotto opens itſelf on both Sides in an oval Figure of an hundred Yards from one Extremity to the other, as we were told, for it would not have been ſafe meaſuring of it. The Roof is vaulted, and diſtils freſh Water from every Part of it, which fell upon us as faſt as the firſt Droppings of a Shower. The Inhabitants and *Neapolitans*, who have heard of *Tiberius*'s Grottoes, will have this to be one of them; but there are ſeveral Reaſons that ſhow it to be natural. For beſides the little uſe we can conceive of ſuch a dark Cavern of Salt Waters, there are no where any Marks of the Chiſſel; the Sides are of a ſoft mouldering Stone, and one ſees many of the like hollow Spaces worn in the Bottoms of the Rocks, as they are more or leſs able to reſiſt the Impreſſions of the Water that beats againſt them.

Not far from this Grotto lie the *Sirenum Scopuli*, which *Virgil* and *Ovid* mention in *Æneas*'s Voyage; they are two or three ſharp Rocks that ſtand about a Stone's-throw from the South-ſide of the Iſland, and are generally beaten by Waves and Tempeſts, which are much more violent on the South than on the North of *Caprea*.

Jamque adeò Scopulos Sirenum advecta ſubibat;
Difficiles quondam, multorumque oſſibus albos:
Tum rauca aſſiduo longè ſale ſaxa ſonabant.
Æn. 5. v. 864.

Glides by the *Sirens* Cliffs, a ſhelfy Coaſt,
Long infamous for Ships and Sailors loſt,

And

And white with Bones: Th'impetuous Ocean rores,
And Rocks rebellow from the ſounding Shores.
Dryden.

I have before ſaid that they often find Medals in this Iſland. Many of thoſe they call the *Spintriæ*, which *Aretin* has copy'd, have been dug up here. I know none of the Antiquaries that have written on this Subject, and find nothing ſatisfactory of it where I thought it moſt likely to be met with, in *Patin*'s Edition of *Suetonius* illuſtrated by Medals. Thoſe I have convers'd with about it, are of opinion they were made to ridicule the Brutality of *Tiberius*, tho' I cannot but believe they were ſtamp'd by his Order. They are unqueſtionably antique, and no bigger than Medals of the third Magnitude. They bear on one ſide ſome lewd Invention of that helliſh Society, which *Suetonius* calls *Monſtroſi concubitûs repertores*, and on the other the Number of the Medal. I have ſeen of them as high as to twenty. I can't think they were made as a Jeſt on the Emperor, becauſe Rallery on Coins is of a modern Date. I know but two in the Upper Empire, beſides the *Spintriæ*, that lie under any Suſpicion of it. The firſt is one of *Marcus Aurelius*, where, in Compliment to the Emperor and Empreſs, they have ſtamp'd on the Reverſe the Figure of *Venus* careſſing *Mars*, and endeavouring to detain him from the Wars.

------ *Quoniam*

------- *Quoniam belli fera munera Mavors*
Armipotens regit, in gremium qui ſæpe tuum ſe
Rejicit, æterno devinctus vulnere amoris.
Lucr. Lib. 1. v. 33.

Becauſe the brutal Bus'neſs of the War
Is manag'd by thy dreadful Servant's Care,
Who oft retires from fighting Fields, to prove
The pleaſing Pains of thy Eternal Love. *Dryden.*

The *Venus* has *Fauſtina*'s Face; her Lover is a naked Figure with a Helmet on his Head, and a Shield on his Arm.

Tu ſcabie frueris mali, quod in Aggere rodit
Qui tegitur parmâ et galeâ ---- Juv. Sat. 5. v. 153.

Such ſcabbed Fruit you eat, as, in his Tent,
With Helmet arm'd and Shield, the Soldier gnaws.

This unluckily brings to mind *Fauſtina*'s Fondneſs for the Gladiator, and is therefore interpreted by many as a hidden piece of Satire. But, beſides that ſuch a Thought was inconſiſtent with the Gravity of a Senate, how can one imagine that the Fathers would have dar'd to affront the Wife of *Aurelius*, and the Mother of *Commodus*, or that they could think of giving Offence to an Empreſs whom they afterwards deify'd, and to an Emperor that was the Darling of the Army and People.

The other Medal is a golden one of *Gallienus*, preſerv'd in the *French* King's Cabinet; it is inſcribed *Gallienæ Auguſtæ*, *Pax Ubique*, and was ſtamp'd at a time when the Emperor's Father was in Bondage, and the Empire torn in pieces by ſeveral Pretenders to it. Yet, if one conſiders the ſtrange Stupidity of this Emperor, with the ſenſeleſs Security which appears in ſeveral of his Sayings that are ſtill left on Record, one may very well believe this Coin was of his own Invention. We may be ſure, if Rallery had once enter'd the old *Roman* Coins, we ſhould have been overſtock'd with Medals of this nature; if we conſider there were often Rival Emperors proclaim'd at the ſame time, who endeavour'd at the leſſening of each other's Character, and that moſt of them were ſucceeded by ſuch as were Enemies to their Predeceſſor. Theſe Medals of *Tiberius* were never current Money, but rather of the nature of Medalions, which ſeem to have been made on purpoſe to perpetuate the Diſcoveries of that infamous Society. *Suetonius* tells us, that their monſtrous Inventions were regiſter'd ſeveral ways, and preſerv'd in the Emperor's private Apartments. *Cubicula plurifariam diſpoſita tabellis ac Sigillis laſciviſſimarum picturarum et figurarum adornavit, libriſque Elephantidis inſtruxit: ne cui in Operâ edendâ exemplar*

plar impetratæ Schemæ deeſſet. i. e. He adorn'd his Apartments, which were variouſly diſpoſed, with Pictures and Seals, repreſenting the lewdeſt Images, and furniſh'd them with the Books of *Elephantis*, that no one might be at a loſs for Examples to copy after. The *Elephantis* here mention'd is probably the ſame *Martial* takes notice of for her Book of Poſtures.

In Sabellum.

Facundos mihi de libidinoſis
Legiſti nimium, Sabelle, verſus,
Quales nec Didymi ſciunt puellæ,
Nec molles Elephantidos libelli.
Sunt illic Veneris novæ figuræ:
Quales, &c. Lib. 12. Epir. 43.

Too much, *Sabellus*, you delight
In Poems, that to Luſt excite,
Where *Venus*, varying ſtill her Shape,
Provokes to Inceſt or a Rape:
Not ſuch the leudeſt Harlots know,
Nor *Elephantis'* Books can ſhow.

Ovid mentions the ſame kind of Pictures that found a Place even in *Auguſtus*'s Cabinet.

Scilicet in domibus veſtris, ut priſca virorum
Artifici fulgent corpora picta manu;
Sic quæ concubitus varios Veneriſque figuras
Exprimat, eſt aliquo parva tabella loco.
De Triſt. Lib. 2. v. 523.

As antient Heroes, by the Painter's Hand
Immortaliz'd, in thy rich Gallery ſtand,

Immodeſt Pictures in ſome Corner lye,
With Feats of Luſt to catch the wanton Eye.

There are ſeveral of the *Sigilla*, or Seals, *Suetonius* ſpeaks of, to be met with in Collections of ancient *Intaglio's*.

But, I think, what puts it beyond all doubt that theſe Coins were rather made by the Emperor's Order, than as a Satire on him, is, becauſe they are now found in the very Place that was the Scene of theſe his unnatural Luſts.

------ *Quem rupes Caprearum tetra latebit*
Inceſto poſſeſſa Seni? ----- Cl. de quarto. Conſ. Hon.

Who has not heard of *Caprea*'s guilty Shore,
Polluted by the rank old Emperor?

FROM
NAPLES
TO
ROME, by SEA.

I Took a Felucca at *Naples* to carry me to *Rome*, that I might not be forced to run over the ſame Sights a ſecond time, and might have an Opportunity of ſeeing many things in a Road, which our Voyage-Writers have not ſo particularly deſcrib'd. As, in my Journey from *Rome* to *Naples*, I had *Horace* for my Guide, ſo I had the Pleaſure of ſeeing my Voyage from *Naples* to *Rome* deſcribed by *Virgil*. It is indeed much eaſier to trace out the Way *Æneas* took, than that of *Horace*, becauſe *Virgil* has mark'd it out by Capes, Iſlands, and other Parts of Nature, which are not ſo ſubject to change or decay, as are Towns, Cities, and the Works of Art. Mount *Pauſilypo* makes a beautiful Proſpect to thoſe who paſs by it: At a ſmall diſtance from it lies the little Iſland of *Niſida*, adorned with a great variety of Plantations, riſing one above another in ſo beautiful an Order, that the whole

Iſland looks like a large Terrace-Garden. It has two little Ports, and is not at preſent troubled with any of thoſe noxious Steams that *Lucan* mentions.

——— *Tali ſpiramine Neſis*
Emittit Stygium nebuloſis Aëra ſaxis. Lib. 6. v. 90.

Neſis' high Rocks ſuch *Stygian* Air produce,
And the blue breathing Peſtilence diffuſe.

From *Niſida* we row'd to Cape *Miſeno*. The Extremity of this Cape has a long Cleft in it, which was enlarg'd and cut into Shape by *Agrippa*, who made this the great Port for the *Roman* Fleet that ſerv'd in the *Mediterranean*; as that of *Ravenna* held the Ships deſign'd for the *Adriatic* and *Archipelago*. The higheſt End of this Promontory riſes in the faſhion of a Sepulchre or Monument to thoſe that ſurvey it from the Land, which perhaps might occaſion *Virgil*'s burying *Miſenus* under it. I have ſeen a grave *Italian* Author, who has written a very large Book on the *Campania Felice*, that, from *Virgil*'s Deſcription of this Mountain, concludes it was call'd *Aërius* before *Miſenus* had given it a new Name.

At pius Æneas ingenti mole Sepulchrum
Imponit, ſuaque arma viro remumque tubamque
Monte ſub Aerio, *qui nunc* Miſenus *ab illo*
Dicitur, æternumque tenet per ſæcula nomen.
Æn. 6. v. 232.

But good *Æneas* order'd on the Shore
A ſtately Tomb; whoſe Top a Trumpet bore,
A Soldier's Fauchion, and a Seaman's Oar.

Thus

Thus was his Friend interr'd; and deathleſs Fame
Still to the *lofty* Cape conſigns *his Name.* *Dryden.*

There are ſtill to be ſeen a few Ruins of old *Miſenum*; but the moſt conſiderable Antiquity of the Place is a Set of Galleries that are hewn into the Rock, and are much more ſpacious than the *Piſcina Mirabilis.* Some will have them to have been a Reſervoir of Water; but others more probably ſuppoſe them to have been *Nero*'s Baths. I lay the firſt Night on the Iſle of *Procita*, which is pretty well cultivated, and contains about four thouſand Inhabitants, who are all Vaſſals to the Marquiſs *de Vaſto.*

The next Morning I went to ſee the Iſle of *Iſchia*, that ſtands further out into the Sea. The ancient Poets call it *Inarime*, and lay *Typhœus* under it, by reaſon of its Eruptions of Fire. There has been no Eruption for near theſe three hundred Years. The laſt was very terrible, and deſtroy'd a whole City. At preſent there are ſcarce any Marks left of a ſubterraneous Fire; for the Earth is cold, and overrun with Graſs and Shrubs, where the Rocks will ſuffer it. There are indeed ſeveral little Cracks in it, thro' which there iſſues a conſtant Smoke; but 'tis probable this ariſes from the warm Springs that feed the many Baths, with which this Iſland is plentifully ſtock'd. I obſerv'd, about one of theſe breathing Paſſages, a Spot of Myrtles that flouriſh within the Steam of theſe Vapours, and have a continual Moiſture hanging upon them. On the South of *Iſchia* lies a round Lake of about three Quarters of a Mile Diameter, ſeparate from the Sea by a narrow Tract of Land. It was formerly a *Roman* Port. On the North End of this Iſland ſtands the Town and Caſtle, on an exceeding high Rock, divided

from the Body of the Iſland, and inacceſſible to an Enemy on all Sides. This Iſland is larger, but much more Rocky and Barren than *Procita*. *Virgil* makes them both ſhake at the Fall of part of the Mole of *Baiæ*, that ſtood at a few Miles diſtance from them.

Qualis in Euboïco Baiarum littore quondam
Saxea pila cadit, magnis quam molibus antè
Conſtructam jaciunt pelago: Sic illa ruinam
Prona trahit, penituſque vadis illiſa recumbit:
Miſcent ſe maria et nigræ attolluntur arenæ;
Tum ſonitu Prochyta alta tremit, durumque cubile
Inarime, Jovis imperiis impoſita Typhœo.
Æn 9. v. 710.

Not with leſs Ruin than the *Baian* Mole
(Rais'd on the Seas the Surges to control)
At once comes tumbling down the rocky Wall;
Prone to the Deep the Stones dis-jointed fall
Off the vaſt Pile; the ſcatter'd Ocean flies;
Black Sands, diſcolour'd Froth, and mingled Mud ariſe.
The frighted Billows roll, and ſeek the Shores:
Trembles high *Prochyta*, and *Iſchia* rores:
Typhœus rores beneath, by *Jove*'s Command,
Aſtoniſh'd at the Flaw that ſhakes the Land;
Soon ſhifts his weary Side, and ſcarce awake,
With Wonder feels the Weight preſs lighter on his Back. *Dryden.*

I don't ſee why *Virgil*, in this noble Compariſon, has given the Epithet of *Alta* to *Prochyta*; for it is not only no high Iſland in itſelf, but is much lower than *Iſchia*, and all the Points of Land that lie within its Neighbourhood. I ſhould think *Alta* was join'd adverbially with *Tremit*, did *Virgil* make uſe of ſo equivocal

equivocal a Syntax. I cannot forbear inſerting, in this Place, the lame Imitation *Silius Italicus* has made of the foregoing Paſſage.

Haud aliter ſtructo Tyrrhena ad littora Saxo,
Pugnatura fretis, ſubter cæciſque procellis
Pila immane ſonans, impingitur ardua ponto;
Immugit Nereus, diviſaque cærula pulſu
Illiſum accipiunt irata ſub æquora montem. Lib. 4

So a vaſt Fragment of the *Baian* Mole,
That, fix'd amid the *Tyrrhene* Waters, braves
The beating Tempeſts and inſulting Waves,
Thrown from its Baſis with a dreadful Sound,
Daſhes the broken Billows all around,
And with reſiſtleſs Force the Surface cleaves,
That in its angry Waves the falling Rock receives.

The next Morning going to *Cumæ* thro' a very pleaſant Path, by the *Mare Mortuum*, and the *Elyſian* Fields, we ſaw in our way a great many Ruins of Sepulchres, and other ancient Edifices. *Cumæ* is at preſent utterly deſtitute of Inhabitants, ſo much is it chang'd ſince *Lucan*'s time, if the Poem to *Piſa* be his.

—— Acidaliâ quæ condidit Alite muros
Euboicam referens fœcunda Neapolis urbem.

Where the fam'd Walls of fruitful *Naples* lie,
That may for Multitudes with *Cumæ* vie.

They ſhow here the Remains of *Apollo*'s Temple, which all the Writers of the Antiquities of this Place ſuppoſe to have been the ſame *Virgil* deſcribes in his Sixth *Æneid*, as built by *Dædalus*, and that

the very Story, which *Virgil* there mentions, was actually engraven on the Front of it.

Redditus his primùm terris tibi Phœbe ſacravit
Remigium Alarum, poſuitque immania Templa.
In foribus lethum Androgeo, tum pendere pœnas
Cecropidæ juſſi, miſerum! Septena quotannis
Corpora Natorum: Stat ductis ſortibus urna.
Contra elata mari reſpondet Gnoſſia tellus, &c.
Æn. 6. v. 19.

To the *Cumæan* Coaſt at length he came,
And, here alighting, built his coſtly Frame
Inſcrib'd to *Phœbus*, here he hung on high
The Steerage of his Wings that cut the Sky;
Then o'er the lofty Gate his Art emboſs'd
Androgeo's Death, and Off'rings to his Ghoſt,
Sev'n Youths from *Athens* yearly ſent to meet
The Fate appointed by revengeful *Crete*;
And next to thoſe the dreadful Urn was plac'd,
In which the deſtin'd Names by Lots were caſt.
Dryden.

Among other ſubterraneous Works there is the beginning of a Paſſage, which is ſtopp'd up, within leſs than a hundred Yards of the Entrance, by the Earth that is fallen into it. They ſuppoſe it to have been the other Mouth of the *Sibyl*'s Grotto. It lies indeed in the ſame Line with the Entrance near the *Avernus*, is fac'd alike with the *Opus Reticulatum*, and has ſtill the Marks of Chambers that have been cut into the Sides of it. Among the many Fables and Conjectures which have been made on this Grotto, I think it is highly probable, that it was once inhabited by ſuch as perhaps thought it a better Shelter againſt the Sun than

than any other kind of Building, or at leaſt that it was made with ſmaller Trouble and Expence. As for the Moſaic and other Works that may be found in it, they may very well have been added in later Ages, according as they thought fit to put the Place to different Uſes. The Story of the *Cimmerians* is indeed clogg'd with Improbabilities, as *Strabo* relates it; but it is very likely there was in it ſome Foundation of Truth. *Homer*'s Deſcription of the *Cimmerians*, whom he places in theſe Parts, anſwers very well to the Inhabitants of ſuch a long dark Cavern.

The gloomy Race, in Subterraneous Cells,
Among ſurrounding Shades and Darkneſs dwells;
Hid in th'unwholſom Covert of the Night,
They ſhun th' Approaches of the chearful Light:
The Sun ne'er viſits their obſcure Retreats,
Nor when he runs his Courſe, nor when he ſets.
Unhappy Mortals! —— *Odyſ. Lib.* 10.

Tu quoque littoribus noſtris, Æneïa nutrix,
Æternam moriens famam, Cajeta, dediſti:
Et nunc ſervat honos ſedem tuus, oſſaque nomen
Heſperiâ in magnâ, ſi qua eſt ea gloria, ſignant.
Æn. 7. v. 1.

And thou, O Matron of Immortal Fame,
Here dying, to the Shore haſt left thy Name:
Cajeta ſtill the Place is call'd from Thee,
The Nurſe of great *Æneas'* Infancy.
Here reſt thy Bones in rich *Heſperia*'s Plains;
Thy Name ('tis all a Ghoſt can have) remains.
Dryden.

I ſaw at *Cajeta* the Rock of Marble, ſaid to be cleft by an Earthquake at our Saviour's Death. There is written over the Chapel Door, that leads into

into the Crack, the Words of the Evangeliſt *Ecce terræ-motus factus eſt magnus:* Behold, there was a great Earthquake! I believe every one who ſees this vaſt Rent in ſo high a Rock, and obſerves how exactly the Convex Parts of one Side tally with the Concave of the other, muſt be ſatisfy'd that it was the Effect of an Earthquake, tho' I queſtion not but it either happen'd long before the time of the *Latin* Writers, or in the darker Ages ſince; for otherwiſe I cannot but think they would have taken notice of its Original. The Port, Town, Caſtle, and Antiquities of this Place have been often deſcribed.

We touch'd next at *Monte Circeio*, which *Homer* calls *Inſula Æëa*, whether it be that it was formerly an Iſland, or that the *Greek* Sailors of his time thought it ſo. It is certain they might eaſily have been deceiv'd by its Appearance, as being a very high Mountain join'd to the main Land by a narrow Tract of Earth, that is many Miles in Length, and almoſt of a level with the Surface of the Water. The End of this Promontory is very rocky, and mightily expos'd to the Winds and Waves, which perhaps gave the firſt Riſe to the howlings of Wolves, and the roarings of Lions, that us'd to be heard thence. This I had a very lively Idea of, being forc'd to lie under it a whole Night. *Virgil*'s Deſcription of *Æneas* paſſing by this Coaſt can never be enough admir'd. It is worth while to obſerve how, to heighten the Horror of the Deſcription, he has prepar'd the Reader's Mind, by the Solemnity of *Cajeta*'s Funeral, and the dead Stilneſs of the Night.

At pius exequiis Æneas ritè ſolutis,
Aggere compoſito tumuli, poſtquam alta quierunt
Æquora,

Æquora, tendit iter velis, portumque relinquit.
Adſpirant auræ in noctem, nec candida curſus
Luna negat: Splendet tremulo ſub lumine pontus.
Proxima Circææ raduntur littora terræ:
Dives inacceſſos ubi Solis filia lucos
Aſſiduo reſonat cantu, tectiſque ſuperbis
Urit odoratam nocturna in lumine cedrum,
Arguto tenues percurrens pectine telas:
Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iræque Leonum
Vincla recuſantum, et ſerâ ſub-nocte rudentum:
Setigerique ſues, atque in præſepibus urſi
Sævire, ac formæ magnorum ululare luporum:
Quos hominum ex facie Dea ſæva potentibus herbis
Induerat Circe in vultus ac terga ferarum.
Quæ ne monſtra pii paterentur talia Troës
Delati in portus, neu littora dira ſubirent,
Neptunus ventis implevit vela ſecundis,
Atque fugam dedit; et præter vada fervida vexit.

Æn. 7. v. 5.

Now, when the Prince her Funeral Rights had paid,
He plow'd the *Tyrrhene* Seas with Sails diſplay'd;
From Land a gentle Breeze aroſe, by Night
Serenely ſhone the Stars, the Moon was bright,
And the Sea trembled with her Silver Light.
Now near the Shelves of *Circe*'s Shores they run,
(*Circe* the rich, the Daughter of the Sun)
A dang'rous Coaſt: The Goddeſs waſtes her Days
In joyous Songs, the Rocks reſound her Lays:
In Spinning, or the Loom, ſhe ſpends her Night,
And Cedar Brands ſupply her Father's Light.
From hence were heard, (rebellowing to the Main)
The Roars of Lions that refuſe the Chain,
The Grunts of briſtled Boars, and Groans of Bears,
And Herds of howling Wolves that ſtun the Sailors Ears.

Theſe

Theſe from their Caverns, at the Cloſe of Night,
Fill the ſad Iſle with Horror and Affright.
Darkling they mourn their Fate, whom *Circe*'s Pow'r,
(That watch'd the Moon, and Planetary Hour)
With Words and wicked Herbs, from Human Kind
Had alter'd, and in brutal Shapes confin'd.
Which Monſters leſt the *Trojan*'s Pious Hoſt
Should bear, or touch upon th' inchanted Coaſt;
Propitious *Neptune* ſteer'd their Courſe by Night
With riſing Gales, that ſped their happy Flight.
Dryden.

Virgil calls this Promontary *Æëæ Inſula Circes* in the third *Æneid*; but 'tis the Hero, and not the Poet that ſpeaks. It may however be look'd upon as an Intimation, that he himſelf thought it an Iſland in *Æneas*'s Time. As for the thick Woods, which not only *Virgil* but *Homer* mentions, in the beautiful Deſcription that *Plutarch* and *Longinus* have taken notice of, they are moſt of them grubbed up ſince the Promontory has been cultivated and inhabited, tho' there are ſtill many Spots of it which ſhow the natural Inclination of the Soil leans that way.

The next Place we touch'd upon was *Nettuno*, where we found nothing remarkable beſides the extreme Poverty and Lazineſs of the Inhabitants. At two Miles diſtance from it lie the Ruins of *Antium*, that are ſpread over a great Circuit of Land. There are ſtill left the Foundations of ſeveral Buildings, and, what are always the laſt Parts that periſh in a Ruin, many ſubterraneous Grottoes and Paſſages of a great Length. The Foundations of *Nero*'s Port are ſtill to be ſeen. It was altogether Artificial, and compos'd of huge Moles running round it, in a kind of Circular Figure, except where the Ships were

were to enter, and had about three quarters of a Mile in its ſhorteſt Diameter. Tho' the making of this Port muſt have coſt prodigious Sums of Money, we find no Medal of it, and yet the ſame Emperor has a Medal ſtruck in his own Name for the Port of *Oſtia*, which in reality was a Work of his Predeceſſor *Claudius*. The laſt Pope was at conſiderable Charges to make a little kind of Harbour in this Place, and to convey freſh Water to it, which was one of the Artifices of the Grand Duke, to divert his Holineſs from his Project of making *Civitavecchia* a free Port. There lies, between *Antium* and *Nettuno*, a Cardinal's *Villa*, which is one of the pleaſanteſt for Walks, Fountains, Shades, and Proſpects that I ever ſaw.

Antium was formerly famous for the Temple of Fortune that ſtood in it. All agree there were two Fortunes worſhipped here, which *Suetonius* calls the *Fortunæ Antiates*, and *Martial* the *Sorores Antii*. Some are of Opinion, that by theſe two Goddeſſes were meant the two *Nemeſes*, one of which rewarded good Men, as the other puniſh'd the wicked. *Fabretti* and others are apt to believe, that by the two Fortunes were only meant in general the Goddeſs who ſent Proſperity, or ſhe who ſent Afflictions to Mankind, and produce in their Behalf an ancient Monument found in this very Place, and ſuperſcrib'd *Fortunæ Felici*; which indeed may favour one Opinion as well as the other, and ſhows at leaſt they are not miſtaken in the general Senſe of their Diviſion. I don't know whether any Body has taken notice, that this double Function of the Goddeſs gives a conſiderable Light and Beauty to the Ode which *Horace* has addreſs'd to her. The whole Poem is a Prayer to Fortune, that ſhe would proſper *Cæſar*'s Arms, and confound his Enemies,

ſo

ſo that each of the Goddeſſes has her Task aſſign'd in the Poet's Prayer; and we may obſerve the Invocation is divided between the two Deities, the firſt Line relating indifferently to either. That which I have mark'd ſpeaks to the Goddeſs of Proſperity, or, if you pleaſe, to the *Nemeſis* of the Good, and the other to the Goddeſs of Adverſity, or to the *Nemeſis* of the Wicked.

O Diva gratum quæ regis Antium,
Præſens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, *vel ſuperbos*
Vertere funeribus triumphos! &c. Od. 25. Lib. 1.

Great Goddeſs, *Antium*'s Guardian Power,
Whoſe Force is ſtrong, and quick to raiſe
The loweſt to the higheſt Place;
Or with a wond'rous Fall
To bring the haughty lower,
And turn proud Triumphs to a Funeral, &c.
Creech.

If we take the firſt Interpretation of the two Fortunes for the double *Nemeſis*, the Compliment to *Cæſar* is the greater, and the fifth Stanza clearer than the Commentators uſually make it; for the *Clavi trabales*, *cunei*, *uncus*, *liquidumque plumbum*, were actually uſed in the Puniſhment of Criminals.

Our next Stage brought us to the Mouth of the *Tiber*, into which we enter'd with ſome Danger, the Sea being generally very rough in the Parts, where the River ruſhes into it. The Seaſon of the Year, the Muddineſs of the Stream, with the many green Trees hanging over it, put me in mind of the delightful Image that *Virgil* has given us when *Æneas* took the firſt View of it.

Atque

Atque hic Æneas ingentem ex æquore lucum
Proſpicit: hunc inter fluvio Tiberinus amæno,
Vorticibus rapidis et multâ flavus arenâ,
In mare prorumpit: variæ circumque ſupraque
Aſſuetæ ripis volucres et fluminis alveo
Æthera mulcebant cantu, lucoque volabant.
Flectere iter Sociis, terræque advertere proras
Imperat, et lætus fluvio ſuccedit opaco. Æn. 7. v. 29.

The *Trojan* from the Main beheld a Wood,
Which thick with Shades, and a brown Horror ſtood:
Betwixt the Trees the *Tiber* took his Courſe,
With Whirlpools dimpled, and with downward Force
That drove the Sand along, he took his Way,
And roll'd his yellow Billows to the Sea:
About him, and above, and round the Wood,
The Birds that haunt the Borders of his Flood,
That bath'd within, or bask'd upon his Side,
To tuneful Songs their narrow Throats apply'd.
The Captain gives Command, the joyful Train
Glide through the gloomy Shade, and leave the Main.
Dryden.

It is impoſſible to learn from the Ruins of the Port of *Oſtia* what its Figure was when it ſtood whole and entire. I ſhall therefore ſet down the Medal, that I have before mention'd, which repreſents it as it was formerly.

It is worth while to compare *Juvenal*'s Deſcription of this Port with the Figure it makes on the Coin.

Tandem intrat poſitas incluſa per æquora moles,
Tyrrhenamque Pharon, porrectaque brachia, rurſus
Quæ pelago occurrunt medio, longéque relinquunt
Italiam: non ſic igitur mirabere portus
Quos Natura dedit — Juv. Sat. 12. v. 75.

At laſt within the mighty Mole ſhe gets,
Our *Tyrrhene Pharos*, that the mid Sea meets.
With its Embrace, and leaves the Land behind;
A Work ſo wondrous Nature ne'er deſign'd.
Dryden.

The Seas may very properly be ſaid to be inclos'd (*Incluſa*) between the two Semicircular Moles that almoſt ſurround them. The *Coloſſus*, with ſomething like a lighted Torch in its Hand, is probably the *Pharos* in the ſecond Line. The two Moles, that we

we muſt ſuppoſe are join'd to the Land behind the *Pharos*, are very Poetically deſcrib'd by the

——*Porrectaque brachia, rurſus*
Quæ pelago occurrunt medio, longéque relinquunt
Italiam—— ——

as they retire from one another in the Compaſs they make, till their two Ends almoſt meet a ſecond time in the midſt of the Waters, where the Figure of *Neptune* ſits. The Poet's Reflexion on the Haven is very juſt, ſince there are few natural Ports better land-lock'd, and cloſed on all Sides than this ſeems to have been. The Figure of *Neptune* has a Rudder by him, to mark the Convenience of the Harbour for Navigation, as he is repreſented himſelf at the Entrance of it, to ſhew it ſtood in the Sea. The Dolphin diſtinguiſhes him from a River God, and figures out his Dominion over the Seas. He holds the ſame Fiſh in his Hand on other Medals. What it means we may learn from the *Greek* Epigram on the Figure of a *Cupid*, that had a Dolphin in one Hand, and a Flower in the other.

Οὐδὲ μάτην παλάμαις καθέχει δελφῖνα καὶ ἄνθος,
Τῇ μὲν γὰρ γαῖαν, τῇδε θάλασσαν ἔχει.

A proper Emblem graces either Hand,
In one he holds the Sea, in one the Land.

Half a Day more brought us to *Rome*, thro' a Road that is commonly viſited by Travellers.

ROME.

ROME.

IT is generally obſerv'd, that Modern *Rome* ſtands higher than the Ancient; ſome have computed it about fourteen or fifteen Feet, taking one Place with another. The Reaſon given for it is, that the preſent City ſtands upon the Ruins of the former; and indeed I have often obſerved, that where any conſiderable Pile of Building ſtood anciently, one ſtill finds a riſing Ground, or a little kind of Hill, which was doubtleſs made up out of the Fragments and Rubbiſh of the ruin'd Edifice. But beſides this particular Cauſe, we may aſſign another that has very much contributed to the raiſing the Situation of ſeveral Parts of *Rome:* It being certain the great Quantities of Earth, that have been waſh'd off from the Hills by the Violence of Showers, have had no ſmall ſhare in it. This any one may be ſenſible of, who obſerves how far ſeveral Buildings, that ſtand near the Roots of Mountains, are ſunk deeper in the Earth than thoſe that have been on the Tops of Hills, or in open Plains; for which reaſon the preſent Face of *Rome* is much more Even and Level than it was formerly; the ſame Cauſe, that has rais'd the low Grounds, having contributed to ſink thoſe that were higher.

There are in *Rome* two Sets of Antiquities, the Chriſtian and the Heathen. The former, tho' of a freſher Date, are ſo embroil'd with Fable and Legend,

gend, that one receives but little Satisfaction from ſearching into them. The other give a great deal of Pleaſure to ſuch as have met with them before in ancient Authors; for a Man who is in *Rome* can ſcarce ſee an Object that does not call to mind a Piece of a *Latin* Poet or Hiſtorian. Among the Remains of old *Rome*, the Grandeur of the Commonwealth ſhows it ſelf chiefly in Works that were either neceſſary or convenient, ſuch as Temples, Highways, Aqueducts, Walls, and Bridges of the City. On the contrary the Magnificence of *Rome*, under the Emperors, was rather for Oſtentation or Luxury, than any real Uſefulneſs or Neceſſity, as in Baths, Amphitheatres, Circus's, Obelisks, Triumphant Pillars, Arches, and Mauſoleums; for what they added to the Aqueducts was rather to ſupply their Baths and Naumachias, and to embelliſh the City with Fountains, than out of any real Neceſſity there was for them. Theſe ſeveral Remains have been ſo copiouſly deſcrib'd by abundance of Travellers, and other Writers, particularly by thoſe concern'd in the learned Collection of *Grævius*, that it is very difficult to make any new Diſcoveries on ſo beaten a Subject. There is however ſo much to be obſerv'd in ſo ſpacious a Field of Antiquities, that it is almoſt impoſſible to ſurvey them without taking new Hints, and raiſing different Reflexions, according as a Man's natural Turn of Thoughts, or the Courſe of his Studies direct him.

No Part of the Antiquities of *Rome* pleas'd me ſo much as the antient Statues, of which there is ſtill an incredible Variety. The Workmanſhip is often the moſt exquiſite of any thing in its kind. A Man would wonder how it were poſſible for ſo much Life to enter into Marble, as may be diſcover'd in ſome of the beſt of them; and even in the meaneſt one has

has the Satisfaction of seeing the Faces, Postures, Airs and Dress of those that have liv'd so many Ages before us. There is a strange Resemblance between the Figures of the several Heathen Deities, and the Descriptions that the *Latin* Poets have given us of them; but as the first may be look'd upon as the ancienter of the two, I question not but the *Roman* Poets were the Copiers of the *Greek* Statuaries. Tho' on other Occasions we often find the Statuaries took their Subjects from the Poets. The *Laocoon* is too known an Instance, among many others that are to be met with at *Rome*. In the *Villa Aldobrandina* are the Figures of an old and young Man, engaged together at the *Cæstus*, who are probably the *Dares* and *Entellus* of *Virgil*; where by the way one may observe the Make of the ancient *Cæstus*, that it only consisted of many large Thongs about the Hand, without any thing like a Piece of Lead at the End of them, as some Writers of Antiquities have falsely imagin'd.

I question not but many Passages in the old Poets hint at several Parts of Sculpture, that were in vogue in the Author's Time, tho' they are now never thought of; and that therefore such Passages lose much of their Beauty in the Eye of a modern Reader, who does not look upon them in the same Light with the Author's Cotemporaries. I shall only mention two or three out of *Juvenal*, that his Commentators have not taken notice of. The first runs thus;

Multa pudicitiæ veteris vestigia forsan,
Aut aliqua extiterint, et sub Jove, sed Jove nondum
Barbato. ——— Sat. 6. v. 14.

Some thin Remains of Chastity appear'd
Ev'n under *Jove*, but *Jove* without a Beard. *Dryden.*

I appeal

I appeal to any Reader, if the Humour here would not appear much more natural and unforced to a People that ſaw every Day ſome or other Statue of this God with a thick buſhy Beard, as there are ſtill many of them extant at *Rome*, than it can to us who have no ſuch Idea of him; eſpecially if we conſider there was in the ſame City a Temple dedicated to the young *Jupiter*, call'd *Templum Vejovis*, where, in all probability, there ſtood the particular Statue of a * *Jupiter Imberbis*. *Juvenal*, in another Place, makes his Flatterer compare the Neck of one that is feebly built to that of *Hercules* holding up *Antæus* from the Earth.

Et longam invalidi collum cervicibus æquat
Herculis Antæum procul à tellure tenentis.
Sat. 3. v. 88.

His long Crane Neck and narrow Shoulders praiſe;
You'd think they were deſcribing *Hercules*
Lifting *Antæus*———— *Dryden.*

What a ſtrain'd unnatural Similitude muſt this ſeem to a modern Reader, but how full of Humour, if we ſuppoſe it alludes to any celebrated Statues of theſe two Champions, that ſtood perhaps in ſome publick Place or Highway near *Rome?* And, what makes it more than probable there were ſuch Statues, we meet with the Figures, which *Juvenal* here deſcribes, on antique Intaglio's and Medals. Nay, *Propertius* has taken notice of the very Statues.

* Vid. Ovid. de Faſtis, Lib. 3.

—*Lucilantum*

——Luctantem in pulvere ſigna
Herculis Antæique—— Lib. 3. Eleg. 22. v. 9.

Antæus here and ſtern *Alcides* ſtrive,
And both the grappling Statues ſeem to live.

I cannot forbear obſerving here, that the Turn of the Neck and Arms is often commended in the *Latin* Poets among the Beauties of a Man, as in *Horace* we find both put together, in that beautiful Deſcription of Jealouſy:

Dum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roſeam, & cerea Telephi
Laudas Brachia, væ meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur.
Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certâ ſede manent: humor in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quàm lentis penitus macerer ignibus.
Od. 13. Lib. 1. v. 1.

While *Telephus*'s youthful Charms,
His roſy Neck, and winding Arms,
With endleſs Rapture you recite,
And in the tender Name delight;
My Heart, enrag'd by jealous Heats,
With numberleſs Reſentments beats;
From my pale Cheeks the Colour flies,
And all the Man within me dies;
By Fits my ſwelling Grief appears
In riſing Sighs, and falling Tears,
That ſhow too well the warm Deſires,
The ſilent, ſlow, conſuming Fires,
Which on my inmoſt Vitals prey,
And melt my very Soul away.

This

This we ſhould be at a loſs to account for, did we not obſerve in the old *Roman* Statues, that theſe two Parts were always bare, and expos'd to View, as much as our Hands and Face are at preſent. I cannot leave *Juvenal* without taking notice that his

Ventilat æſtivum digitis ſudantibus aurum,
Nec ſufferre queat majoris pondera Gemmæ.
Sat. 1. v. 28.

Charg'd with light Summer Rings his Fingers ſweat,
Unable to ſupport a Gem of Weight; *Dryden.*

was not anciently ſo great an Hyperbole as it is now; for I have ſeen old *Roman* Rings ſo very thick about, and with ſuch large Stones in them that 'tis no wonder a Fop ſhould reckon them a little cumberſom in the Summer Seaſon of ſo hot a Climate.

It is certain that Satire delights in ſuch Alluſions and Inſtances as are extremely natural and familiar: When therefore we ſee any thing in an old Satyriſt that looks forc'd and pedantick, we ought to conſider how it appear'd in the time the Poet writ, and whether or no there might not be ſome particular Circumſtances to recommend it to the Readers of his own Age, which we are now deprived of. One of the fineſt ancient Statues in *Rome* is a *Meleager* with a Spear in his Hand, and the Head of a wild Boar on one Side of him. It is of *Parian* Marble, and as yellow as Ivory. One meets with many other Figures of *Meleager* in the ancient *Baſſo Relievo's*, and on the Sides of the *Sarcophagi*, or Funeral Monuments. Perhaps it was

the Arms or Device of the old *Roman* Hunters; which Conjecture I have found confirm'd in a Paſſage of *Manilius*, that lets us know the Pagan Hunters had *Meleager* for their Patron, as the Chriſtians have their St. *Hubert*. He ſpeaks of the Conſtellation which makes a good Sportſman.

——*Quibus aſpirantibus orti*
Te, Meleagre, colunt ——— Manil. Lib. 5.

They, on whoſe Birth this Conſtellation ſhone,
Thee, *Meleager*, for their Patron own.

I queſtion not but this ſets a Verſe, in the fifth Satire of *Juvenal*, in a much better Light than if we ſuppoſe that the Poet aims only at the old Story of *Meleager*, without conſidering it as ſo very common and familiar a one among the *Romans*.

———*Flavi dignus ferro Meleagri*
Spumat aper ——— Juv. Sat. 5. v. 115.

A Boar intire, and worthy of the Sword
Of *Meleager*, ſmokes upon the Board. *Bowles.*

In the Beginning of the ninth Satire, *Juvenal* asks his Friend, why he looks like *Marſya* when he was overcome?

Scire velim quare toties mihi, Nævole, triſtis
Occurris fronte obductâ, ſeu Marſya victus? v. 1.

Tell me why ſantring thus from Place to Place,
I meet thee, *Nævolus*, with a clouded Face?
Dryden's Juvenal.

Some

Some of the Commentators tell us, that *Marſya* was a Lawyer who had loſt his Cauſe; others ſay that this Paſſage alludes to the Story of the Satyr *Marſyas*, who contended with *Apollo*; which I think is more humourous than the other, if we conſider there was a famous Statue of *Apollo* fleaing *Marſya* in the midſt of the *Roman Forum*, as there are ſtill ſeveral ancient Statues of *Rome* on the ſame Subject.

There is a Paſſage in the ſixth Satire of *Juvenal*, that I could never tell what to make of, 'till I had got the Interpetation of it from one of *Bellorio*'s ancient *Baſſo Relievo*'s.

Magnorum Artificum frangebat pocula miles,
Ut phaleris gauderet Equus: cælataque caſſis
Romuleæ ſimulachra feræ manſueſcere juſſæ
Imperii fato, et geminos ſub rupe Quirinos,
Ac nudam effigiem clypeo fulgentis et haſtâ,
Pendentiſque Dei perituro oſtenderat hoſti.

Juv. Sat. II. v. 102.

Or elſe a Helmet for himſelf he made,
Where various Warlike Figures were inlaid:
The *Roman* Wolf ſuckling the Twins was there,
And *Mars* himſelf, arm'd with his Shield and Spear,
Hov'ring above his Creſt, did dreadful ſhow,
As threatning Death to each reſiſting Foe.

Dryden's *Juvenal.*

Juvenal here deſcribes the Simplicity of the old *Roman* Soldiers, and the Figures that were generally engraven on their Helmets. The firſt of them was the Wolf giving Suck to *Romulus* and *Remus*: The ſecond, which is comprehended in the two laſt Verſes, is not ſo intelligible. Some of the Commentators tell us, that the God here mentioned is

Mars, that he comes to ſee his two Sons ſucking the Wolf, and that the old Sculptors generally drew their Figures naked, that they might have the Advantage of repreſenting the different ſwelling of the Muſcles, and the turns of the Body. But they are extremely at a loſs to know what is meant by the Word *Pendentis*; ſome fancy it expreſſes only the great Emboſſment of the Figure; others believe it hung off the Helmet in *Alto Relievo*, as in the foregoing Tranſlation. *Lubin* ſuppoſes, that the God *Mars* was engraven on the Shield, and that he is ſaid to be hanging, becauſe the Shield which bore him hung on the left Shoulder. One of the old Interpreters is of Opinion, that by hanging is only meant a Poſture of bending forward to ſtrike the Enemy. Another will have it, that whatever is placed on the Head may be ſaid to hang, as we call Hanging-Gardens ſuch as are planted on the Top of the Houſe. Several learned Men, who like none of theſe Explications, believe there has been a Fault in the Tranſcriber, and that *Pendentis* ought to be *Perdentis*; but they quote no Manuſcript in favour of their Conjecture. The true meaning of the Words is certainly as follows. The *Roman* Soldiers, who were not a little proud of their Founder, and the Military Genius of their Republick, us'd to bear on their Helmets the firſt Hiſtory of *Romulus*, who was begot by the God of War, and ſuckled by a Wolf. The Figure of the God was made as if deſcending on the Prieſteſs *Ilia*, or as others call her *Rhea Silvia*. The Occaſion required his Body ſhould be naked.

Tu quoque inermis eras cum te formoſa Sacerdos
Cepit, ut hinc urbi Semina magna dares.
Ov. de Faſt. Lib. 3. v. 10.

Then

Then too, our mighty Sire, thou ſtood'ſt diſarm'd,
When thy wrapt Soul the lovely Prieſteſs charm'd,
That *Rome*'s high Founder bore ——

tho' on other Occaſions he is drawn, as *Horace* has deſcrib'd him, *Tunicâ cinctum adamantinâ* — Girt with a Veſt of Adamant. The Sculptor however, to diſtinguiſh him from the reſt of the Gods, gave him, what the Medalliſts call his proper Attributes, a Spear in one Hand, and a Shield in the other. As he was repreſented deſcending, his Figure appear'd ſuſpended in the Air over the Veſtal Virgin, in which Senſe the Word *Pendentis* is extremely proper and Poetical. Beſides the Antique *Baſſo Relievo*, that made me firſt think of this Interpretation, I have ſince met with the ſame Figures on the Reverſes of a couple of ancient Coins, which were ſtamp'd in the Reign of *Antoninus Pius*, as a Compliment to that Emperor, whom, for his excellent Government and Conduct of the City of *Rome*, the Senate regarded as a ſecond kind of Founder.

Ilia Veſtalis (quid enim vetat inde moveri)
Sacra lavaturas manè petebat aquas:
Feſſa reſedit humi, ventoſque accepit aperto
Pectore, turbatas reſtituitque comas.
Dum ſedet, umbroſæ ſalices volucreſque canoræ
Fecerunt Somnos & leve murmur aquæ.
Blanda quies victis furtim ſubrepit ocellis,
Et cadit à mento languida facta manus.

Mars

Mars videt hanc, viſamque cupit, potiturque cupitâ:
Et ſua divinâ furta fefellit ope.
Somnus abit: jacet illa gravis; jam ſcilicet intra
Viſcera Romanæ conditor urbis erat.
Ov. de Faſtis, Lib. 3. v. 11.

As the fair Veſtal to the Fountain came,
(Let none be ſtartled at a Veſtal's Name)
Tir'd with the Walk, ſhe laid her down to reſt,
And to the Winds expos'd her glowing Breaſt
To take the Freſhneſs of the Morning Air,
And gather'd in a Knot her flowing Hair:
While thus ſhe reſted on her Arm reclin'd,
The hoary Willows waving with the Wind,
And feather'd Quires that warbled in the Shade,
And purling Streams that through the Meadow ſtray'd,
In drowſy Murmurs lull'd the gentle Maid.
The God of War beheld the Virgin lie,
The God beheld her with a Lover's Eye,
And by ſo tempting an Occaſion preſs'd,
The beauteous Maid, whom he beheld, poſſeſs'd:
Conceiving, as ſhe ſlept, her fruitful Womb
Swell'd with the Founder of Immortal *Reme.*

I cannot quit this Head without taking notice of a Line in *Seneca* the Tragedian.

——— *Primus emergit ſolo*
Dextrâ ferocem cornibus premens taurum
Zetus ——— ——— Sen. Œdip. Act. 3.

—— Firſt *Zetus* riſes through the Ground,
Bending the Bull's tough Neck with Pain,
That toſſes back his Horns in vain.

I cannot doubt but the Poet had here in View the Poſture of *Zetus* in the famous Groupe of Figures, which repreſents the two Brothers binding *Dirce* to the Horns of a mad Bull.

I could not forbear taking particular notice of the ſeveral Muſical Inſtruments that are to be ſeen in the Hands of the *Apollo's*, Muſes, Fauns, Satyrs, Bacchanals, and Shepherds, which might certainly give a great Light to the Diſpute for Preference between the ancient and modern Muſick. It would perhaps be no impertinent Deſign to take off all their Models in Wood, which might not only give us ſome Notion of the ancient Muſick, but help us to pleaſanter Inſtruments than are now in uſe. By the Appearance they make in Marble, there is not one String-Inſtrument that ſeems comparable to our Violins; for they are all play'd on, either by the bare Fingers, or the *Plectrum*; ſo that they were incapable of adding any Length to their Notes, or of varying them by thoſe inſenſible Swellings, and wearings-away of Sound upon the ſame String, which give ſo wonderful a Sweetneſs to our modern Muſick. Beſides, that the String-Inſtruments muſt have had very low and feeble Voices, as may be gueſs'd from the ſmall Proportion of Wood about them, which could not contain Air enough to render the Strokes, in any conſiderable meaſure, full and ſonorous. There is a great deal of difference in the Make, not only of the ſeveral kinds of Inſtruments, but even among thoſe of the ſame Name. The *Syringa*, for Example, has ſometimes four, and ſometimes more Pipes, as high as to twelve. The ſame variety of Strings may be obſerved on their Harps, and of Stops on their *Tibiæ*; which ſhows the little Foundation that ſuch Writers have gone upon, who from a Verſe perhaps in *Virgil's* Eclogues, or a ſhort Paſſage in a *Claſſic* Author, have been

been ſo very nice in determining the preciſe Shape of the ancient Muſicial Inſtruments, with the exact Number of their Pipes, Strings, and Stops. It is indeed the uſual Fault of the Writers of Antiquities, to ſtraiten and confine themſelves to particular Models. They are for making a kind of Stamp on every thing of the ſame Name, and, if they find any thing like an old Deſcription of the Subject they treat on, they take care to regulate it, on all Occaſions, according to the Figure it makes in ſuch a Paſſage: As the learned *German* Author, quoted by Monſieur *Baudelot*, who had probably never ſeen any thing of a Houſhold-God, more than a *Canopus*, affirms roundly, that all the ancient *Lares* were made in the Faſhion of a Jug-Bottle. In ſhort, the Antiquaries have been guilty of the ſame Fault as the Syſtem-Writers, who are for cramping their Subjects into as narrow a Space as they can, and for reducing the whole Extent of a Science into a few general Maxims. This a Man has occaſion of obſerving more than once, in the ſeveral Fragments of Antiquity that are ſtill to be ſeen in *Rome*. How many Dreſſes are there for each particular Deity? What a Variety of Shapes in the ancient Urns, Lamps, Lachrymary Veſſels, *Priapus's*, Houſhold-Gods, which have ſome of them been repreſented under ſuch a particular Form, as any one of them has been deſcrib'd with in an ancient Author, and would probably be all ſo, were they not ſtill to be ſeen in their own Vindication? Madam *Dacier*, from ſome old Cuts of *Terence*, fancies that the *Larva* or *Perſona* of the *Roman* Actors, was not only a Vizard for the Face, but had falſe Hair to it, and came over the whole Head like a Helmet. Among all the Statues at *Rome*, I remember to have ſeen but two that are the Figures of Actors, which are both in the *Villa Mattheii*.

One ſees on 'em the Faſhion of the old Sock and *Larva*, the latter of which anſwers the Deſcription that is given of it by this learned Lady, tho' I queſtion not but ſeveral others were in uſe; for I have ſeen the Figure of *Thalia*, the Comic Muſe, ſometimes with an entire Head-piece in her Hand, ſometimes with about half the Head, and a little Friz, like a Tower, running round the Edges of the Face, and ſometimes with a Mask for the Face only, like thoſe of a modern Make. Some of the *Italian* Actors wear at preſent theſe Masks for the whole Head. I remember formerly I could have no Notion of that Fable in *Phædrus*, before I had ſeen the Figures of theſe entire Head-pieces.

Perſonam Tragicam fortè Vulpes viderat:
O quanta Species, inquit, cerebrum non habet!
Lib. 1. Fab. 7.

As wily *Renard* walk'd the Streets at Night,
On a Tragedian's Mask he chanc'd to light;
Turning it o'er he mutter'd with Diſdain,
How vaſt a Head is here without a Brain!

I find Madam *Dacier* has taken notice of this Paſſage in *Phædrus*, upon the ſame Occaſion; but not of the following one in *Martial*, which alludes to the ſame kind of Masks;

Non omnes fallis, ſcit te Proſerpina canum;
Perſonam capiti detrahet illa tuo.
Lib. 3. Epigr. 43.

Why ſhould'ſt thou try to hide thy ſelf in Youth?
Impartial *Proſerpine* beholds the Truth,
And, laughing at ſo fond and vain a Task,
Will ſtrip thy hoary Noddle of its Mask.

In

In the *Villa Borgheſe* is the Buſt of a young *Nero*, which ſhows us the Form of an ancient *Bulla* on the Breaſt, which is neither like a Heart, as *Macrobius* deſcribes it, nor altogether reſembles that in Cardinal *Chigi*'s Cabinet; ſo that, without eſtabliſhing a particular Inſtance into a general Rule, we ought, in Subjects of this nature, to leave Room for the Humour of the Artiſt or Wearer. There are many Figures of Gladiators at *Rome*, tho' I don't remember to have ſeen any of the *Retiarius*, the *Samnite*, or the Antagoniſt to the *Pinnirapus*. But what I could not find among the Statues, I met with in two Antique Pieces of Moſaic, which are in the Poſſeſſion of a Cardinal. The *Retiarius* is engag'd with the *Samnite*, and has had ſo lucky a throw, that his Net covers the whole Body of his Adverſary from Head to Foot; yet his Antagoniſt recover'd himſelf out of the Toils, and was Conqueror, according to the Inſcription. In another Piece is repreſented the Combat of the *Pinnirapus*, who is arm'd like the *Samnite*, and not like the *Retiarius*, as ſome learned Men have ſuppoſed: On the Helmet of his Antagoniſt are ſeen the two *Pinnæ*, that ſtand up on either ſide like the Wings in the *Petaſus* of a *Mercury*, but riſe much higher, and are more pointed.

There is no part of the *Roman* Antiquities that we are better acquainted with, than what relates to their Sacrifices. For as the old *Romans* were very much devoted to their Religion, we ſee ſeveral Parts of it entering their ancient *Baſſo Relievo*'s, Statues, and Medals; not to mention their Altars, Tombs, Monuments, and thoſe particular Ornaments of Architecture, which were borrow'd from it. An Heathen Ritual could not inſtruct a Man better than theſe ſeveral Pieces of Antiquity, in the particular

Cere-

Ceremonies and Punctilio's that attended the different kinds of Sacrifices. Yet there is a much greater Variety in the Make of the ſacrificing Inſtruments, than one finds in thoſe who have treated of them, or have given us their Pictures. For not to inſiſt too long on ſuch a Subject, I ſaw in Signior *Antonio Politi*'s Collection a *Patera* without any riſing in the middle, as it is generally Engraven, and another with a Handle to it, as *Macrobius* deſcribes it, tho' it is quite contrary to any that I have ever ſeen cut in Marble; and I have obſerved perhaps ſeveral Hundreds. I might here enlarge on the Shape of the triumphal Chariot, which is different in ſome pieces of Sculpture from what it appears in others; and on the Figure of the *Diſcus*, that is to be ſeen in the Hand of the celebrated *Caſtor* at Don *Livio*'s, which is perfectly round, and not oblong, as ſome Antiquaries have repreſented it, nor has it any thing like a Sling faſten'd to it, to add force to the toſs.

Protinus imprudens, actuſque cupidine luſus
Tollere Tenarides orbem *properabat* ——
—— De Hyacinthi diſco.
Ovid. Metam. Lib. 10. v. 182

Th' unwary Youth, impatient for the Caſt,
Went to ſnatch up the rolling Orb in haſte.

Notwithſtanding there are ſo great a multitude of cloth'd Statues at *Rome*, I could never diſcover the ſeveral different *Roman* Garments; for 'tis very difficult to trace out the Figure of a Veſt, thro' all the Plaits and Foldings of the Drapery; beſides that the *Roman* Garments did not differ from each other ſo much by the Shape, as by the Embroidery and Colour,

lour, the one of which was too nice for the Statuary's Obſervation, as the other does not lie within the Expreſſion of the Chiſſel. I obſerved, in abundance of *Bas Reliefs*, that the *Cinctus Gabinus* is nothing elſe but a long Garment, not unlike a Surplice, which would have trail'd on the Ground had it hung looſe, and was therefore gather'd about the middle with a Girdle. After this it is worth while to read the laborious Deſcription that *Ferrarius* has made of it. *Cinctus Gabinus non aliud fuit quàm cum togæ lacinia lævo brachio ſubducta in tergum ita rejiciebatur, ut contracta retraheretur ad pectus, atque ita in nodum necteretur; qui nodus ſive cinctus togam contrahebat, brevioremque et ſtrictiorem reddidit. De re Veſtiar.* Lib. 1. Cap. 14. The *Cinctus Gabinus* was nothing more, than, when the bottom of the Garment, being thrown over the left Shoulder behind the Back, was brought round to the Breaſt, in ſuch a manner as to be gather'd into a Knot; which Knot, or Cincture, ſtraiten'd the Garment, and made it both leſs and tighter. *Lipſius*'s Deſcription of the *Samnite* Armour, ſeems drawn out of the very Words of *Livy*; yet not long ago a Statue, which was dug up at *Rome*, dreſs'd in this kind of Armour, gives a much different Explication of *Livy* from what *Lipſius* has done. This Figure was ſuperſcrib'd *B A. T O. N I.* from whence *Fabretti* concludes, that it was a Monument erected to the Gladiator *Bato*, who, after having ſucceeded in two Combats, was kill'd in the third, and honourably Inter'd by Order of the Emperor *Caracalla*. The manner of Punctuation after each Syllable is to be met with in other Antique Inſcriptions. I confeſs I could never learn where this Figure is now to be ſeen; but I think it may ſerve as an Inſtance

ſtance of the great Uncertainty of this Science of Antiquities †.

In a Palace of Prince *Ceſarini* I ſaw Buſts of all the *Antonine* Family, which were dug up about two Years ſince, not far from *Albano*, in a Place where is ſuppoſed to have ſtood a *Villa* of *Marcus Aurelius*. There are the Heads of *Antoninus Pius*, the *Fauſtina's*, *Marcus Aurelius*, *Lucius Verus*, a young *Commodus*, and *Annius Verus*, all incomparably well cut.

Tho' the Statues that have been found among the Ruins of old *Rome* are already very numerous, there is no queſtion but Poſterity will have the Pleaſure of ſeeing many noble Pieces of Sculpture which are ſtill undiſcover'd; for doubtleſs there are greater Treaſures of this nature under Ground, than what are yet brought to Light. They have often dug into Lands that are deſcrib'd in old Authors, as the Places where ſuch particular Statues and Obelisks ſtood, and have ſeldom fail'd of Succeſs in their Purſuits. There are ſtill many ſuch promiſing Spots of Ground that have never been ſearched into. A great part of the *Palatine* Mountain, for Example, lies untouch'd, which was formerly the Seat of the Imperial Palace, and may be preſum'd to abound with more Treaſures of this Nature than any other Part of *Rome*.

Ecce Palatino crevit reverentia monti,
Exultatque habitante Deo, potioraque Delphis
Supplicibus latè populis oracula pandit.
Non alium certè decuit rectoribus orbis

† Vid. Fabr. de Columnâ Trajani.

Eſſe

Eſſe Larem, nulloque magis ſe colle poteſtas
Æſtimat et ſummis ſentit faſtigia juris.
Attollens apicem ſubjectis regia roſtris
Tot circum delubra videt, tantiſque Deorum
Cingitur excubiis ———

Claud. de ſexto Conſulat. Honorii.

The *Palatine*, proud *Rome*'s Imperial Seat,
(An awful Pile!) ſtands venerably Great:
Thither the Kingdoms and the Nations come,
In ſupplicating Crouds to learn their Doom:
To *Delphi* leſs th' enquiring Worlds repair,
Nor does a greater God inhabit there:
This ſure the pompous Manſion was deſign'd
To pleaſe the mighty Rulers of Mankind;
Inferior Temples riſe on either Hand,
And on the Borders of the Palace ſtand,
While o'er the reſt her Head ſhe proudly rears,
And lodg'd amidſt her Guardian Gods appears.

But whether it be that the richeſt of theſe Diſcoveries fall into the Pope's Hands, or for ſome other Reaſon, it is ſaid that the Prince *Farneſe*, who is the preſent Owner of this Seat, will keep it from being turn'd up 'till he ſees one of his own Family in the Chair. There are Undertakers in *Rome* who often purchaſe the digging of Fields, Gardens, or Vineyards, where they find any likelihood of ſucceeding, and ſome have been known to arrive at great Eſtates by it. They pay according to the Dimenſions of the Surface they are to break up, and after having made Eſſays into it, as they do for Coal in *England*, they rake into the moſt promiſing Parts of it, tho' they often find, to their Diſappointment, that others have been beforehand with 'em. However they generally gain enough by the Rubbiſh

Rubbiſh and Bricks, which the preſent Architects value much beyond thoſe of a modern Make, to defray the Charges of their Search. I was ſhown two Spaces of Ground, where part of *Nero*'s golden Houſe ſtood, for which the Owner has been offer'd an extraordinary Sum of Money. What encourag'd the Undertakers are ſeveral very ancient Trees, which grow upon the Spot, from whence they conclude that theſe particular Tracts of Ground muſt have lain untouch'd for ſome Ages. 'Tis pity there is not ſomething like a publick Regiſter, to preſerve the Memory of ſuch Statues as have been found from time to time, and to mark the particular Places where they have been taken up, which would not only prevent many fruitleſs Searches for the future, but might often give a conſiderable Light into the Quality of the Place, or the Deſign of the Statue.

But the great Magazine for all kinds of Treaſure, is ſuppoſed to be the Bed of the *Tiber*. We may be ſure, when the *Romans* lay under the Apprehenſions of ſeeing their City ſack'd by a barbarous Enemy, as they have done more than once, that they would take care to beſtow ſuch of their Riches this way as could beſt bear the Water: beſides what the Inſolence of a brutiſh Conqueror may be ſuppoſed to have contributed, who had an Ambition to waſte and deſtroy all the Beauties of ſo celebrated a City. I need not mention the old Common-ſhore of *Rome*, which ran from all Parts of the Town with the Current and Violence of an ordinary River, nor the frequent Inundations of the *Tiber*, which may have ſwept away many of the Ornaments of its Banks, nor the ſeveral Statues that the *Romans* themſelves flung into it, when they would revenge themſelves on the

the Memory of an ill Citizen, a dead Tyrant, or a diſcarded Favourite. At *Rome* they have ſo general an Opinion of the Riches of this River, that the *Jews* have formerly proffer'd the Pope to cleanſe it, ſo they might have, for their Pains, what they found in the Boſom of it. I have ſeen the Valley near *Ponte molle*, which they propos'd to faſhion into a new Channel for it, 'till they had clear'd the old for its Reception. The Pope however would not comply with the Propoſal, as fearing the Heats might advance too far before they had finiſhed their Work, and produce a Peſtilence among his People; tho' I don't ſee why ſuch a Deſign might not be executed now with as little Danger as in *Auguſtus*'s Time, were there as many Hands employ'd upon it. The City of *Rome* would receive a great Advantage from the Undertaking, as it would raiſe the Banks and deepen the Bed of the *Tiber*, and by Conſequence free 'em from thoſe frequent Inundations to which thy are ſo ſubject at preſent; for the Channel of the River is obſerved to be narrower within the Walls, than either below or above them.

Before I quit this Subject of the Statues, I think it very obſervable, that, among thoſe which are already found, there ſhould be ſo many not only of the ſame Perſons, but made after the ſame Deſign. One would not indeed wonder to ſee ſeveral Figures of particular Deities and Emperors, who had a Multitude of Temples erected to 'em, and had their ſeveral Sets of Worſhippers and Admirers. Thus *Ceres*, the moſt beneficent and uſeful of the Heathen Divinities, has more Statues than any other of the Gods or Goddeſſes, as ſeveral of the *Roman* Empreſſes took a Pleaſure to be repreſented in her Dreſs. And I believe one finds as many Figures of that excellent Emperor *Marcus Aurelius*, as of all the reſt together;

together; becauſe the *Romans* had ſo great a Veneration for his Memory, that it grew into a Part of their Religion to preſerve a Statue of him in almoſt every private Family. But how comes it to paſs, that ſo many of theſe Statues are cut after the very ſame Model, and not only of theſe, but of ſuch as had no Relation, either to the Intereſt or Devotion of the Owner, as the dying *Cleopatra*, the *Narciſſus*, the Fawn leaning againſt the Trunk of a Tree, the Boy with a Bird in his Hand, the *Leda* and her Swan, with many others of the ſame Nature? I muſt confeſs I always look'd on Figures of this kind as the Copies of ſome celebrated Maſter-piece, and queſtion not but they were famous Originals, that gave Riſe to the ſeveral Statues which we ſee with the ſame Air, Poſture, and Attitudes. What confirms me in this Conjecture, there are many ancient Statues of the *Venus de Medicis*, the *Silenus* with the young *Bacchus* in his Arms, the *Hercules Farneſe*, the *Antinous*, and other beautiful Originals of the Ancients, that are already drawn out of the Rubbiſh, where they lay conceal'd for ſo many Ages. Among the reſt I have obſerved more that are form'd after the Deſign of the *Venus* of *Medicis*, than of any other; from whence I believe one may conclude, that it was the moſt celebrated Statue among the Ancients, as well as among the Moderns. It has always been uſual for Sculptors to work upon the beſt Models, as it is for thoſe that are Curious to have Copies of them.

I am apt to think ſomething of the ſame Account may be given of the Reſemblance that we meet with in many of the Antique *Baſſo Relievo's*. I remember I was very well pleaſed with the Device of one that I met with on the Tomb of a young *Roman* Lady, which had been made for her by her Mother.

Mother. The Sculptor had choſen the Rape of *Proſerpine* for his Device, where in one End you might ſee the God of the Dead (*Pluto*) hurrying away a beautiful young Virgin, (*Proſerpine*) and at the other the Grief and Diſtraction of the Mother (*Ceres*) on that Occaſion. I have ſince obſerved the ſame Device upon ſeveral *Sarcophagi*, that have inclos'd the Aſhes of Men or Boys, Maids or Matrons; for when the Thought took, tho' at firſt it received its Riſe from ſuch a particular Occaſion as I have mention'd, the Ignorance of the Sculptors apply'd it promiſcuouſly. I know there are Authors who diſcover a Myſtery in this Device.

A Man is ſometimes ſurpriſed to find ſo many extravagant Fancies as are cut on the old Pagan Tombs. Masks, Hunting-matches, and Bacchanals are very common; ſometimes one meets with a lewd Figure of a *Priapus*, and in the *Villa Pamphilia* is ſeen a Satyr coupling with a Goat. There are however many of a more ſerious Nature, that ſhadow out the Exiſtence of the Soul after Death, and the Hopes of a happy Immortality. I cannot leave the *Baſſo Relievo's* without mentioning one of 'em, where the Thought is extremely noble. It is call'd *Homer's Apotheoſis*, and conſiſts of a Groupe of Figures cut in the ſame Block of Marble, and riſing one above another by four or five different Aſcents. *Jupiter* ſits at the Top of it with a Thunderbolt in his Hand, and, in ſuch a Majeſty as *Homer* himſelf repreſents him, preſides over the Ceremony.

Εὗρεν δ' ἐυρύοπα Κρονίδην ἄτερ ἥμενον ἄλλων,
Ἀκροτάτῃ κορυφῇ πολυδειράδος Οὐλύμποιο.

Il. 1. v. 498.

There,

There, far apart, and high above the reſt,
The Thund'rer ſate; where old *Olympus* ſhrouds
His hundred Heads in Heav'n, and props the Clouds.
Pope.

Immediately beneath him are the Figures of the nine Muſes, ſuppos'd to be celebrating the Praiſes of the Poet. *Homer* himſelf is placed at one End of the loweſt Row, ſitting in a Chair of State, which is ſupported on each Side by the Figure of a kneeling Woman. The one holds a Sword in her Hand to repreſent the *Iliad*, or Actions of *Achilles*, as the other has an *Apluſtre* to repreſent the *Odyſſey*, or Voyage of *Ulyſſes*. About the Poet's Feet are creeping a Couple of Mice, as an Emblem of the *Batrachomyomachia*. Behind the Chair ſtands Time, and the Genius of the Earth, diſtinguiſh'd by their proper Attributes, and putting a Garland on the Poet's Head, to intimate the mighty Reputation he has gain'd in all Ages, and in all Nations of the World. Before him ſtands an Altar with a Bull ready to be ſacrific'd to the new God, and behind the Victim a Train of the ſeveral Virtues that are repreſented in *Homer*'s Works, or to be learnt out of them, lifting up their Hands in Admiration of the Poet, and in Applauſe of the Solemnity. This antique Piece of Sculpture is in the Poſſeſſion of the Conſtable *Colonna*, but never ſhown to thoſe who ſee the Palace, unleſs they particularly deſire it.

Among the great Variety of ancient Coins which I ſaw at *Rome*, I could not but take particular notice of ſuch as relate to any of the Buildings or Statues that are ſtill extant. Thoſe of the firſt kind have been already publiſhed by the Writers of the *Roman* Antiquities, and may be moſt of them met with in the laſt Edition of *Donatus*, as the Pillars of *Trajan*

Trajan and *Antonine*, the Arches of *Druſus Germanicus* and *Septimius Severus*, the Temples of *Janus*, *Concord*, *Veſta*, *Jupiter tonans*, *Apollo* and *Fauſtina*, the *Circus Maximus*, *Agonalis*, and that of *Caracalla*, or, according to *Fabretti*, of *Galienus*, of *Veſpaſian*'s Amphitheatre, and *Alexander Severus*'s Baths; tho', I muſt confeſs, the Subject of the laſt may be very well doubted of. As for the *Meta ſudans* and *Pons Ælius*, which have gain'd a Place among the Buildings that are now ſtanding, and to be met with on old Reverſes of Medals; The Coin that ſhows the firſt is generally rejected as ſpurious, nor is the other, tho' cited in the laſt Edition of Monſieur *Vaillant*, eſteem'd more Authentick by the preſent *Roman* Medaliſts, who are certainly the moſt skilful in the World, as to the mechanical Part of this Science. I ſhall cloſe up this Set of Medals with a very curious one, as large as a Medalion, that is ſingular in its kind. On one Side is the Head of the Emperor *Trajan*, the Reverſe has on it the *Circus Maximus*, and a View of the Side of the *Palatine* Mountain that faces it, on which are ſeen ſeveral Edifices, and among the reſt the famous Temple of *Apollo*, that has ſtill a conſiderable Ruin ſtanding. This Medal I ſaw in the Hands of Monſeigneur *Strozzi*, Brother to the Duke of that Name, who has many Curioſities in his Poſſeſſion, and is very obliging to a Stranger who deſires the Sight of 'em. It is a ſurpriſing thing, that among the great Pieces of Architecture repreſented on the old Coins, one can never meet with the *Pantheon*, the *Mauſoleum* of *Auguſtus*, *Nero*'s Golden Houſe, the *Moles Adriani*, the *Septizonium* of *Severus*, the Baths of *Diocleſian*, &c. But ſince it was the Cuſtom of the *Roman* Emperors thus to regiſter their moſt remarkable Buildings as well as Actions, and ſince there are ſeveral in either of

of theſe kinds not to be found on Medals, more extraordinary than thoſe that are, we may, I think, with great Reaſon ſuſpect our Collections of the old Coins to be extremely deficient, and that thoſe which are already found out ſcarce bear a Proportion to what are yet undiſcover'd. A Man takes a great deal more Pleaſure in ſurveying the ancient Statues, who compares them with Medals, than it is poſſible for him to do without ſome little Knowledge this way; for theſe two Arts illuſtrate each other; and as there are ſeveral Particulars in Hiſtory and Antiquities which receive a great Light from ancient Coins, ſo would it be impoſſible to decipher the Faces of the many Statues that are to be ſeen at *Rome*, without ſo univerſal a Key to them. It is this that teaches to diſtinguiſh the Kings and Conſuls, Emperors and Empreſſes, the Deities and Virtues, with a thouſand other Particulars relating to a Statuary, and not to be learnt by any other Means. In the *Villa Pamphilia* ſtands the Statue of a Man in Woman's Clothes, which the Antiquaries do not know what to make of, and therefore paſs it off for an *Hermaphrodite*; But a learned Medaliſt in *Rome* has lately fix'd it to *Clodius*, who is ſo famous for having intruded into the Solemnities of the *Bona Dea* in a Woman's Habit; for one ſees the ſame Features and Make of Face in a Medal of the *Clodian* Family.

I have ſeen on Coins the four fineſt Figures perhaps that are now extant: The *Hercules Farneſe*, the *Venus* of *Medicis*, the *Apollo* in the *Belvidere*, and the famous *Marcus Aurelius* on Horſeback. The oldeſt Medal that the firſt appears upon is one of *Commodus*, the Second on one of *Fauſtina*, the Third on one of *Antoninus Pius*, and the laſt on one of *Lucius Verus*. We may conclude, I think, from hence, that theſe Statues were extremely celebrated among

among the old *Romans*, or they would never have been honoured with a Place among the Emperor's Coins. We may further obſerve, that all four of 'em make their firſt Appearance in the *Antonine* Family; for which reaſon I am apt to think they are all of them the Product of that Age. They would probably have been mention'd by *Pliny* the Naturaliſt, who liv'd in the next Reign, ſave one, before *Antoninus Pius*, had they been made in his Time. As for the Brazen Figure of *Marcus Aurelius* on Horſeback, there is no doubt of its being of this Age, tho' I muſt confeſs it may be doubted, whether the Medal I have cited repreſents it. All I can ſay for it is, that the Horſe and Man on the Medal are in the ſame Poſture as they are on the Statue, and that there is a Reſemblance of *Marcus Aurelius*'s Face; for I have ſeen this Reverſe on a Medalion of *Don Livio*'s Cabinet, and much more diſtinctly in another very beautiful one, that is in the Hands of Signior *Marcus Antonio*. It is generally objected, that *Lucius Verus* would rather have plac'd the Figure of himſelf on Horſeback upon the Reverſe of his own Coin, than the Figure of *Marcus Aurelius*. But it is very well known that an Emperor often ſtamp'd on his Coins the Face or Ornaments of his Collegue, as an Inſtance of his Reſpect or Friendſhip for him; and we may ſuppoſe *Lucius Verus* would omit no Opportunity of doing Honour to *Marcus Aurelius*, whom he rather rever'd as his Father, than treated as his Partner in the Empire. The Famous *Antinous* in the *Belvidere* muſt have been made too about this Age; for he dy'd towards the Middle of *Adrian*'s Reign, the immediate Predeceſſor of *Antoninus Pius*. This entire Figure, tho' not to be found in Medals, may be ſeen in ſeveral precious Stones. Monſieur *La Chauſſe*, the Author of the *Muſæum Romanum*, ſhew'd

ſhew'd me an *Antinous* that he has publiſh'd in his laſt Volume, cut in a *Cornelian*, which he values at fifty Piſtoles. It repreſents him in the Habit of a *Mercury*, and is the fineſt *Intaglia* that I ever ſaw.

Next to the Statues, there is nothing in *Rome* more ſurpriſing than that amazing Variety of ancient Pillars of ſo many kinds of Marble. As moſt of the old Statues may be well ſuppos'd to have been cheaper to their firſt Owners, than they are to a modern Purchaſer, ſeveral of the Pillars are certainly rated at a much lower Price at preſent than they were of old. For, not to mention what a huge Column of *Granite*, *Serpentine*, or *Porphyry* muſt have coſt in the Quarry, or in its Carriage from *Ægypt* to *Rome*, we may only conſider the great Difficulty of hewing it into any Form, and of giving it the due Turn, Proportion and Poliſh. It is well known how theſe ſorts of Marble reſiſt the Impreſſions of ſuch Inſtruments as are now in uſe. There is indeed a *Milaneſe* at *Rome* who works in them; but his Advances are ſo very ſlow, that he ſcarce lives upon what he gains by it. He ſhow'd me a Piece of *Porphyry* work'd into an ordinary Salver, which had coſt him four Months continual Application, before he could bring it into that Form. The Ancients had probably ſome Secret to harden the Edges of their Tools, without recurring to thoſe extravagant Opinions of their having an Art to mollify the Stone, or that it was naturally ſofter at its firſt cutting from the Rock, or, what is ſtill more abſurd, that it was an artificial Compoſition, and not the natural Product of Mines and Quarries. The moſt valuable Pillars about *Rome*, for the Marble of which they are made, are the four Columns of Oriental Jaſper in St. *Paulina*'s Chapel at St. *Mary Maggiore*; two of Oriental Granite in St. *Pudenziana*; one of tranſparent Oriental

ental Jaſper in the *Vatican* Library; four of *Nero-Bianco* in St. *Cecilia Tranſtevere*; two of *Brocatello*, and two of Oriental Agate in Don *Livio*'s Palace; two of *Giallo Antico* in St. *John Lateran*, and two of *Verdi Antique* in the *Villa Pamphilia*. Theſe are all entire and ſolid Pillars, and made of ſuch kinds of Marble as are no where to be found but among Antiquities, whether it be that the Veins of it are undiſcover'd, or that they were quite exhauſted upon the ancient Buildings. Among theſe old Pillars I cannot forbear reckoning a great Part of an Alabaſter Column, which was found in the Ruins of *Livia*'s *Portico*. It is of the Colour of Fire, and may be ſeen over the high Altar of St. *Maria* in *Campitello*; for they have cut it into two Pieces, and fix'd it in the Shape of a Croſs in a Hole of the Wall that was made on purpoſe to receive it; ſo that the Light, paſſing thro' it from without, makes it look, to thoſe who are in the Church, like a huge tranſparent Croſs of Amber. As for the Workmanſhip of the old *Roman* Pillars, Monſieur *Deſgodetz*, in his accurate Meaſures of theſe Ruins, has obſerved, that the Ancients have not kept to the nicety of Proportion, and the Rules of Art, ſo much as the Moderns in this particular. Some, to excuſe this Defect, lay the Blame of it on the Workmen of *Ægypt*, and of other Nations, who ſent moſt of the ancient Pillars ready ſhap'd to *Rome*: Others ſay that the Ancients, knowing Architecture was chiefly deſign'd to pleaſe the Eye, only took care to avoid ſuch Diſproportions as were groſs enough to be obſerv'd by the Sight, without minding whether or no they approach'd to a Mathematical Exactneſs: Others will have it rather to be an Effect of Art, and of what the *Italians* call the *Guſto grande*, than of any Negligence in the Architect; for they ſay, the Ancients

always conſider'd the Situation of a Building, whether it were high or low, in an open Square or in a narrow Street, and more or leſs deviated from their Rules of Art, to comply with the ſeveral Diſtances and Elevations from which their Works were to be regarded. It is ſaid there is an *Ionic* Pillar in the *Santa Maria Tranſtevere*, where the Marks of the Compaſs are ſtill to be ſeen on the Volute, and that *Palladio* learnt from hence the working of that difficult Problem; but I never could find time to examine all the old Columns of that Church. Among the Pillars I muſt not paſs over the two nobleſt in the World, thoſe of *Trajan* and *Antonine*. There could not have been a more magnificent Deſign than that of *Trajan*'s Pillar. Where could an Emperor's Aſhes have been ſo nobly lodg'd, as in the midſt of his Metropolis, and on the top of ſo exalted a Monument, with the greateſt of his Actions underneath him? Or, as ſome will have it, his Statue was on the Top, his Urn at the Foundation, and his Battles in the midſt. The Sculpture of it is too well known to be here mention'd. The moſt remarkable Piece in *Antonine*'s Pillar is the Figure of *Jupiter Pluvius*, ſending down Rain on the fainting Army of *Marcus Aurelius*, and Thunderbolts on his Enemies, which is the greateſt Confirmation poſſible of the Story of the Chriſtian Legion, and will be a ſtanding Evidence for it, when any Paſſage in an old Author may be ſuppoſed to be forged. The Figure, that *Jupiter* here makes among the Clouds, puts me in mind of a Paſſage in the *Æneid*, which gives juſt ſuch another Image of him. *Virgil*'s Interpreters are certainly to blame, that ſuppoſe it is nothing but the Air which is here meant by *Jupiter*.

Quantus ab occaſu veniens pluvialibus hædis
Verberat

Verberat imber humum, quàm multâ grandine nimbi
In vada præcipitant, quum Jupiter horridus auſtris
Torquet aquoſam hyemem, et cœlo cava nubila rumpit.
Æn. 9. v. 668.

The Combat thickens, like the Storm that flies
From Weſtward, when the ſhow'ry Kids ariſe:
Or patt'ring Hail comes pouring on the Main,
When *Jupiter* deſcends in harden'd Rain,
Or bellowing Clouds burſt with a ſtormy Sound,
And with an armed Winter ſtrew the Ground.
Dryden.

I have ſeen a Medal, that, according to the Opinion of many learned Men, relates to the ſame Story. The Emperor is entitled on it *Germanicus*, (as it was in the Wars of *Germany* that this Circumſtance happened) and carries on the Reverſe a Thunderbolt in his Hand; for the Heathens attributed the ſame Miracle to the Piety of the Emperor, that the Chriſtians aſcribed to the Prayers of their Legion. *Fulmen de cœlo precibus ſuis contra hoſtium Machinamentum Marcus extorſit, ſuis pluviâ impetratâ cùm ſiti laborarent.* *Jul. Capit.*

The Emperor *Marcus Aurelius*, by his Prayers, extorted Thunder from Heav'n againſt the Enemy's battering Engine, having obtain'd Rain for his Army, when it was oppreſs'd with thirſt.

Claudian takes notice of this Miracle, and has given the ſame Reaſon for it.

——— *Ad templa vocatus*
Clemens Marce redis, cum gentibus undique cinctam
Exuit Heſperiam paribus fortuna periclis.
Laus ibi nulla ducum, nam flammeus imber in hoſtem
Decidit, hunc dorſo trepidum fumante ferebat

Ambuſtus ſonipes; hic tabeſcente ſolutus
Subſedit galeâ, liquefactaque fulgure cuſpis
Canduit, et ſubitis fluxere vaporibus enſes.
Tunc, contenta polo, mortalis neſcia teli
Pugna fuit. Chaldæa mago ſeu carmina ritu
Armavere Deos: ſeu, quod reor, omne tonantis
Obſequium Marci mores potuere mereri.

De ſexto Conſ. Hon.

So mild *Aurelius* to the Gods repaid
The grateful Vows that in his Fears he made,
When *Latium* from unnumber'd Foes was freed:
Nor did he Then by his own Force ſucceed;
But with deſcending Show'rs of Brimſtone fir'd,
The wild Barbarian in the Storm expir'd.
Wrapt in devouring Flames the Horſe-man rag'd,
And ſpurr'd the Steed in equal Flames engag'd:
Another pent in his ſcorch'd Armour glow'd,
While from his Head the melting Helmet flow'd;
Swords by the Lightning's ſubtile Force diſtill'd,
And the cold Sheath with running Metal fill'd:
No human Arm its weak Aſſiſtance brought,
But Heav'n, offended Heav'n, the Battle fought;
Whether dark Magick and *Chaldean* Charms
Had fill'd the Skies, and ſet the Gods in Arms;
Or good *Aurelius* (as I more believe)
Deſerv'd whatever Aid the Thunderer could give.

I do not remember that M. *Dacier*, among ſeveral Quotations on this Subject, in the Life of *Marcus Aurelius*, has taken notice, either of the foremention'd Figure on the Pillar of *Marcus Antoninus*, or of the beautiful Paſſage I have quoted out of *Claudian*.

It is pity the Obelisks in *Rome* had not been charged with ſeveral Parts of the *Ægyptian* Hiſtories inſtead of Hieroglyphics, which might have given no ſmall Light

Light to the Antiquities of that Nation, which are now quite ſunk out of ſight in thoſe remoter Ages of the World. Among the triumphal Arches, that of *Conſtantine* is not only the nobleſt of any in *Rome*, but in the World. I ſearch'd narrowly into it, eſpecially among thoſe Additions of Sculpture made in the Emperor's own Age, to ſee if I could find any Mark of the Apparition, that is ſaid to have preceded the very Victory which gave occaſion to the triumphal Arch. But there are not the leaſt Traces of it to be met with, which is not very ſtrange, if we conſider that the greateſt Part of the Ornaments were taken from *Trajan*'s Arch, and ſet up to the new Conqueror, in no ſmall haſte, by the Senate and People of *Rome*, who were then moſt of them Heathens. There is however ſomething in the Inſcription, which is as old as the Arch it ſelf, which ſeems to hint at the Emperor's Viſion. *Imp. Cæſ. Fl. Conſtantino maximo P. F. Auguſto S. P. Q. R. quod* inſtinctu Divinitatis *mentis magnitudine cum exercitu ſuo tam de Tyranno quàm de omni ejus Factione uno tempore juſtis Rempublicam ultus eſt armis arcum triumphis inſignem dicavit.* To the Emperor *Conſtantine*, &c. the Senate and People of *Rome* have dedicated this Triumphal Arch, becauſe, through a *Divine Impulſe*, with a Greatneſs of Mind, and by force of Arms, he deliver'd the Commonwealth at once from the Tyrant and all his Faction. There is no Statue of this Emperor at *Rome* with a Croſs to it, tho' the Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtorians ſay there were many ſuch erected to him. I have ſeen his Medals that were ſtamp'd with it, and a very remarkable one of his Son *Conſtantius*, where he is crown'd by a Victory on the Reverſe, with this Inſcription, *In hoc Signo Victor*

Victor eris. ☧ This triumphal Arch, and ſome other Buildings of the ſame Age, ſhow us that Architecture held up its Head after all the other Arts of Deſigning were in a very weak and languiſhing Condition, as it was probably the firſt among them that revived. If I was ſurpriſed not to find the Croſs in *Conſtantine*'s Arch, I was as much diſappointed not to ſee the Figure of the Temple of *Jeruſalem* on that of *Titus*, where are repreſented the Golden Candleſtick, the Table of Shew-bread, and the River *Jordan*. Some are of Opinion, that the compoſite Pillars of this Arch were made in imitation of the Pillars of *Solomon*'s Temple, and obſerve that theſe are the moſt ancient of any that are found of that Order.

It is almoſt impoſſible for a Man to form, in his Imagination, ſuch beautiful and glorious Scenes as are to be met with in ſeveral of the *Roman* Churches and Chapels; for having ſuch a prodigious Stock of ancient Marble within the very City, and at the ſame time ſo many different Quarries in the Bowels of their Country, moſt of their Chapels are laid over with ſuch a rich Variety of Incruſtations, as cannot poſſibly be found in any other Part of the World. And notwithſtanding the incredible Sums of Money which have been already laid out this way, there is ſtill the ſame Work going forward in other Parts of *Rome*, the laſt ſtill endeavouring to out-ſhine thoſe that went before them. Painting, Sculpture and Architecture, are at preſent far from being in a flouriſhing Condition; but 'tis thought they may all

all recover themſelves under the preſent Pontificate, if the Wars and Confuſions of *Italy* will give them leave. For as the Pope is himſelf a Maſter of polite Learning, and a great Encourager of Arts, ſo at *Rome* any of theſe Arts immediately thrives under the Encouragement of the Prince, and may be fetched up to its Perfection in ten or a dozen Years, which is the Work of an Age or two in other Countries, where they have not ſuch excellent Models to form themſelves upon.

I ſhall conclude my Obſervations on *Rome* with a Letter of King *Henry* the Eighth to *Anne* of *Bullein*, tranſcribed out of the famous Manuſcript in the *Vatican*, which the Biſhop of *Salisbury* aſſures us is written with the King's own Hand.

" The Cauſe of my writing at this time is to " hear of your Health and Proſperity, of which " I would be as glad as in a manner of my own, " praying God that it be his Pleaſure to ſend us " ſhortly together, for, I promiſe, I long for it; " howbeit I truſt it ſhall not be long too, and " ſeeing my Darling is abſent, I can no leſs do " than ſend her ſome Fleſh, prognoſticating that " hereafter thou muſt have ſome of mine, which, " if he pleaſe, I wou'd have now. As touching " your Siſter's Mother, I have conſign'd *Walter* " *Welſh* to write to my Lord *Manuring* my Mind " therein, whereby I truſt he ſhall not have Power " to diſſeid her; for ſurely, whatever is ſaid, it " cannot ſo ſtand with his Honour, but that he " muſt needs take his natural Daughter in her " extreme Neceſſity. No more to you at this

" time, my own Darling, but that with a Whiſtle
" I wiſh we were together one Evening; by the
" Hand of Yours,

HENRY.

Theſe Letters are always ſhown to an *Engliſhman* that viſits the *Vatican* Library.

TOWNS

Within the Neighbourhood of

ROME.

I Spent three or four Days on *Tivoli*, *Freſcati*, *Paleſtrina* and *Albano*. In our way to *Tivoli* I ſaw the Rivulet of *Salforata*, formerly call'd *Albula*, and ſmelt the Stench that ariſes from its Waters ſome time before I ſaw them. *Martial* mentions this offenſive Smell in an Epigram of the fourth Book, as he does the Rivulet it ſelf in the firſt.

Quod ſiccæ redolet lacus lacunæ,
Crudarum nebulæ quod Albularum. Lib. 4. Epigr. 4.

The drying Marſhes ſuch a Stench convey,
Such the rank Steams of reeking *Albula*.

Itur ad Herculeæ gelidas quà Tiburis arces,
Canaque ſulphureis Albula fumat aquis.
Lib. 1. Epigr. 5.

As from high *Rome* to *Tivoli* you go,
Where *Albula*'s ſulphureous Waters flow.

The little Lake that gives Riſe to this River, with its floating Iſlands, is one of the moſt extraordinary natural Curioſities about *Rome*. It lies in the very Flat of *Campania*; and as it is the Drain of theſe Parts, 'tis no Wonder that it is ſo impregnated with Sulphur. It has at bottom ſo thick a Sediment of it, that, upon throwing in a Stone, the Water boils for a conſiderable time over the Place which has been ſtirr'd up. At the ſame time are ſeen little Flakes of Scurf riſing up, that are probably the Parts which compoſe the Iſlands; for they often mount of themſelves, tho' the Water is not troubled.

I queſtion not but this Lake was formerly much larger than it is at preſent, and that the Banks have grown over it by degrees, in the ſame manner as the Iſlands have been form'd on it. Nor is it improbable but that, in proceſs of time, the whole Surface of it may be cruſted over, as the Iſlands enlarge themſelves, and the Banks cloſe in upon them. All about the Lake, where the Ground is dry, we found it to be hollow by the trampling of our Horſes Feet. I could not diſcover the leaſt Traces of the *Sibyls* Temple and Grove, which ſtood on the Borders of this Lake. *Tivoli* is ſeen at a diſtance lying along the Brow of a Hill. Its Situation has given *Horace* occaſion to call it *Tibur Supinum*, as *Virgil* perhaps for the ſame reaſon entitles it *Superbum*. The *Villa de Medicis* with its Water-works, the Caſcade of the *Teverone*, and the Ruins of the *Sibyls* Temple (of which *Vignola* has made a little Copy at St. *Peter's de Montorio*) are deſcribed in every Itinerary. I muſt confeſs I was moſt pleaſed with a beautiful Proſpect that none of them have mention'd, which lies at about a Mile diſtance from the Town. It opens on one Side into the *Roman Cam-*

Campania, where the Eye loſes it ſelf on a ſmooth ſpacious Plain. On the other Side is a more broken and interrupted Scene, made up of an infinite Variety of Inequalities and Shadowings that naturally ariſe from an agreeable Mixture of Hills, Groves and Vallies. But the moſt enlivening Part of all is the River *Teverone*, which you ſee at about a quarter of a Mile's diſtance throwing it ſelf down a Precipice, and falling by ſeveral Caſcades from one Rock to another, till it gains the Bottom of the Valley, where the Sight of it would be quite loſt, did not it ſometimes diſcover it ſelf thro' the Breaks and Openings of the Woods that grow about it. The *Roman* Painters often work upon this Landskip, and I am apt to believe that *Horace* had his eye upon it in thoſe two or three beautiful Touches which he has given us of theſe Seats. The *Teverone* was formerly call'd the *Anio*.

Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,
Nec tam Lariſſæ percuſſit campus opimæ,
Quàm domus Albuneæ reſonantis,
Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis. Lib. 1. Od. 7. v. 10.

Not fair *Lariſſa*'s fruitful Shore,
Nor *Lacedæmon*, charms me more
Than high *Albunea*'s airy Walls,
Reſounding with her Water-falls,
And *Tivoli*'s delightful Shades,
And *Anio* rolling in Caſcades,
That through the flow'ry Meadows glides
And all the beauteous Scene divides.

I remember Monſieur *Dacier* explains *Mobilibus* by *Ductilibus*, and believes that the Word relates to the

the Conduits, Pipes, and Canals, that were made to diſtribute the Waters up and down, according to the Pleaſure of the Owner. But any one who ſees the *Teverone* muſt be of another Opinion, and conclude it to be one of the moſt *moveable* Rivers in the World, that has its Stream broken by ſuch a multitude of Caſcades, and is ſo often ſhifted out of one Channel into another. After a very turbulent and noiſy Courſe of ſeveral Miles among the Rocks and Mountains, the *Teverone* falls into the Valley before-mention'd, where it recovers its Temper, as it were, by little and little, and after many Turns and Windings glides peaceably into the *Tiber*. In which Senſe we are to underſtand *Silius Italicus*'s Deſcription, to give it its proper Beauty.

Sulphureis gelidus quà ſerpit leniter undis,
Ad genitorem Anio labens ſine murmure Tibrim.

Here the loud *Anio*'s boiſt'rous Clamours ceaſe,
That with ſubmiſſive Murmurs glides in Peace
To his old Sire the *Tiber* ———

At *Freſcati* I had the Satisfaction of ſeeing the firſt Sketch of *Verſailles* in the Walks and Water-works. The Proſpect from it was doubtleſs much more delightful formerly, when the *Campania* was ſet thick with Towns, Villas, and Plantations. *Cicero*'s *Tuſculum* was at a Place call'd *Grotto Ferrate*, about two Miles off this Town, tho' moſt of the modern Writers have fix'd it to *Freſcati*. *Nardini* ſays, there was found among the Ruins at *Grotto Ferrate* a Piece of Sculpture, which *Cicero* himſelf mentions in one of his familiar Epiſtles. In going to *Freſcati* we had a fair View of Mount *Algido*.

On

On our Way to *Palæſtrina* we ſaw the Lake *Regillus*, famous for the Apparition of *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, who were here ſeen to give their Horſes Drink after the Battle between the *Romans* and the Son-in-law of *Tarquin*. At ſome diſtance from it we had a View of the *Lacus Gabinus*, that is much larger than the former. We left the Road for about half a Mile to ſee the Sources of a modern Aqueduct. It is entertaining to obſerve how the little Springs and Rills, that break out of the Sides of the Mountain, are glean'd up, and convey'd thro' little cover'd Channels into the main Hollow of the Aqueduct. It was certainly very lucky for *Rome*, ſeeing it had occaſion for ſo many Aqueducts, that there chanc'd to be ſuch a Range of Mountains within its Neighbourhood. For by this means they could take up their Water from what height they pleaſed, without the Expence of ſuch an Engine as that of *Marli*. Thus the *Claudian* Aqueduct run thirty eight Miles, and ſunk after the proportion of five Foot and a half every Mile, by the Advantage only of a high Source and the low ſituation of *Rome*. *Palæſtrina* ſtands very high, like moſt other Towns in *Italy*, for the Advantage of the cool Breezes; for which Reaſon *Virgil* calls it *Altum*, and *Horace Frigidum Prænęſte*. *Statius* calls it *Prænęſte Sacrum*, becauſe of the famous Temple of *Fortune* that ſtood in it. There are ſtill great Pillars of Granite, and other Fragments of this ancient Temple. But the moſt conſiderable Remnant of it is a very beautiful *Moſaic* Pavement, the fineſt I have ever ſeen in Marble. The Parts are ſo well join'd together, that the whole Piece looks like a continu'd Picture. There are in it the Figures of a Rhinoceros, of Elephants, and of ſeveral other Animals, with little Landskips, which look very lively and well painted, tho' they are made

out

out of the natural Colours and Shadows of the Marble. I do not remember ever to have met with an old *Roman Moſaic*, compoſed of little Pieces of Clay half vitrify'd, and prepar'd at the Glaſs-houſes, which the *Italians* call *Smalte*. Theſe are much in uſe at preſent, and may be made of what Colour and Figure the Workman pleaſes; which is a modern Improvement of the Art, and enables thoſe who are employ'd in it to make much finer Pieces of *Moſaic* than they did formerly.

In our Excurſion to *Albano* we went as far as *Nemi*, that takes its Name from the *Nemus Dianæ*. The whole Country thereabouts is ſtill over-run with Woods and Thickets. The Lake of *Nemi* lies in a very deep Bottom, ſo ſurrounded on all ſides with Mountains and Groves, that the Surface of it is never ruffled with the leaſt Breath of Wind, which, perhaps, together with the Clearneſs of its Waters, gave it formerly the Name of *Diana*'s *Looking-glaſs*.

——— *Speculumque Dianæ.* Virg.

Prince *Cæſarini* has a Palace at *Jenſano*, very near *Nemi*, in a pleaſant Situation, and ſet off with many beautiful Walks. In our Return from *Jenſano* to *Albano*, we paſſed through *la Ricca*, the *Aricia* of the Ancients, *Horace*'s firſt Stage from *Rome* to *Brundiſi*. There is nothing at *Albano* ſo remarkable as the Proſpect from the *Capucins* Garden, which for the Extent and Variety of pleaſing Incidents is, I think, the moſt delightful one that I ever ſaw. It takes in the whole *Campania*, and terminates in a full View of the *Mediterranean*. You have a Sight at the ſame time of the *Alban* Lake, which lies juſt by in an Oval Figure of about ſeven Miles

Miles round, and, by reaſon of the continu'd Circuit of high Mountains that encompaſs it, looks like the *Area* of ſome vaſt Amphitheatre. This, together with the ſeveral green Hills and naked Rocks, within the Neighbourhood, makes the moſt agreeable Confuſion imaginable. *Albano* keeps up its Credit ſtill for Wine, which perhaps would be as good as it was anciently, did they preſerve it to as great an Age; but as for Olives, there are now very few here, tho' they are in great Plenty at *Tivoli*;

—— *Albani pretioſa ſenectus.* Juv. Sat. 13. v. 214.

Cras bibet Albanis aliquid de montibus aut de
Setinis, cujus patriam titulumque Senectus
Delevit multa veteris fuligine teſtæ. Id. Sat. 5. v. 33.

Perhaps to-morrow he may change his Wine,
And drink old ſparkling *Alban*, or *Setine*;
Whoſe Title, and whoſe Age, with Mould o'ergrown,
The good old Cask for ever keeps unknown.
Bowles.

—— *Palladiæ ſeu collibus uteris Albæ.*
Mart. Lib. 5. Epigr. 1.

Whether the Hills of *Alba* you prefer,
Whoſe riſing Tops the fruitful Olive bear.

Albanæ —— Olivæ. Id. Lib. 9. Epigr. 16.

Th' *Albanian* Olives.

The Places mention'd in this Chapter were all of them formerly the cool Retirements of the *Romans*, where they uſed to hide themſelves among the Woods

Woods and Mountains, during the exceſſive Heats of their Summer; as *Baiæ* was the general Winter Rendezvous.

Jam terras volucremque polum fuga veris Aquoſi
Laxat, et Icariis cælum latratibus urit.
Ardua jam denſæ rareſcunt mœnia Romæ:
Hos Præneſte ſacrum, nemus hos glaciale Dianæ,
Algidus aut horrens, aut Tuſcula protegit Umbra,
Tiburis hi lucos, Anienaque frigora captant. Sil. 4. 1.

Albanos quoque Tuſculoſque colles
Et quodcunque jacet ſub urbe frigus:
Fidenas veteres, breveſque Rubras,
Et quod Virgineo cruore gaudet
Annæ pomiferum nemus Perennæ.
Mart. Lib. 1. Epigr. 123.

All ſhun the raging Dog-Star's ſultry Heat,
And from the half-unpeopled Town retreat:
Some hid in *Nemi*'s gloomy Foreſts lie,
To *Paleſtrina* ſome for Shelter fly;
Others to catch the Breeze of breathing Air,
To *Tuſculum* or *Algido* repair;
Or in moiſt *Tivoli*'s Retirements find
A cooling Shade, and a refreſhing Wind.

On the contrary, at preſent, *Rome* is never fuller of Nobility than in Summer-time; for the Country Towns are ſo infeſted with unwholſom Vapours, that they dare not truſt themſelves in them while the Heats laſt. There is no queſtion but the Air of the *Campania* would be now as healthful as it was formerly, were there as many Fires burning in it, and as many Inhabitants to manure the Soil. Leaving *Rome* about the latter end of *October*, in my Way to *Sienna*,

Sienna, I lay the firſt Night at a little Village in the Territories of the ancient *Veii*.

Hæc tum nomina erant, nunc ſunt ſine nomine Campi.
Virg. Æn. 6. v. 776.

Theſe then were Names, now Fields without a Name.

The Ruins of their Capital City are at preſent ſo far loſt, that the Geographers are not able to determine exactly the Place where they once ſtood: So literally is that noble Propheſy of *Lucan* fulfill'd, of this and other Places of *Latium*.

——— *Gentes Mari iſte futuras*
Obruet, et populos ævi venientis in orbem
Erepto, natale feret; tunc omne Latinum
Fabula nomen erit: Gabios Veioſque, Coramque
Pulvere vix tectæ poterunt monſtrare ruinæ,
Albanoſque lares, Laurentinoſque penates,
Rus vacuum, quod non habitet niſi nocte coactâ
Invitus ——— Lib. 7. v. 389.

Succeeding Nations by the Sword ſhall die,
And ſwallow'd up in dark Oblivion lie;
Almighty *Latium*, with her Cities crown'd,
Shall like an antiquated Fable ſound;
The *Veïan* and the *Gabian* Tow'rs ſhall fall,
And one promiſcuous Ruin cover all;
Nor, after length of Years, a Stone betray
The Place where once the very Ruins lay:
High *Alba*'s Walls and the *Lavinian* Strand,
(A lonely Deſart, and an empty Land)
Shall ſcarce afford, for needful Hours of Reſt,
A ſingle Houſe to their benighted Gueſt.

We

We here saw the Lake *Bacca*, that gives Rise to the *Cremera*, on whose Banks the *Fabii* were slain.

Tercentum numerabat aves, quos turbine Martis
Abstulit una Dies, cùm fors non æqua labori
Patricio Cremeræ maculavit sanguine ripas.
Sil. Ital. Lib. 1.

Fabius a num'rous Ancestry could tell,
Three hundred Heroes that in Battle fell,
Near the fam'd *Cremera*'s disast'rous Flood,
That ran polluted with *Patrician* Blood.

We saw afterwards, in the Progress of our Voyage, the Lakes of *Vico* and *Bolsena*. The last is reckon'd one and twenty Miles in Circuit, and is plentifully stock'd with Fish and Fowl. There are in it a couple of Islands, that are perhaps the two floating Isles mentioned by *Pliny*, with that improbable Circumstance of their appearing sometimes like a Circle, and sometimes like a Triangle, but never like a Quadrangle. It is easy enough to conceive how they might become fix'd, tho' they once floated; and it is not very credible, that the Naturalist could be deceived in his Account of a Place that lay, as it were, in the Neighbourhood of *Rome*. At the end of this Lake stands *Montefiascone*, the Habitation of *Virgil*'s *Æqui Falisci*, Æn. 7. and on the Side of it the Town of the *Volsinians*, now call'd *Bolsena*.

Aut positis nemorosa inter juga Volsiniis.
Juv. Sat. 3. v. 191.

——— *Volsinians* stood
Cover'd with Mountains, and inclos'd with Wood.

I saw

I saw in the Church-yard of *Bolsena* an antique Funeral Monument (of that kind which they called a *Sarcophagus*) very entire, and, what is particular, engraven *on all Sides* with a curious Representation of a *Bacchanal*. Had the Inhabitants observed a couple of lewd Figures at one End of it, they would not have thought it a proper Ornament for the Place where it now stands. After having travell'd hence to *Aquapendente*, that stands in a wonderful pleasant Situation, we came to the little Brook which separates the Pope's Dominions from the Great Duke's. The Frontier Castle of *Radicofani* is seated on the highest Mountain in the Country, and is as well fortify'd as the Situation of the Place will permit. We here found the natural Face of the Country quite changed from what we had been entertain'd with in the Pope's Dominions. For instead of the many beautiful Scenes of green Mountains and fruitful Vallies, that we had been presented with for some Days before, we saw now nothing but a wild naked Prospect of Rocks and Hills, worn out on all Sides with Gutters and Channels, and not a Tree or Shrub to be met with in a vast Circuit of several Miles. This savage Prospect put me in mind of the *Italian* Proverb, that *The Pope has the Flesh, and the Great Duke the Bones of* Italy. Among a large Extent of these barren Mountains I saw but a single Spot that was cultivated, on which there stood a Convent.

SIEN-

SIENNA, LEGHORNE, PISA.

SIENNA stands high, and is adorn'd with a great many Towers of Brick, which in the Time of the Commonwealth were erected to such of the Members as had done any considerable Service to their Country. These Towers gave us a Sight of the Town a great while before we enter'd it. There is nothing in this City so extraordinary as the Cathedral, which a Man may view with Pleasure after he has seen St. *Peter's*, tho' 'tis quite of another Make, and can only be look'd upon as one of the Master-pieces of *Gothic* Architecture. When a Man sees the prodigious Pains and Expence that our Forefathers have been at in these barbarous Buildings, one cannot but fancy to himself what Miracles of Architecture they would have left us, had they only been instructed in the right way; for when the Devotion of those Ages was much warmer than it is at present, and the Riches of the People much more at the Disposal of the Priests, there was so much Money consum'd on these *Gothic* Cathe-

Cathedrals, as would have finiſh'd a greater Variety of noble Buildings, than have been raiſed either before or ſince that time.

One would wonder to ſee the vaſt Labour that has been laid out on this ſingle Cathedral. The very Spouts are loaden with Ornaments; the Windows are form'd like ſo many Scenes of Perſpective, with a multitude of little Pillars retiring one behind another; the great Columns are finely engraven with Fruits and Foliage that run twiſting about them from the very Top to the Bottom; the whole Body of the Church is checquer'd with different Lays of white and black Marble, the Pavement curiouſly cut out in Deſigns and Scripture-Stories, and the Front cover'd with ſuch a Variety of Figures, and over-run with ſo many little Mazes and Labyrinths of Sculpture, that nothing in the World can make a prettier Shew to thoſe, who prefer falſe Beauties, and affected Ornaments, to a Noble and Majeſtick Simplicity. Over-againſt this Church ſtands a large Hoſpital, erected by a Shoe-maker, who has been Beatify'd, tho' never Sainted. There ſtands a Figure of him ſuperſcrib'd, *Sutor ultra Crepidam*------ A Shoemaker beyond his Laſt. I ſhall ſpeak nothing of the Extent of this City, the Cleanlineſs of its Streets, nor the Beauty of its Piazza, which ſo many Travellers have deſcrib'd. As this is the laſt Republick that fell under the Subjection of the Duke of *Florence*, ſo is it ſtill ſuppoſed to retain many Hankerings after its ancient Liberty. For this Reaſon, when the Keys and Pageants of the Duke's Towns and Governments paſs in Proceſſion before him, on St. *John* Baptiſt's Day, I was told that *Sienna* comes in the Rear of his Dominions, and is puſh'd forward by thoſe that follow, to ſhow the Reluctancy it has to appear in ſuch a Solemnity. I

ſhall

ſhall ſay nothing of the many groſs and abſurd Traditions of St. *Catharine* of *Sienna*, who is the great Saint of this Place. I think there is as much Pleaſure in hearing a Man tell his Dreams, as in reading Accounts of this Nature. A Traveller, that thinks them worth his Obſervation, may fill a Book with them at every great Town in *Italy*.

From *Sienna* we went forward to *Leghorne*, where the two Ports, the Bagnio, and *Donatelli*'s Statue of the Great Duke, amidſt the four Slaves chain'd to his Pedeſtal, are very noble Sights. The Square is one of the largeſt, and will be one of the moſt beautiful in *Italy*, when this Statue is erected in it, and a Town-houſe built at one End of it to front the Church that ſtands at the other. They are at a continual Expence to cleanſe the Ports, and keep 'em from being choak'd up, which they do by the help of ſeveral Engines that are always at work, and employ many of the Great Duke's Slaves. Whatever part of the Harbour they ſcoop in, it has an Influence on all the reſt; for the Sea immediately works the whole Bottom to a Level. They draw a double Advantage from the Dirt that is taken up, as it clears the Port, and at the ſame time dries up ſeveral Marſhes about the Town, where they lay it from time to time. One can ſcarce imagine how great Profits the Duke of *Tuſcany* receives from this ſingle Place, which are not generally thought ſo conſiderable, becauſe it paſſes for a free Port. But it is very well known how the Great Duke, on a late occaſion, notwithſtanding the Privileges of the Merchants, drew no ſmall Sums of Money out of them; tho' ſtill in reſpect of the exorbitant Dues that are paid at moſt other Ports, it deſervedly retains the Name of Free. It brings into his Dominions a great Increaſe of People from all other Nations. They

They reckon in it near ten thouſand *Jews*, many of them very Rich, and ſo great Traffickers, that our *Engliſh* Factors complain they have moſt of our Country Trade in their Hands. 'Tis true the Strangers pay little or no Taxes directly; but out of every thing they buy there goes a large Gabel to the Government. The very Ice-Merchant at *Leghorne* pays above a thouſand Pound Sterling annually for his Privilege, and the Tobacco-Merchant ten thouſand. The Ground is ſold by the Great Duke at a very high Price, and Houſes are every Day riſing on it. All the Commodities that go up into the Country, of which there are great Quantities, are clogg'd with Impoſitions as ſoon as they leave *Leghorne*. All the Wines, Oils, and Silks, that come down from the fruitful Vallies of *Piſa*, *Florence*, and other Parts of *Tuſcany*, muſt make their Way thro' ſeveral Duties and Taxes before they can reach the Port. The Canal that runs from the Sea into the *Arno* gives a convenient Carriage to all Goods that are to be ſhipp'd off, which does not a little enrich the Owners: and in proportion as private Men grow wealthy, their Legacies, Law-Suits, Daughters Portions, *&c.* increaſe, in all which the Great Duke comes in for a conſiderable Share. The *Lucqueſe*, who traffick at this Port, are ſaid to bring in a great deal into the Duke's Coffers. Another Advantage, which may be of great uſe to him, is, that at five or ſix Days warning he might find Credit in this Town for very large Sums of Money, which no other Prince in *Italy* can pretend to. I need not take notice of the Reputation that this Port gives him among foreign Princes; but there is one Benefit ariſing from it, which, tho' never thrown into the Account, is doubtleſs very conſiderable. It is well known how the *Piſans* and *Florentines* long regretted the

the Loſs of their ancient Liberty, and their Subjection to a Family that ſome of them thought themſelves equal to, in the flouriſhing Times of their Commonwealths. The Town of *Leghorne* has accidentally done what the greateſt Fetch of Politicks would have found difficult to have brought about; for it has almoſt unpeopled *Piſa*, if we compare it with what it was formerly; and every Day leſſens the Number of the Inhabitants of *Florence*. This does not only weaken thoſe Places, but at the ſame time turns many of their buſieſt Spirits, from their old Notions of Honour and Liberty, to the Thoughts of Traffick and Merchandiſe: And as Men engag'd in a Road of Thriving are no Friends to Changes and Revolutions, they are at preſent worn into a Habit of Subjection, and puſh all their Purſuits another way. It is no wonder therefore that the Great Duke has ſuch Apprehenſions of the Pope's making *Civita Vecchia* a Free Port, which may in time prove ſo very prejudicial to *Leghorne*. It would be thought an improbable Story, ſhould I ſet down the ſeveral Methods that are commonly reported to have been made uſe of, during the laſt Pontificate, to put a ſtop to this Deſign. The Great Duke's Money was ſo well beſtow'd in the Conclave, that ſeveral of the Cardinals diſſuaded the Pope from the Undertaking, and at laſt turn'd all his Thoughts upon the little Port which he made at *Antium*, near *Nettuno*. The chief Workmen, that were to have convey'd the Water to *Civita Vecchia*, were bought off; and when a poor *Capuchin*, that was thought Proof againſt all Bribes, had undertaken to carry on the Work, he died a little after he had enter'd upon it. The preſent Pope however, who is very well acquainted with the Secret Hiſtory, and the Weakneſs of his Predeceſſor, ſeems reſolved

reſolved to bring the Project to its Perfection. He has already been at vaſt Charges in finiſhing the Aqueduct, and had ſome Hopes that, if the War ſhould drive our *Engliſh* Merchants from *Sicily* and *Naples*, they would ſettle here. His Holineſs has told ſome *Engliſh* Gentlemen, that thoſe of our Nation ſhould have the greateſt Privileges of any but the Subjects of the Church. One of our Countrymen, who makes a good Figure at *Rome*, told me, the Pope has this Deſign extremely at his Heart, but that he fears the *Engliſh* will ſuffer nothing like a Reſident or Conſul in his Dominions, tho' at the ſame time he hoped the Buſineſs might as well be tranſacted by one that had no publick Charcter. This Gentleman has ſo buſied himſelf in the Affair, that he has offended the *French* and *Spaniſh* Cardinals, inſomuch that Cardinal *Janſon* refuſed to ſee him, when he would have made his Apology for what he had ſaid to the Pope on this Subject. There is one great Objection to *Civita Vecchia*, that the Air of the Place is not wholſom; but this, they ſay, proceeds from want of Inhabitants, the Air of *Leghorne* having been worſe than this before the Town was well peopled.

The great Profits, which have accrued to the Duke of *Florence* from his Free Port, have ſet ſeveral of the States of *Italy* on the ſame Project. The moſt likely to ſucceed in it would be the *Genoeſe*, who lie more convenient than the *Venetians*, and have a more inviting Form of Government, than that of the Church, or that of *Florence*. But as the Port of *Genoa* is ſo very ill guarded againſt Storms, that no Privileges can tempt the Merchants from *Leghorne* into it, ſo dare not the *Genoeſe* make any other of their Ports Free, leſt it ſhould draw to it moſt of their Commerce and Inhabitants, and by conſequence ruin their chief City.

From *Leghorne* I went to *Piſa*, where there is ſtill the Shell of a great City, tho' not half furniſh'd with Inhabitants. The Great Church, Baptiſtery, and leaning Tower, are very well worth ſeeing, and are built after the ſame Fancy with the Cathedral of *Sienna*. Half a Day's Journey more brought me into the Republick of *Lucca*.

THE REPUPLICK OF *LUCCA.*

IT is very pleaſant to ſee how the ſmall Territories of this little Republick are cultivated to the beſt Advantage, ſo that one cannot find the leaſt Spot of Ground, that is not made to contribute its utmoſt to the Owner. In all the Inhabitants there appears an Air of Chearfulneſs and Plenty, not often to be met with in thoſe of the Countries which lie about 'em. There is but one Gate for Strangers to enter at, that it may be known what Numbers of them are in the Town. Over it is written in Letters of Gold, *Libertas.*

This Republick is ſhut up in the Great Duke's Dominions, who at preſent is very much incenſed againſt it, and ſeems to threaten it with the Fate of *Florence*, *Piſa*, and *Sienna*. The Occaſion as follows.

The *Lucqueſe* plead Preſcription for Hunting in one of the Duke's Foreſts, that lies upon their Frontiers, which about two Years ſince was ſtrictly forbidden them, the Prince intending to preſerve the Game for his own Pleaſure. Two or three Sportſmen of the Republick, who had the Hardineſs to offend againſt the Prohibition, were ſeized, and kept in a neighbouring Priſon. Their Countrymen, to the number of Threeſcore, attack'd the Place where they were kept in Cuſtody, and reſcued them. The Great Duke redemands his Priſoners, and, as a further Satisfaction, would have the Governor of the Town, where the threeſcore Aſſailants had combined together, deliver'd into his Hands; but receiving only Excuſes, he reſolved to do himſelf Juſtice. Accordingly he order'd all the *Lucqueſe* to be ſeiz'd that were found on a Market-Day, in one of his Frontier Towns. Theſe amounted to Fourſcore, among whom were Perſons of ſome Conſequence in the Republick. They are now in Priſon at *Florence*, and, as it is ſaid, treated hardly enough; for there are fifteen of the Number dead within leſs than two Years. The King of *Spain*, who is Protector of the Commonwealth, received Information from the Great Duke of what had paſs'd, who approved of his Proceedings, and order'd the *Lucqueſe*, by his Governor of *Milan*, to give a proper Satisfaction. The Republick, thinking themſelves ill uſed by their Protector, as they ſay at *Florence*, have ſent to Prince *Eugene* to deſire the Emperor's Protection, with an Offer of Winter-Quarters, as it is ſaid, for four Thouſand *Germans*. The Great Duke riſes on them in his Demands, and will not be ſatisfy'd with leſs than a hundred Thouſand Crowns, and a ſolemn Embaſſy to beg Pardon for the paſt, and promiſe Amendment for the future. Thus

ſtands

ſtands the Affair at preſent, that may end in the Ruin of the Commonwealth, if the *French* ſucceed in *Italy*. It is pleaſant however to hear the Diſcourſe of the Common People of *Lucca*, who are firmly perſuaded that one *Lucqueſe* can beat five *Florentines*, who are grown low-ſpirited, as they pretend, by the Great Duke's Oppreſſions, and have nothing worth fighting for. They ſay, they can bring into the Field twenty or thirty Thouſand fighting Men, all ready to ſacrifice their Lives for their Liberty. They have Quantity of Arms and Ammunition, but few Horſe. It muſt be own'd theſe People are more happy, at leaſt in Imagination, than the reſt of their Neighbours, becauſe they think themſelves ſo; tho' ſuch a Chimerical Happineſs is not peculiar to Republicans, for we find the Subjects of the moſt abſolute Prince in *Europe* are as proud of their Monarch as the *Lucqueſe* of being ſubject to none. Should the *French* Affairs proſper in *Italy*, it is poſſible the Great Duke may bargain for the Republick of *Lucca*, by the help of his great Treaſures, as his Predeceſſors did formerly with the Emperor for that of *Sienna*. The Great Dukes have never yet attempted any thing on *Lucca*, as not only fearing the Arms of their Protector, but becauſe they are well aſſured, that, ſhould the *Lucqueſe* be reduced to the laſt Extremity, they would rather throw themſelves under the Government of the *Genoeſe*, or ſome ſtronger Neighbour, than ſubmit to a State for which they have ſo great an Averſion. And the *Florentines* are very ſenſible, that it is much better having a weak State within their Dominions, than the Branch of one as ſtrong as themſelves. But ſhould ſo formidable a Power, as that of the *French* King, ſupport them in their Attempts, there is no Government in *Italy* that would dare to interpoſe.

This Republick, for the Extent of its Dominions, is eſteemed the richeſt and beſt peopled State of *Italy*. The whole Adminiſtration of the Government paſſes into different Hands at the End of every two Months, which is the greateſt Security imaginable to their Liberty, and wonderfully contributes to the quick Diſpatch of all publick Affairs: But in any Exigence of State, like that they are now preſſed with, it certainly asks a much longer time to conduct any Deſign, for the Good of the Commonwealth, to its Maturity and Perfection.

FLORENCE.

I HAD the good Luck to be at *Florence* when there was an Opera acted, which was the eighth that I had ſeen in *Italy*. I could not but ſmile to read the ſolemn Proteſtation of the Poet in the firſt Page, where he declares that he believes neither in the Fates, Deities, or Deſtinies; and that, if he has made uſe of the Words, it is purely out of a Poetical Liberty, and not from his real Sentiments, for that in all theſe Particulars he believes as the Holy Mother Church believes and commands.

PROTESTA.

Le voci Fato, Deità, Deſtino, e ſimili, che per entro queſto Drama trovarai, ſon meſſe ger iſcherzo poetico, e non per Sentimento vero credendo ſempre in tutto quello, che crede, e comanda Santa Madre chieſa.

There are ſome beautiful Palaces in *Florence*; and as *Tuſcan* Pillars and *Ruſtic* Work owe their Original to this Country, the Architects always take care to give them a Place in the great Edifices that are raiſed in *Tuſcany*. The Duke's new Palace is a very noble Pile, built after this manner, which makes it look extremely Solid and Majeſtick. It is not un-

like that of *Luxemburg* at *Paris*, which was built by *Mary* of *Medicis*, and for that reaſon perhaps the Workmen fell into the *Tuſcan* Humour. I found in the Court of this Palace what I could not meet with any where in *Rome*: I mean an antique Statue of *Hercules* lifting up *Antæus* from the Earth, which I have already had occaſion to ſpeak of. It was found in *Rome*, and brought hither under the Reign of *Leo* the Tenth. There are abundance of Pictures in the ſeveral Apartments, by the Hands of the greateſt Maſters.

But 'tis the famous Gallery of the Old Palace, where are perhaps the nobleſt Collections of Curioſities to be met with in any Part of the whole World. The Gallery it ſelf is made in the Shape of an L, according to Mr. *Laſſel*; but, if it muſt needs be like a Letter, it reſembles the *Greek* Π moſt. It is adorned with admirable Pieces of Sculpture, as well modern as ancient. Of the laſt Sort I ſhall mention thoſe that are rareſt either for the Perſon they repreſent, or the Beauty of the Sculpture. Among the Buſts of the Emperors and Empreſſes, there are theſe that follow, which are all very ſcarce, and ſome of them almoſt ſingular in their kind: *Agrippa*, *Caligula*, *Otho*, *Nerva*, *Ælius Verus*, *Pertinax*, *Geta*, *Didius Julianus*, *Albinus* extremely well wrought, and, what is ſeldom ſeen in Alabaſter, *Gordianus*, *Africanus* the elder, *Eliogabalus*, *Galien* the elder, and the younger *Pupienus*. I have put *Agrippa* among the Emperors, becauſe he is generally rang'd ſo in Sets of Medals, as ſome that follow among the Empreſſes have no other Right to the Company they are joined with: *Domitia*, *Agrippina* Wife of *Germanicus*, *Antonia*, *Matidia*, *Plotina*, *Mallia*, *Scantilla*, falſly inſcrib'd under her Buſt *Julia Severi*, *Aquilia Severa*, *Julia*

Julia Mæsa. I have generally obſerv'd at *Rome*, which is the great Magazine of theſe Antiquities, that the ſame Heads which are rare in Medals, are alſo rare in Marble, and indeed one may commonly aſſign the ſame Reaſon for both, which was the Shortneſs of the Emperor's Reigns, that did not give the Workmen time to make many of their Figures; and as the Shortneſs of their Reigns was generally occaſioned by the Advancement of a Rival, it is no wonder that no body worked on the Figure of a Deceaſed Emperor, when his Enemy was in the Throne. This Obſervation however does not always hold. An *Agrippa* or *Caligula*, for Example, is a common Coin, but a very extraordinary Buſt; and a *Tiberius* a rare Coin, but a common Buſt; which one would the more wonder at, if we conſider the Indignities that were offer'd to this Emperor's Statues after his Death. The *Tiberius in Tiberim* is a known Inſtance.

Among the Buſts of ſuch Emperors as are common enough, there are ſeveral in the Gallery that deſerve to be taken notice of for the Excellence of the Sculpture; as thoſe of *Auguſtus*, *Veſpaſian*, *Adrian*, *Marcus Aurelius*, *Lucius Verus*, *Septimius Severus*, *Caracalla*, *Geta*. There is in the ſame Gallery a beautiful Buſt of *Alexander* the Great, caſting up his Face to Heaven, with a noble Air of Grief or Diſcontentedneſs in his Looks. I have ſeen two or three antique Buſts of *Alexander* in the ſame Air and Poſture, and am apt to think the Sculptor had in his Thoughts the Conqueror's weeping for new Worlds, or ſome other the like Circumſtance of his Hiſtory. There is alſo in Porphyry the Head of a Fawn, and of the God *Pan*. Among the intire Figures I took particular notice of a Veſtal Virgin, with the Holy Fire burning before her.

This Statue, I think, may decide that notable Controverſy among the Antiquaries, whether the Veſtals, after having receiv'd the Tonſure, ever ſuffer'd their Hair to come again; for it is here full grown, and gather'd under the Veil. The brazen Figure of the Conſul, with the Ring on his Finger, reminded me of *Juvenal*'s *majoris pondera Gemmæ*. There is another Statue in Braſs, ſuppoſed to be of *Apollo*, with this modern Inſcription on the Pedeſtal, which I muſt confeſs I don't know what to make of, *Ut potui huc veni muſis et fratre relicto.* I ſaw in the ſame Gallery the famous Figure of the wild Boar, the Gladiator, the *Narciſſus*, the *Cupid* and *Pſyche*, the *Flora*, with ſome modern Statues that ſeveral others have deſcribed. Among the antique Figures there is a fine one of *Morpheus* in Touchſtone. I have always obſerved, that this God is repreſented by the ancient Statuaries under the Figure of a Boy aſleep, with a Bundle of Poppy in his Hand. I at firſt took it for a *Cupid*, 'till I had taken notice that it had neither Bow nor Quiver. I ſuppoſe Dr. *Liſter* has been guilty of the ſame Miſtake, in the Reflexions he makes on what he calls the ſleeping *Cupid* with Poppy in his Hands.

——— Qualia namque
Corpora nudorum Tabulâ pinguntur Amorum,
Talis erat; ſed nè faciat diſcrimina cultus,
Aut huic adde leves aut illis deme pharetras.
Ovid. Metam. Lib. 10. v. 515.

Such are the *Cupids* that in Paint we view;
But that the Likeneſs may be nicely true,
A loaden Quiver to his Shoulders tie,
Or bid the *Cupids* lay their Quivers by.

'Tis

'Tis probable they choſe to repreſent the God of Sleep under the Figure of a Boy, contrary to all our modern Deſigners, becauſe it is that Age, which has its Repoſe the leaſt broken by Cares and Anxieties. *Statius*, in his celebrated Invocation of Sleep, addreſſes himſelf to him under the ſame Figure.

Crimine quo merui, juvenis placidiſſime Divûm,
Quove errore miſer, donis ut ſolus egerem
Somne tuis? tacet omne pecus, volucreſque feræque, &c.
Sylv. 4. Lib. 5. v. 1.

Tell me, thou beſt of Gods, thou gentle Youth,
Tell me my ſad Offence; that only I,
While huſh'd at Eaſe thy drowſy Subjects lie,
In the dead Silence of the Night complain,
Nor taſte the Bleſſings of thy peaceful Reign.

I never ſaw any Figure of Sleep that was not of black Marble, which has probably ſome Relation to the Night, that is the proper Seaſon for Reſt. I ſhould not have made this Remark, but that I remember to have read in one of the ancient Authors, that the *Nile* is generally repreſented in Stone of this Colour, becauſe it flows from the Country of the *Æthiopians*; which ſhows us that Statuaries had ſometimes an Eye to the Perſon they were to repreſent, in the Choice they made of their Marble. There are ſtill at *Rome* ſome of theſe black Statues of the *Nile* which are cut in a kind of Touchſtone.

Uſque coloratis amnis devexus ab Indis.
Virg. Geor. 4. v. 293.

Rolling its Tide from *Ethiopian* Lands.

At

At one End of the Gallery ſtand two antique marble Pillars, curiouſly wrought with the Figures of the old *Roman* Arms and Inſtruments of War. After a full ſurvey of the Gallery, we were led into four or five Chambers of Curioſities that ſtand on the Side of it. The firſt was a Cabinet of Antiquities, made up chiefly of Idols, Taliſmans, Lamps, and Hieroglyphicks. I ſaw nothing in it that I was not before acquainted with, except the four following Figures in Braſs.

I. A little Image of *Juno Siſpita*, or *Soſpita*, which perhaps is not to be met with any where elſe but on Medals. She is clothed in a Goat's Skin, the Horns ſticking out above her Head. The Right Arm is broken that probably ſupported a Shield, and the Left a little defac'd, tho' one may ſee it held ſomething in its Graſp formerly. The Feet are bare. I remember *Tully*'s Deſcription of this Goddeſs in the following Words. *Illam noſtram Soſpitam, quam tu nunquam ne in Somniis vides, niſi cum pelle Caprinâ, cum haſtâ, cum ſcutulo, cum calceolis repandis.* —— Our Goddeſs *Soſpita*, whom you never ſee, ev'n in a Dream, without a Goat-skin, a Spear, a little Shield, and broad Sandals.

II. An

A Medal of Juno Sispita. *Vid.* Fulv. Urſin. in Familiâ Thoriâ & Porciliâ.

This is a Reverſe of Anton. Pius.

II. An antique Model of the famous *Laocoon* and his two Sons, that ſtands in the *Belvidera* at *Rome*. This is the more remarkable, as it is intire in thoſe Parts where the Statue is maim'd. It was by the help of this Model that *Bandinelli* finiſhed his admirable Copy of the *Laocoön*, which ſtands at one End of this Gallery.

III. An *Apollo* or *Amphion*. I took notice of this little Figure for the Singularity of the Inſtrument, which I never before ſaw in ancient Sculpture. It is not unlike a Violin, and play'd on after the ſame manner. I doubt however whether this Figure be not of a later Date than the reſt, by the Meanneſs of the Workmanſhip.

IV. A *Corona Radialis* with only eight Spikes to it. Every one knows the uſual Number was twelve, ſome ſay in alluſion to the Signs of the *Zodiac*, and others to the Labours of *Hercules*.

— *In-*

—— *Ingenti mole Latinus*
Quadrijugo vehitur curru; cui tempora circùm
Aurati bis Sex Radii fulgentia cingunt,
Solis avi Specimen —— Virg. Æn. 12. v. 161.

Four Steeds the Chariot of *Latinus* bear:
Twelve golden Beams around his Temples play,
To mark his Lineage from the God of Day.
Dryden.

The two next Chambers are made up of ſeveral artificial Curioſities in Ivory, Amber, Cryſtal, Marble, and precious Stones, which all Voyage-Writers are full of. In the Chamber that is ſhown laſt ſtands the celebrated *Venus* of *Medicis*. The Statue ſeems much leſs than the Life, as being perfectly naked, and in Company with others of a larger Make: It is notwithſtanding as big as the ordinary ſize of a Woman, as I concluded from the Meaſure of her Wriſt; for from the Bigneſs of any one Part it is eaſy to gueſs at all the reſt, in a Figure of ſuch nice Proportions. The Softneſs of the Fleſh, the Delicacy of the Shape, Air, and Poſture, and the Correctneſs of Deſign in this Statue are inexpreſſible. I have ſeveral Reaſons to believe that the Name of the Sculptor on the Pedeſtal is not ſo old as the Statue. This Figure of *Venus* put me in mind of a Speech ſhe makes in one of the *Greek* Epigrams.

Γυμνὴν οἶδε Πάεις μὲ καὶ Ἀγχίσης καὶ Ἄδωνις,
Τὰς τρεῖς οἶδα μόνους, Πραξιτέλης δὲ πόθεν;

Anchiſes, *Paris*, and *Adonis* too
Have ſeen me naked, and expos'd to view;
All theſe I frankly own without denying:
But where has this *Praxiteles* been prying?

There

There is another *Venus* in the ſame Circle, that would make a good Figure any where elſe. There are among the old *Roman* Statues ſeveral of *Venus* in different Poſtures and Habits, as there are many particular Figures of her made after the ſame Deſign. I fancy it is not hard to find among them ſome that were made after the three Statues of this Goddeſs, which *Pliny* mentions. In the ſame Chamber is the *Roman* Slave whetting his Knife and liſt'ning, which from the Shoulders upward is incomparable. The two Wreſtlers are in the ſame Room. I obſerved here likewiſe a very curious Buſt of *Annius Verus*, the young Son of *Marcus Aurelius*, who dy'd at nine Years of Age. I have ſeen ſeveral other Buſts of him at *Rome*, tho' his Medals are exceeding rare.

The Great Duke has ordered a large Chamber to be fitted up for old Inſcriptions, Urns, Monuments, and the like Sets of Antiquities. I was ſhown ſeveral of them which are not yet put up. There are the two famous Inſcriptions that give ſo great a light to the Hiſtories of *Appius*, who made the Highway, and of *Fabius* the Dictator; they contain a ſhort Account of the Honours they paſſed through, and the Actions they performed. I ſaw too the Buſts of *Tranquillina*, Mother to *Gordianus Pius*, and of *Quintus Herennius*, Son to *Trajan Decius*, which are extremely valuable for their Rarity; and a beautiful old Figure made after the celebrated Hermaphrodite in the *Villa Borgheſe*. I ſaw nothing that has not been obſerved by ſeveral others in the *Argentaria*, the Tabernacle of St. *Laurence*'s Chapel, and the Chamber of Painters. The Chapel of St. *Laurence* will be perhaps the moſt coſtly Piece of Work on the Face of the Earth, when compleated; but it advances ſo very ſlowly, that 'tis not impoſſible

ble but the Family of *Medicis* may be extinct before their Burial-Place is finish'd.

The Great Duke has liv'd many Years ſeparate from the Dutcheſs, who is at preſent in the Court of *France*, and intends there to end her Days. The Cardinal his Brother is old and infirm, and could never be induced to reſign his Purple for the uncertain Proſpect of giving an Heir to the Dukedom of *Tuſcany*. The great Prince has been married ſeveral Years without any Children; and notwithſtanding all the Precautions in the World were taken for the Marriage of the Prince his younger Brother (as the finding out a Lady for him who was in the Vigour and Flower of her Age, and had given Marks of her Fruitfulneſs by a former Husband) they have all hitherto proved unſucceſsful. There is a Branch of the Family of *Medicis* in *Naples*: The Head of it has been own'd as a Kinſman by the Great Duke, and 'tis thought will ſucceed to his Dominions, in caſe the Princes his Sons die Childleſs; though 'tis not impoſſible but, in ſuch a Conjuncture, the Commonwealths, that are thrown under the Great Dutchy, may make ſome Efforts towards the Recovery of their ancient Liberty.

I was in the Library of Manuſcripts belonging to St. *Laurence*, of which there is a Printed Catalogue. I look'd into the *Virgil*, which diſputes its Antiquity with that of the *Vatican*. It wants the *Ille ego qui quondam*, &c. and the twenty two Lines in the ſecond *Æneid*, beginning at *Jamque adeò ſuper unus eram*. —— I muſt confeſs I always thought this Paſſage left out with a great deal of Judgment by *Tucca* and *Varius*, as it ſeems to contradict a Part in the ſixth *Æneid*, and repreſents the Hero in a Paſſion, that is, at leaſt, not at all becoming the Greatneſs of his Character. Beſides, I think the Apparition of

of *Venus* comes in very properly to draw him away from the Sight of *Priam*'s Murder; for without ſuch a Machine to take him off, I can't ſee how the Hero could, with Honour, leave *Neoptolemus* triumphant, and *Priam* unrevenged. But ſince *Virgil*'s Friends thought fit to let drop this Incident of *Helen*, I wonder they would not blot out, or alter a Line in *Venus*'s Speech, that has a relation to the Rencounter, and comes in improperly without it;

Non tibi Tyndaridæ facies inviſa Lacænæ,
Culpatuſve Paris ——— Æn. 2. v. 601.

Not *Helen*'s Face, nor *Paris* was in fault.
Dryden.

Florence for modern Statues I think excels even *Rome*; but theſe I ſhall paſs over in Silence, that I may not tranſcribe out of others.

The Way from *Florence* to *Bolonia* runs over ſeveral Ranges of Mountains, and is the worſt Road, I believe, of any over the *Apennines*; for this was my third time of croſſing them. It gave me a lively Idea of *Silius Italicus*'s Deſcription of *Hannibal*'s March.

Quoque magis ſubiere jugo atque evadere niſi
Erexere gradum, creſcit labor, ardua ſuprà
Seſe aperit feſſis, et naſcitur altera moles. Lib. 3.

From Steep to Steep the Troops advanc'd with Pain,
In hopes at laſt the topmoſt Cliff to gain;
But ſtill by new Aſcents the Mountain grew,
And a freſh Toil preſented to their View.

I ſhall conclude this Chapter with the Deſcriptions which

which the *Latin* Poets have given us of the *Apennines*. We may obſerve in them all the remarkable Qualities of this prodigious length of Mountains, that run from one Extremity of *Italy* to the other, and give Riſe to an incredible Variety of Rivers that water this delightful Country.

——— *Nubifer Apenninus.*
Ovid. Metam. Lib. 2. v. 226.

Cloud-bearing *Apennine.*

——— *Qui Siculum porrectus ad uſque Pelorum,*
Finibus ab Ligurum, populos amplectitur omnes
Italiæ, geminumque latus ſtringentia longè
Utraque perpetuo diſcriminat æquora tractu.
Claud. de ſexto Conſ. Hon.

Which, ſtretching from *Liguria*'s diſtant Bounds
To where the Strait of *Sicily* reſounds,
Extends itſelf thro' all *Italia*'s Sons,
Embracing various Nations as it runs;
And from the Summit of its rocky Chain
Beholds, on either Hand, the hoarſe-reſounding Main.

——— *Mole nivali*
Alpibus æquatum attollens caput Apenninus.
Sil. Ital. Lib. 2.

The *Apennine*, crown'd with perpetual Snow,
High as the tow'ring *Alps* erects its loſty Brow.

Horrebat glacie Saxa inter lubrica Summo
Piniferum cælo miſcens caput Apenninus:
Condiderat Nix alta trabes, et vertice celſo
Canus apex ſtrictâ ſurgebat ad aſtra pruinâ.
Id. Lib. 4.

Deform'd

Deform'd with Ice, the ſhady *Apennine*
Mix'd with the Skies; and, cover'd deep with Mows,
High as the Stars his hoary Summit roſe.

Umbroſis mediam quà collibus Apenninus
Erigit Italiam, nullo quâ vertice tellus
Altiùs intumuit, propiuſque acceſſit Olympo,
Mons inter geminas medius ſe porrigit undas
Inferni, ſuperique maris: colleſque coercent,
Hinc Tyrrhena vado frangentes æquora Piſæ,
Illinc Dalmaticis obnoxia fluctibus Ancon.
Fontibus hic vaſtis immenſos concipit amnes,
Fluminaque in gemini ſpargit divortia ponti.
Lucan. Lib. 2. v. 396.

In Pomp the ſhady *Apennines* ariſe,
And lift th' aſpiring Nation to the Skies;
No Land like *Italy* erects the Sight
By ſuch a vaſt Aſcent, or ſwells to ſuch a Height:
Her num'rous States the tow'ring Hills divide,
And ſee the Billows riſe on either Side;
At *Piſa* here the Range of Mountains ends,
And here to high *Ancona*'s Shores extends:
In their dark Womb a thouſand Rivers lie,
That with continu'd Streams the double Sea ſupply.

Bolonia,

BOLONIA, MODENA, PARMA, TURIN, &c.

AFTER a very tedious Journey over the *Appennines*, we at last came to the River that runs at the Foot of them, and was formerly call'd the little *Rhine*. Following the Course of this River we arrived in a short time at *Bolonia*.

——— *Parvique Bononia Rheni.* Sil. Ital. Lib. 8.

Bolonia water'd by the petty *Rhine*.

We here quickly felt the Difference of the Northern from the Southern Side of the Mountains, as well in the Coldness of the Air, as in the Badness of the Wine. This Town is famous for the Richness of the Soil that lies about it, and the Magnificence of its Convents. It is likewise esteemed the Third in *Italy* for Pictures, as having been the School of the *Lombard* Painters. I saw in it three Rarities of different kinds, which pleased me more than any other Shows of the Place. The first was an authentick Silver Medal of the younger *Brutus*, in the Hands of an eminent Antiquary. One may see the Character of the

the Perſon in the Features of the Face, which is exquiſitely well cut. On the Reverſe is the Cap of Liberty, with a Dagger on each Side of it, ſubſcribed *Id. Mar.* for the Ides of *March*, the famous Date of *Cæſar*'s Murder. The Second was a Picture of *Raphael*'s in St. *Giouanni* in *Monte*. It is extremely well preſerved, and repreſents St. *Cecilia* with an Inſtrument of Muſick in her Hands. On one ſide of her are the Figures of St. *Paul*, and St. *John*; and on the other, of *Mary Magdalene*, and St. *Auſtin*. There is ſomething wonderfully Divine in the Airs of this Picture. I cannot forbear mentioning, for my Third Curioſity, a new Staircaſe that Strangers are generally carried to ſee, where the Eaſineſs of the Aſcent within ſo ſmall a Compaſs, the Diſpoſition of the Lights, and the convenient Landing are admirably well contrived. The Wars of *Italy*, and the Seaſon of the Year, made me paſs thro' the Dutchies of *Modena*, *Parma*, and *Savoy*, with more haſte than I would have done at another time. The Soil of *Modena* and *Parma* is very rich and well cultivated. The Palaces of the Princes are magnificent, but neither of them is yet finiſhed. We procured a Licence of the Duke of *Parma* to enter the Theatre and Gallery, which deſerve to be ſeen as well as any thing of that nature in *Italy*. The Theatre is, I think, the moſt ſpacious of any I ever ſaw, and at the ſame time ſo admirably well contrived, that from the very Depth of the Stage the loweſt Sound may be heard diſtinctly to the fartheſt Part of the Audience, as in a Whiſpering-Place; and yet if you raiſe your Voice as high as you pleaſe, there is nothing like an Echo to cauſe in it the leaſt Confuſion. The Gallery is hung with a numerous Collection of Pictures, all done by celebrated Hands. On one Side of the Gallery

Gallery is a large Room adorned with Inlay'd Tables, Cabinets, Works in Amber, and other Pieces of great Art and Value. Out of this we were led into another great Room, furniſhed with old Inſcriptions, Idols, Buſts, Medals, and the like Antiquities. I could have ſpent a Day with great Satisfaction in this Apartment, but had only time to paſs my Eye over the Medals, which are in great Number, and many of them very rare. The ſcarceſt of all is a *Peſcennius Niger* on a Medalion well preſerved. It was coined at *Antioch*, where this Emperor trifled away his Time 'till he loſt his Life and Empire. The Reverſe is a *Dea Salus*. There are two of *Otho*, the Reverſe a *Serapis*; and two of *Meſſalina* and *Poppæa* in middle Braſs, the Reverſes of the Emperor *Claudius*. I ſaw two Medalions of *Plotina* and *Matildia*, the Reverſe to each a *Pietas*; with two Medals of *Pertinax*, the Reverſe of one *Vota Decennalia*, and of the other *Diis Cuſtodibus*; and another of *Gordianus Africanus*, the Reverſe I have forgot.

The Principalities of *Modena* and *Parma* are much about the ſame Extent, and have each of them two large Towns, beſides a great number of little Villages. The Duke of *Parma* however is much richer than the Duke of *Modena*. Their Subjects would live in great Plenty amidſt ſo rich and well cultivated a Soil, were not the Taxes and Impoſitions ſo very Exorbitant; for the Courts are much too ſplendid and magnificent for the Territories that lie about them, and one cannot but be amazed to ſee ſuch a Profuſion of Wealth laid out in Coaches, Trappings, Tables, Cabinets, and the like precious Toys, in which there are few Princes of *Europe* who equal them, when at the ſame time they

they have not had the Generoſity to make Bridges over the Rivers of their Countries, for the Convenience of their Subjects, as well as Strangers, who are forced to pay an unreaſonable Exaction at every Ferry upon the leaſt riſing of the Waters. A Man might well expect in theſe ſmall Governments, a much greater Regulation of Affairs, for the Eaſe and Benefit of the People, than in large over-grown States, where the Rules of Juſtice, Beneficence, and Mercy, may be eaſily put out of their Courſe, in paſſing thro' the Hands of Deputies, and a long Subordination of Officers. And it would certainly be for the Good of Mankind to have all the mighty Empires and Monarchies of the World cantoned out into petty States and Principalities, that, like ſo many large Families, might lie under the Eye and Obſervation of their proper Governours; ſo that the Care of the Prince might extend it ſelf to every individual Perſon under his Protection. But ſince ſuch a general Scheme can never be brought about, and, if it were, it would quickly be deſtroyed by the Ambition of ſome particular State aſpiring above the reſt, it happens very ill at preſent to be born under one of theſe petty Sovereigns, that will be ſtill endeavouring, at his Subjects Coſt, to equal the Pomp and Grandeur of greater Princes, as well as to out-vie thoſe of his own Rank.

For this Reaſon there are no People in the World, who live with more Eaſe and Proſperity, than the Subjects of little Commonwealths, as on the contrary there are none who ſuffer more under the Grievances of a hard Government, than the Subjects of little Principalities. I left the Road of *Milan* on my Right Hand, having before ſeen that City, and after having paſſed through

Aſti,

Aſti, the Frontier Town of *Savoy*, I at laſt came within Sight of the *Po*, which is a fine River even at *Turin*, though within ſix Miles of its Source. This River has been made the Scene of two or three Poetical Stories. *Ovid* has choſen it out to throw his *Phaeton* into it, after all the ſmaller Rivers had been dry'd up in the Conflagration.

I have read ſome Botanical Criticks, who tell us the Poets have not rightly followed the Traditions of Antiquity, in Metamorphoſing the Siſters of *Phaeton* into Poplars, who ought to have been turned into Larch-trees; for that it is this kind of Tree which ſheds a Gum, and is commonly found on the Banks of the *Po*. The Change of *Cycnus* into a Swan, which cloſes up the Diſaſters of *Phaeton*'s Family, was wrought on the ſame Place where the Siſters were turned into Trees. The Deſcriptions that *Virgil* and *Ovid* have made of it cannot be ſufficiently admired.

Claudian has ſet off his Deſcription of the *Eridanus* with all the Poetical Stories that have been made of it.

——— Ille caput placidis ſublime fluentis
Extulit, & totis lucem ſpargentia ripis
Aurea roranti micuerunt cornua vultu.
Non illi madidum vulgaris arundine crinem
Velat bonos; rami caput umbravere virentes
Heliadum, totiſque fluunt electra capillis.
Palla tegit latos humeros, currusque paterno
Intextus Phaëton glaucos incendit amictus:
Fultaque ſub gremio cælatis nobilis aſtris
Ætherium probat uxna deum. Namque omnia luctûs
Argumenta ſui Titan ſignavit Olympo,
Mutatumque ſenem plumis, et fronde ſorores,

Et

Et fluvium, nati qui vulnera lavit anheli,
Stat gelidis Auriga plagis; veſtigia fratris
Germanæ ſervant Hyades, Cycnique ſodalis
Lacteus extentas aſpergit circulus alas.
Stellifer Eridanus ſinuatis fluctibus errans,
Clara noti convexa rigat ———

Claudian. de ſexto Conſ. Honorii.

His Head above the Floods he gently rear'd,
And as he roſe his golden Horns appear'd,
That on the Forehead ſhone divinely bright,
And o'er the Banks diffus'd a yellow Light:
No interwoven Reeds a Garland made,
To hide his Brows within the vulgar Shade;
But Poplar Wreaths around his Temples ſpread,
And Tears of Amber trickled down his Head:
A ſpacious Veil from his broad Shoulders flew,
That ſet th' unhappy *Phaeton* to view:
The flaming Chariot and the Steeds it ſhow'd,
And the whole Fable in the Mantle glow'd:
Beneath his Arm an Urn ſupported lies,
With Stars embelliſh'd and fictitious Skies.
For *Titan*, by the mighty Loſs diſmay'd,
Among the Heav'ns th' Immortal Fact diſplay'd,
Leſt the Remembrance of his Grief ſhould fail,
And in the Conſtellations wrote his Tale.
A Swan in Memory of *Cycnus* ſhines;
The Mourning Siſters weep in watry Signs;
The burning Chariot, and the Charioteer,
In bright *Boötes* and his Wane appear;
Whilſt in a Track of Light the Waters run,
That waſh'd the Body of his blaſted Son.

The River *Po* gives a Name to the chief Street of *Turin*, which fronts the Duke's Palace, and,

when finiſh'd, will be one of the nobleſt in *Italy* for its Length. There is one Convenience in this City that I never obſerved in any other, and which makes ſome amends for the Badneſs of the Pavement. By the help of a River, that runs on the upper Side of the Town, they can convey a little Stream of Water through all the moſt conſiderable Streets, which ſerves to cleanſe the Gutters, and carries away all the Filth that is ſwept into it. The Manager opens his Sluice every Night, and diſtributes the Water into what Quarters of the Town he pleaſes. Beſides the ordinary Convenience that ariſes from it, it is of great uſe when a Fire chances to break out; for at a few Minutes warning they have a little River running by the very Walls of the Houſe that is burning. The Court of *Turin* is reckon'd the moſt ſplendid and polite of any in *Italy*; but by reaſon of its being in Mourning, I could not ſee it in its Magnificence. The common People of this State are more exaſperated againſt the *French* than even the reſt of the *Italians*. For the great Miſchiefs they have ſuffer'd from them are ſtill freſh upon their Memories, and, notwithſtanding this Interval of Peace, one may eaſily trace out the ſeveral Marches, which the *French* Armies have made through their Country, by the Ruin and Deſolation they have left behind them. I paſſed through *Piedmont* and *Savoy*, at a time when the Duke was forced, by the Neceſſity of his Affairs, to be in Alliance with the *French*.

I came directly from *Turin* to *Geneva*, and had a very eaſy Journey over Mount *Cennis*, though about the Beginning of *December*, the Snows having not yet fallen. On the Top of this high Mountain is a large Plain, and in the midſt of the Plain a beautiful

a beautiful Lake, which would be very extraordinary were there not several Mountains in the Neighbourhood rising over it. The Inhabitants thereabout pretend that it is unfathomable, and I question not but the Waters of it fill up a deep Valley, before they come to a level with the Surface of the Plain. It is well-stock'd with Trouts, though they say it is cover'd with Ice three quarters of a Year.

There is nothing in the natural Face of *Italy* that is more delightful to a Traveller, than the several Lakes which are dispersed up and down among the many Breaks and Hollows of the *Alps* and *Apennines*. For as these vast Heaps of Mountains are thrown together with so much Irregularity and Confusion, they form a great Variety of hollow Bottoms, that often lie in the Figure of so many artificial Basons; where, if any Fountains chance to rise, they naturally spread themselves into Lakes, before they can find any Issue for their Waters. The ancient *Romans* took a great deal of Pains to hew out a Passage for these Lakes to discharge themselves into some neighbouring River, for the bettering of the Air, or the recovering of the Soil that lay underneath them. The draining of the *Fucinus* by the Emperor *Claudius*, with the prodigious Multitude of Spectators who attended it, and the famous *Naumachia* and splendid Entertainment, which were made upon it before the Sluices were open'd, is a known Piece of History. In all our Journey thro' the *Alps*, as well when we climb'd as when we descended them, we had still a River running along with the Road, that probably at first occasion'd the Discovery of this Passage. I shall end this Chapter with a Description of the *Alps*, as I did the last with those

of the *Apennines*. The Poet perhaps would not have taken notice, that there is no Spring nor Summer on theſe Mountains, but becauſe in this reſpect the *Alps* are quite different from the *Apennines*, which have as delightful green Spots among them as any in *Italy*.

Cuncta gelu canâque æternùm grandine tecta,
Atque ævi glaciem cohibent: riget ardua montis
Ætherii facies, ſurgentique obvia Phœbo
Duratas neſcit flammis mollire pruinas:
Quantùm Tartareus regni pallentis hiatus
Ad manes imos atque atræ ſtagna paludis
A ſuperâ tellure patet, tam longa per auras
Erigitur tellus, & cœlum intercipit Umbrâ.
Nullum ver uſquam, nullique Æſtatis honores;
Sola jugis habitat diris, ſedeſque tuetur
Perpetuas deformis Hyems: illa undique nubes
Huc atras agit, et minitas cum grandine nimbos.
Nam cuncti flatus ventique furentia regna
Alpinâ poſuere domo, caligat in altis
Obtutus ſaxis, abeuntque in nubila montes.
Sil. Ital. Lib. 3.

Stiff with Eternal Ice, and hid in Snow
That fell a thouſand Centuries ago,
The Mountain ſtands; nor can the riſing Sun
Unfix her Froſts, and teach 'em how to run:
Deep as the dark Infernal Waters lie
From the bright Regions of the chearful Sky,
So far the proud aſcending Rocks invade
Heav'n's upper Realms, and caſt a dreadful Shade:
No Spring nor Summer on the Mountain ſeen
Smiles with gay Fruits, or with delightful Green;
But hoary Winter, unadorn'd and bare,
Dwells in the dire Retreat, and freezes there;

There

There She assembles all her blackest Storms,
And the rude Hail in rattling Tempests forms;
Thither the loud tumultuous Winds resort,
And on the Mountain keep their boist'rous Court,
That in thick Show'rs her rocky Summit shrowds,
And darkens all the broken View with Clouds.

GENEVA

AND THE

LAKE.

NEAR St. *Julian* in *Savoy* the *Alps* begin to enlarge themſelves on all ſides, and open into a vaſt Circuit of Ground, which, in Reſpect of the other Parts of the *Alps*, may paſs for a plain Champion Country. This Extent of Lands, with the *Leman* Lake, would make one of the prettieſt and moſt defenſible Dominions in *Europe*, was it all thrown into a ſingle State, and had *Geneva* for its *Metropolis*. But there are three powerful Neighbours, who divide among them the greateſt part of this fruitful Country. The Duke of *Savoy* has the *Chablais*, and all the Fields that lie beyond the *Arve*, as far as to the *Ecluſe*. The King of *France* is Maſter of the whole Country of *Gex*; and the Canton of *Bern* comes in for that of *Vaud*. *Geneva* and its little Territories lie in the Heart of theſe three States. The greateſt part of the Town ſtands upon a Hill, and has its View bounded on all Sides by ſeveral Ranges of Mountains, which are however at ſo great a Diſtance, that they leave open

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a wonderful Variety of beautiful Proſpects. The Situation of theſe Mountains has ſome particular Effects on the Country, which they incloſe. As firſt, they cover it from all Winds, except the South and North. 'Tis to the laſt of theſe Winds that the Inhabitants of *Geneva* aſcribe the Healthfulneſs of their Air; for as the *Alps* ſurround them on all ſides, they form a vaſt kind of Baſon, where there would be a conſtant Stagnation of Vapours, the Country being ſo well water'd, did not the North Wind put them in Motion, and ſcatter them from time to time. Another Effect the *Alps* have on *Geneva* is, that the Sun here riſes later and ſets ſooner than it does to other Places of the ſame Latitude. I have often obſerved that the Tops of the neighbouring Mountains have been covered with Light above half an Hour after Sun is down, in reſpect of thoſe who live at *Geneva*. Theſe Mountains likewiſe very much increaſe their Summer Heats, and make up an Horizon that has ſomething in it very ſingular and agreeable. On one Side you have the long Tract of Hills, that goes under the Name of Mount *Jura*, covered with Vineyards and Paſturage, and on the other huge Precipices of naked Rocks riſing up in a thouſand odd Figures, and cleft in ſome Places, ſo as to diſcover high Mountains of Snow that lie ſeveral Leagues behind them. Towards the South the Hills riſe more inſenſibly, and leave the Eye a vaſt uninterrupted Proſpect for many Miles. But the moſt beautiful View of all is the Lake, and the Borders of it that lie North of the Town.

This Lake reſembles a Sea in the Colour of its Waters, the Storms that are raiſed on it, and the Ravage it makes on its Banks. It receives too a different Name from the Coaſts it waſhes, and in Summer has ſomething like an Ebb and Flow,

which ariſes from the melting of the Snows that fall into it more copiouſly at Noon than at other times of the Day. It has five different States bordering on it, the Kingdom of *France*, the Dutchy of *Savoy*, the Canton of *Bern*, the Biſhoprick of *Sion*, and the Republick of *Geneva*. I have ſeen Papers fix'd up in the Canton of *Bern*, with this magnificent Preface; *Whereas we have been informed of ſeveral Abuſes committed in our Ports and Harbours on the Lake*, &c.

I made a little Voyage round the Lake, and touch'd on the ſeveral Towns that lie on its Coaſts, which took up near five Days, tho' the Wind was pretty fair for us all the while.

The Right Side of the Lake from *Geneva* belongs to the Duke of *Savoy*, and is extremely well cultivated. The greateſt Entertainment we found in coaſting it were the ſeveral Proſpects of Woods, Vineyards, Meadows, and Corn Fields which lie on the Borders of it, and run up all the Sides of the *Alps*, where the Barrenneſs of the Rocks, or the Steepneſs of the Aſcent will ſuffer them. The Wine however on this ſide of the Lake is by no means ſo good as that on the other, as it has not ſo open a Soil, and is leſs expos'd to the Sun. We here paſs'd by *Yvoire*, where the Duke keeps his Gallies, and lodg'd at *Tonon*, which is the greateſt Town on the Lake belonging to the *Savoyard*. It has four Convents, and they ſay about ſix or ſeven thouſand Inhabitants. The Lake is here about twelve Miles in Breadth. At a little Diſtance from *Tonon* ſtands *Ripaille*, where is a Convent of *Carthuſians*. They have a large Foreſt cut out into Walks, that are extremely thick and gloomy, and very ſuitable to the Genius of the Inhabitants. There are *Viſta's* in it of a great Length, that terminate upon the Lake. At one Side of the Walks you have a near

Proſpect

Proſpect of the *Alps*, which are broken into ſo many Steeps and Precipices, that they fill the Mind with an agreeable kind of Horror, and form one of the moſt irregular miſ-ſhapen Scenes in the World. The Houſe, that is now in the Hands of the *Carthuſians*, belong'd formerly to the Hermites of St. *Maurice*, and is famous in Hiſtory for the Retreat of an Anti-Pope, who call'd himſelf *Felix* the Fifth. He had been Duke of *Savoy*, and after a very glorious Reign took on him the Habit of a Hermite, and retired into this Solitary Spot of his Dominions. His Enemies will have it, that he lived here in great Eaſe and Luxury; from whence the *Italians* to this Day make uſe of the Proverb, *Andare a Ripaglia*, and the *French*, *Faire Ripaille*, to expreſs a delightful kind of Life. They ſay too, that he had great Managements with ſeveral Eccleſiaſticks before he turned Hermit, and that he did it in the View of being advanced to the Pontificate. However it was, he had not been here half a Year, before he was choſen Pope by the Council of *Baſil*, who took upon them to Depoſe *Eugenio* the Fourth. This promiſed fair at firſt; but by the Death of the Emperor, who favoured *Amadeo*, and the Reſolution of *Eugenio*, the greateſt part of the Church threw it ſelf again under the Government of their depoſed Head. Our Anti-Pope however was ſtill ſupported by the Council of *Baſil*, and owned by *Savoy*, *Switzerland*, and a few other little States. This Schiſm laſted in the Church nine Years, after which *Felix* voluntarily reſigned his Title into the Hands of Pope *Nicholas* the Fifth; but on the following Conditions, That *Amadeo* ſhould be the firſt Cardinal in the Conclave; That the Pope ſhould always receive him ſtanding, and offer him his Mouth to kiſs; That he ſhould be perpetual Cardinal-Legate

in the States of *Savoy* and *Switzerland*, and in the Archbiſhopricks of *Geneva*, *Sion*, *Breſs*, &c. And laſtly, That all the Cardinals of his Creation ſhould be recognized by the Pope. After he had made a Peace ſo acceptable to the Church, and ſo honourable to himſelf, he ſpent the Remainder of his Life with great Devotion at *Ripaille*, and died with an extraordinary Reputation of Sanctity.

At *Tonon* they ſhowed us a Fountain of Water that is in great Eſteem for its Wholſomneſs. They ſay it weighs two Ounces in a Pound leſs than the ſame Meaſure of the Lake Water, notwithſtanding this laſt is very good to drink, and as clear as can be imagined. A little above *Tonon* is a Caſtle and ſmall Garriſon. The next Day we ſaw other ſmall Towns on the Coaſt of *Savoy*, where there is nothing but Miſery and Poverty. The nearer you come to the End of the Lake, the Mountains on each ſide grow thicker and higher, 'till at laſt they almoſt meet. One often ſees on the Tops of the Mountains ſeveral ſharp Rocks that ſtand above the reſt; for as theſe Mountains have been doubtleſs much higher than they are at preſent, the Rains have waſhed away abundance of the Soil, that has left the Veins of Stones ſhooting out of them; as in a decay'd Body the Fleſh is ſtill ſhrinking from the Bones. The Natural Hiſtories of *Switzerland* talk very much of the Fall of theſe Rocks, and the great Damage they have ſometimes done, when their Foundations have been mouldred with Age, or rent by an Earthquake. We ſaw in ſeveral Parts of the *Alps*, that bordered upon us, vaſt Pits of Snow, as ſeveral Mountains that lie at a greater Diſtance are wholly covered with it. I fancied the Confuſion of Mountains and Hollows, I here obſerved, furniſhed me with a more probable Reaſon than any I have met

met with for thoſe Periodical Fountains in *Switzerland*, which flow only at ſuch particular Hours of the Day. For as the Tops of theſe Mountains caſt their Shadows upon one another, they hinder the Sun's ſhining on ſeveral Parts at ſuch certain times, ſo that there are ſeveral Heaps of Snow which have the Sun lying upon them two or three Hours together, and are in the Shade all the Day afterwards. If therefore it happens that any particular Fountain takes its Riſe from any of theſe Reſervoirs of Snow, it will naturally begin to flow on ſuch Hours of the Day as the Snow begins to melt: but as ſoon as the Sun leaves it again to freeze and harden the Fountain dries up, and receives no more Supplies 'till about the ſame time the next Day, when the Heat of the Sun again ſets the Snows running that fall into the ſame little Conduits, Traces, and Canals, and by conſequence break out and diſcover themſelves always in the ſame Place. At the very Extremity of the Lake the *Rhone* enters, and, when I ſaw it, brought along with it a prodigious Quantity of Water, the Rivers and Lakes of this Country being much higher in Summer than in Winter, by reaſon of the melting of the Snows. One would wonder how ſo many Learned Men could fall into ſo great an Abſurdity, as to believe this River could preſerve itſelf unmix'd with the Lake, till its going out again at *Geneva*, which is a Courſe of many Miles. It was extremely muddy at its entrance, when I ſaw it, though as clear as Rock-Water at its going out. Beſides, that it brought in much more Water than it carried off. The River indeed preſerves it ſelf for about a Quarter of a Mile in the Lake, but is afterwards ſo wholly mix'd and loſt with the Waters of the Lake, that one diſcovers nothing like a Stream 'till within about a Quarter of a Mile of *Geneva*.

Geneva. From the End of the Lake to the Source of the *Rhone* is a Valley of about four Days Journey in Length, which gives the Name of *Valleſins* to its Inhabitants, and is the Dominion of the Biſhop of *Sion.* We lodg'd the ſecond Night at *Villa Neuve*, a little Town in the Canton of *Bern*, where we found good Accommodations, and a much greater Appearance of Plenty than on the other ſide of the Lake. The next Day, having paſſed by the Caſtle of *Chillon*, we came to *Verſoy*, another Town in the Canton of *Bern*, where *Ludlow* retired after having left *Geneva* and *Lauſanne.* The Magiſtrates of the Town warned him out of the firſt by the Sollicitation of the Dutcheſs of *Orleans*, as the Death of his Friend *Liſle* made him quit the other. He probably choſe this Retreat as a Place of the greateſt Safety, it being an eaſy Matter to know what Strangers are in the Town, by reaſon of its Situation. The Houſe he lived in has this Inſcription over the Door;

Omne ſolum forti patria
quia patris.

The firſt Part is a Piece of Verſe in *Ovid*, as the laſt is a Cant of his own. He is buried in the beſt of the Churches with the following Epitaph.

Siſte gradum et reſpice.

Hic jacet Edmond Ludlow, Anglus Natione, Provinciæ Wiltonienſis, filius Henrici Equeſtris Ordinis, Senatoriſque Parliamenti, cujus quoque fuit ipſe membrum, Patrum ſtemmate clarus et nobilis, virtute propriâ nobilior, Religione proteſtans et inſigni pietate coruſcus, Ætatis Anno 23 Tribunus Militum, paulo poſt

poſt exercitûs prætor primarius. Tunc Hibernorum domitor, in pugnâ intrepidus et vitæ prodigus, in victoriâ clemens et manſuetus, patriæ Libertatis Defenſor, et poteſtatis Arbitrariæ propugnator acerrimus; cujus cauſâ ab eâdem patriâ 32 annis extorris, meliorique fortunâ Dignus apud Helvetios ſe recepit, ibique ætatis Anno 73 Moriens ſui deſiderium Relinquens ſedes æternas lætus advolavit.

Hocce Monumentum, in perpetuam veræ et ſinceræ pietatis erga Maritum defunctum memoriam, dicat et vovet Domina Elizabeth de Thomas, ejus ſtrenua et mæſtiſſima, tam in infortuniis quam in matrimonio conſors dilectiſſima, quæ animi magnitudine et vi amoris conjugalis mota eum in exilium ad obitum uſque conſtanter ſecuta eſt. Anno Dom. 1693.

Here lies *Edmund Ludlow*, by Birth an *Engliſhman*, of the County of *Wilts*; Son of Sir *Henry Ludlow* Knight; a Member of Parliament, as his Father had likewiſe been; more diſtinguiſh'd by his Virtue, than his Family, tho' an antient and good one; by Religion a Proteſtant, and remarkable for his eminent Piety: In the 23d Year of his Age he had the Command of a Regiment, and, ſoon after, the Poſt of Lieutenant-General: In which Quality he ſubdued the *Iriſh*, being intrepid in Fight, and expoſing himſelf to the greateſt Dangers; but in Victory merciful and humane: A Defender of the Liberty of his Country, and a ſtrenuous Oppoſer of Arbitrary Power: upon which Account being baniſh'd 32 Years from his native Country, and worthy of a better Fortune, he retired into *Switzerland*, where he died, univerſally regretted, in the 73d Year of his Age.

This Monument was erected, in perpetual Memory of her true and ſincere Affection towards her deceas'd

deceas'd Husband, by Dame *Elizabeth Thomas*, his beloved Wife, and afflicted, but conſtant, Partner, as well in Misfortunes, as in Wedlock; who, excited by her own Greatneſs of Mind, and the Force of conjugal Love, follow'd him into Baniſhment, and conſtantly bore him company to his Death. *A. D.* 1693.

Ludlow was a conſtant frequenter of Sermons and Prayers, but would never Communicate with them either of *Geneva* or *Vevy*. Juſt by his Monument is a Tombſtone with the following Inſcription.

Depoſitorium

Andreæ Broughton Armigeri Anglicani Maydſtonenſis in Comitatu Cantii ubi bis prætor Urbanus. Dignatuſque etiam fuit ſententiam Regis Regum profari. Quam ob cauſam expulſus patriâ ſuâ, peregrinatione ejus finitâ, ſolo ſenectutis morbo affectus requieſcens à laboribus ſuis in Domino abdormivit, 23 die Feb. Anno D. 1687. *ætatis ſuæ* 84. The Remains of *Andrew Broughton* Eſq; an *Engliſhman*, of *Maidſtone* in the County of *Kent*, of which Place he was twice Mayor. He had the Honour likewiſe to pronounce the Sentence of the King of Kings. Upon which Account being baniſh'd from his Country, after his Travels were at an end, affected with no other Diſeaſe than that of old Age, he reſted from his Labours, and fell aſleep in the Lord, the 23d of *February*, *A. D.* 1687, in the 84th Year of his Age. The Inhabitants of the Place could give no Account of this *Broughton*; but, I ſuppoſe, by his Epitaph, it is the ſame Perſon that was Clerk to the pretended High Court of Juſtice, which paſſed Sentence on the Royal Martyr.

The

The next Day we ſpent at *Lauſanne*, the greateſt Town on the Lake, after *Geneva*. We ſaw the Wall of the Cathedral Church that was opened by an Earthquake, and ſhut again ſome Years after by a Second. The Crack can but be juſt diſcerned at preſent, though there are ſeveral in the Town ſtill living who have formerly paſſed through it. The Duke of *Schomberg*, who was killed in *Savoy*, lies in this Church, but without any Monument or Inſcription over him. *Lauſanne* was once a Republick, but is now under the Canton of *Bern*, and governed, like the reſt of their Dominions, by a Bailif, who is ſent them every three Years from the Senate of *Bern*. There is one Street of this Town that has the Privilege of acquitting or condemning any Perſon of their own Body, in Matters of Life and Death. Every Inhabitant of it has his Vote, which makes a Houſe here ſell better than in any other Part of the Town. They tell you that not many Years ago it happen'd, that a Cobler had the Caſting Vote for the Life of the Criminal, which he very graciouſly gave on the merciful Side. From *Lauſanne* to *Geneva* we coaſted along the Country of the *Vaud*, which is the fruitfulleſt and beſt cultivated Part of any among the *Alps*. It belonged formerly to the Duke of *Savoy*, but was won from him by the Canton of *Bern*, and made over to it by the Treaty of St. *Julian*, which is ſtill very much regretted by the *Savoyard*. We call'd in at *Morge*, where there is an artificial Port, and a Show of more Trade than in any other Town on the Lake. From *Morge* we came to *Nyon*. The *Colonia Equeſtris*, that *Julius Cæſar* ſettled in this Country, is generally ſuppoſed to have been planted in this Place. They have often dug up old *Roman* Inſcriptions and Statues, and as I walk'd in the Town I obſerved in the Walls of ſeveral

several Houses the Fragments of vast *Corinthian* Pillars, with several other Pieces of Architecture, which must have formerly belonged to some very noble Pile of Building. There is no Author that mentions this Colony, yet it is certain by several old *Roman* Inscriptions that there was such an one. *Lucan* indeed speaks of a Part of *Cæsar*'s Army, that came to him from the *Leman* Lake in the beginning of the Civil War.

Deseruere cavo tentoria fixa Lemanno.
Lib. 1. v. 396.

They left their Tents pitch'd on the *Leman* Lake.

At about five Miles distance from *Nyon* they show still the Ruins of *Cæsar*'s Wall, that reached eighteen Miles in Length from Mount *Jura* to the Borders of the Lake, as he has described it in the first Book of his Commentaries. The next Town upon the Lake is *Versoy*, which we could not have an Opportunity of seeing, as belonging to the King of *France*. It has the Reputation of being extremely poor and beggarly. We sailed from hence directly for *Geneva*, which makes a very noble Show from the Lake. There are near *Geneva* several Quarries of Freestone that run under the Lake. When the Water is at lowest they make within the Borders of it a little Square inclosed with four Walls. In this Square they sink a Pit, and dig for Freestone; the Walls hindering the Waters from coming in upon them, when the Lake rises and runs on all Sides of them. The great Convenience of Carriage makes these Stones much cheaper than any that can be found upon firm Land. One sees several deep Pits that have been made at several times as one sails over

over them. As the Lake approaches *Geneva* it grows ſtill narrower and narrower, 'till at laſt it changes its Name into the *Rhone*, that turns all the Mills of the Town, and is extremely rapid, notwithſtanding its Waters are very deep. As I have ſeen great Part of the Courſe of this River, I cannot but think it has been guided by the particular Hand of Providence. It riſes in the very Heart of the *Alps*, and has a long Valley that ſeems hewn out on purpoſe to give its Waters a Paſſage amidſt ſo many Rocks and Mountains which are on all Sides of it. This brings it almoſt in a direct Line to *Geneva*. It would there overflow all the Country, were there not one particular Cleft that divides a vaſt Circuit of Mountains, and conveys it off to *Lyons*. From *Lyons* there is another great Rent, which runs acroſs the whole Country in almoſt another ſtraight Line, and notwithſtanding the vaſt Height of the Mountains that riſe about it, gives it the ſhorteſt Courſe it can take to fall into the Sea. Had ſuch a River as this been left to it ſelf to have found its way out from among the *Alps*, whatever Windings it had made it muſt have formed ſeveral little Seas, and have laid many Countries under Water before it had come to the End of its Courſe. I ſhall not make any Remarks upon [illegible] is a Republick ſo well known to the [illegible]. It lies at preſent under ſome Difficulties by reaſon of the Emperor's Diſpleaſure, who has forbidden the Importation of their Manufactures into [illegible] Part of the Empire, which will certainly raiſe a Sedition among the People, unleſs the Magiſtrates find ſome way to remedy it: and they ſay it is already done by the Interpoſition of the States of *Holland*. The Occaſion of the Emperor's Prohibition was their furniſhing great Sums to the King of *France* for the Payment of his

Army

Army in *Italy*. They obliged themſelves to remit, after the rate of twelve hundred thouſand Pounds Sterling *per Annum*, divided into ſo many Monthly Payments. As the Intereſt was very great, ſeveral of the Merchants of *Lyons*, who would not truſt their King in their own Names, are ſaid to have contributed a great deal under the Names of *Geneva* Merchants. The Republick fancies it ſelf hardly treated by the Emperor, ſince it is not any Action of the State, but a Compact among private Perſons that have furniſhed out theſe ſeveral Remittances. They pretend however to have put a ſtop to them, and by that means are in hopes again to open their Commerce into the Empire.

Fribourg,

Fribourg, Bern, Soleurre, Zurich, St. Gaul, Lindaw, &c.

FROM *Geneva* I travelled to *Lauſanne*, and thence to *Fribourg*, which is but a mean Town for the Capital of ſo large a Canton: Its Situation is ſo irregular, that they are forced to climb up to ſeveral Parts of it by Stair-caſes of a prodigious Aſcent. This Inconvenience however gives them a very great Commodity in caſe a Fire breaks out in any Part of the Town; for by reaſon of ſeveral Reſervoirs on the tops of theſe Mountains, by the opening of a Sluice they convey a River into what Part of the Town they pleaſe. They have four Churches, four Convents of Women, and as many for Men. The little Chapel, called the *Salutation*, is very neat, and built with a pretty Fancy. The College of Jeſuits is, they ſay, the fineſt in *Switzerland*. There is a great deal of Room in it, and ſeveral beautiful Views from the different Parts of it. They have a Collection of Pictures repreſenting moſt of the Fathers of their Order, who have been eminent for their Piety or Learning. Among the reſt, many

Engliſh

English Men, whom we name Rebels, and they Martyrs. *Henry Garnet*'s Inſcription ſays, That, when the Hereticks could not prevail with him, either by Force or Promiſes, to change his Religion, they hanged and quartered him. At the *Capucins* I ſaw the Eſcargatoire, which I took the more notice of, becauſe I do not remember to have met with any thing of the ſame nature in other Countries. It is a ſquare Place boarded in, and filled with a vaſt quantity of large Snails, that are eſteemed excellent Food when they are well dreſſed. The Floor is ſtrowed about half a Foot deep with ſeveral kinds of Plants, among which the Snails neſtle all the Winter Seaſon. When *Lent* arrives, they open their Magazines, and take out of them the beſt-meagre Food in the World; for there is no Diſh of Fiſh that they reckon comparable to a Ragoût of Snails.

About two Leagues from *Fribourg* we went to ſee a Hermitage, that is reckon'd the greateſt Curioſity of theſe Parts. It lies in the prettieſt Solitude imaginable, among Woods and Rocks, which at firſt ſight diſpoſe a Man to be ſerious. There has lived in it a Hermite theſe five and twenty Years, who with his own Hands has worked in the Rock a pretty Chapel, a Sacriſty, a Chamber, Kitchin, Cellar, and other Conveniences. His Chimney is carry'd up through the whole Rock, ſo that you ſee the Sky through it, notwithſtanding the Rooms lie very deep. He has cut the Side of the Rock into a Flat for a Garden, and by laying on it the waſte Earth that he has found in ſeveral of the neighbouring Parts, has made ſuch a Spot of Ground of it as furniſhes out a kind of Luxury for an Hermite. As he ſaw drops of Water diſtilling from ſeveral Parts of the Rock, by following the Veins of them, he has made himſelf two or three Fountains in the Bowels

Bowels of the Mountain, that ſerve his Table, and water his little Garden.

We had very bad Ways from hence to *Bern*, a great Part of them through Woods of Fir-trees. The great Quantity of Timber they have in this Country makes them mend their Highways with Wood inſtead of Stone. I could not but take notice of the Make of ſeveral of their Barns I here ſaw, After having laid a Frame of Wood for the Foundation, they place at the four Corners of it four huge Blocks, cut in ſuch a Shape as neither Mice nor any other ſort of Vermin can creep up the Sides of them, at the ſame time that they raiſe the Corn above the Moiſture that might come into it from the Ground. The whole Weight of the Barn is ſupported by theſe four Blocks.

What pleaſed me moſt at *Bern* was their publick Walks by the great Church. They are raiſed extremely high, and, that their Weight might not break down the Walls and Pilaſters which ſurround them, they are built upon Arches and Vaults. Tho' they are, I believe, as high as moſt Steeples in *England* from the Streets and Gardens that lie at the Foot of them, yet, about forty Years ago, a Perſon in his Drink fell down from the very top to the bottom, without doing himſelf any other hurt than the breaking of an Arm. He dy'd about four Years ago. There is the nobleſt Summer-Proſpect in the World from this Walk; for you have a full View of a huge Range of Mountains that lie in the Country of the *Griſons*, and are bury'd in Snow. They are about twenty five Leagues diſtance from the Town, though by reaſon of their Height and their Colour they ſeem much nearer. The Cathedral Church ſtands on one ſide of theſe Walks, and is perhaps the moſt magnificent of any Proteſtant Church

Church in *Europe*, out of *England*. It is a very bold Work, and a Master-piece in *Gothic* Architecture.

I saw the Arsenal of *Bern*, where they say there are Arms for twenty thousand Men. There is indeed no great Pleasure in visiting these Magazines of War after one has seen two or three of them; yet it is very well worth a Traveller's while to look into all that lie in his Way; for besides the Idea it gives him of the Forces of a State, it serves to fix in his Mind the most considerable Parts of its History. Thus in that of *Geneva* one meets with the Ladders, Petard, and other Utensils which were made use of in their famous Escalade, besides the Weapons they took of the *Savoyards*, *Florentines*, and *French* in the several Battles mentioned in their History. In this of *Bern* you have the Figure and Armour of the Count who founded the Town, of the famous *Tell*, who is represented as shooting at the Apple on his Son's Head. The Story is too well known to be repeated in this Place. I here likewise saw the Figure and Armour of him that headed the Peasants in the War upon *Bern*, with the several Weapons which were found in the Hands of his Followers. They shew too abundance of Arms that they took from the *Burgundians* in the three great Battles which establish'd them in their Liberty, and destroy'd the Great Duke of *Burgundy* himself, with the bravest of his Subjects. I saw nothing remarkable in the Chambers where the Council meet, nor in the Fortifications of the Town. These last were made on occasion of the Peasants Insurrection, to defend the Place for the future against the like sudden Assaults. In their Library I observed a couple of antique Figures in Metal, of a Priest pouring Wine between the Horns of a Bull. The

Priest

Prieſt is veil'd after the manner of the old *Roman* Sacrificers, and is repreſented in the ſame Action that *Virgil* deſcribes in the fourth *Æneid*.

Ipſa tenens dextrâ pateram pulcherrima Dido,
Candentis vaccæ mediâ inter cornua fundit. v. 60.

The beauteous Queen before her Altar ſtands,
And holds the golden Goblet in her hands:
A milk-white Heifer ſhe with Flow'rs adorns,
And pours the ruddy Wine betwixt her Horns.
Dryden.

This Antiquity was found at *Lauſanne*.

The Town of *Bern* is plentifully furniſh'd with Water, there being a great multitude of handſome Fountains planted at ſet Diſtances from one end of the Streets to the other. There is indeed no Country in the World better ſupply'd with Water, than the ſeveral Parts of *Switzerland* that I travell'd through. One meets every where in the Roads with Fountains continually running into huge Troughs that ſtand underneath them, which is wonderfully commodious in a Country that ſo much abounds with Horſes and Cattle. It has ſo many Springs breaking out of the Sides of the Hills, and ſuch vaſt Quantities of Wood to make Pipes of, that it is no Wonder they are ſo well ſtock'd with Fountains.

On the Road between *Bern* and *Soleurre* there is a Monument erected by the Republick of *Bern*, which tells us the Story of an *Engliſh* Man, who is not to be met with in any of our own Writers. The Inſcription is in *Latin* Verſe on one ſide of the Stone, and in *German* on the other. I had not time

to

to copy it; but the Substance of it is this: "One "*Cussinus*, an *English* Man, to whom the Duke of "*Austria* had given his Sister in Marriage, came "to take her from among the *Swiss* by Force of "Arms; but, after having ravaged the Country for "some time, he was here overthrown by the Can-"ton of *Bern*.

Soleurre is our next considerable Town that seemed to me to have a greater Air of Politeness than any I saw in *Switzerland*. The *French* Ambassador has his Residence in this Place. His Master contributed a great Sum of Money to the Jesuits Church, which is not yet quite finished. It is the finest modern Building in *Switzerland*. The old Cathedral Church stood not far from it. At the Ascent that leads to it are a couple of antique Pillars, which belonged to an old heathen Temple, dedicated to *Hermes*. They seem *Tuscan* by their Proportion. The whole Fortification of *Soleurre* is faced with Marble. But its best Fortifications are the high Mountains that lie within its Neighbourhood, and separate it from the *Franche Comté*.

The next Day's Journey carry'd us through other Parts of the Canton of *Bern*, to the little Town of *Moudon*, [illegible] all my Road through *Switzerland*, the Wine that grows in the Country of *Vaud* on the Border of the Lake of *Geneva*, which is very cheap, notwithstanding the great distance between the Vineyards and the Towns that sell the Wine. But the Navigable Rivers of *Switzerland* are as commodious to them in this respect, as the Sea is to the *English*. As soon as the Vintage is over, they ship off their Wine upon the Lake, which furnishes all the Towns that lie upon its Borders. What they design for other Parts of the

Country

Country they unload at *Vevy*, and after about half a Day's Land-Carriage convey it into the River *Aar*, which brings it down the Stream to *Bern*, *Soleurre*, and, in a word, distributes it through all the richeſt Parts of *Switzerland*; as it is eaſy to gueſs from the firſt ſight of the Map, which ſhows us the natural Communication Providence has formed between the many Rivers and Lakes of a Country that is at ſo great a diſtance from the Sea. The Canton of *Bern* is reckoned as powerful as all the reſt together. They can ſend a hundred thouſand Men into the Field; tho' the Soldiers of the Catholick Cantons, who are much poorer, and therefore forced to enter oftner into Foreign Armies, are more eſteemed than the Proteſtants.

We lay one Night at *Meldingen*, which is a little *Roman* Catholick Town with one Church, and no Convent. It is a Republick of it ſelf, under the Protection of the eight ancient Cantons. There are in it a hundred Burgeſſes, and about a thouſand Souls. Their Government is modelled after the ſame manner with that of the Cantons, as much as ſo ſmall a Community can imitate thoſe of ſo large an Extent. For this Reaſon, though they have very little Buſineſs to do, they have all the variety of Councils and Officers that are to be met with in the greater States. They have a Town-houſe to meet in, adorn'd with the Arms of the eight Cantons their Protectors. They have three Councils, the Great Council of Fourteen, the Little Council of Ten, and the Privy Council of Three. The chief of the State are the two Avoyers: When I was there, the reigning Avoyer, or Doge of the Commonwealth, was Son to the Inn where I was lodg'd; his Father having enjoy'd the ſame Honours before him. His Revenue amounts to about

thirty Pound a Year. The ſeveral Councils meet every *Thurſday* upon Affairs of State, ſuch as the Reparation of a Trough, the mending of a Pavement, or any the like Matters of Importance. The River that runs through their Dominions puts them to the Charge of a very large Bridge, that is all made of Wood, and coped over Head, like the reſt in *Switzerland*. Thoſe that travel over it pay a certain Due towards the Maintenance of this Bridge. And as the *French* Ambaſſador has often Occaſion to paſs this Way, his Maſter gives the Town a Penſion of twenty Pound Sterling, which makes them extremely induſtrious to raiſe all the Men they can for his Service, and keeps this powerful Republick firm to the *French* Intereſt. You may be ſure the preſerving of the Bridge, with the Regulation of the Dues ariſing from it, is the grand Affair that cuts out Employment for the ſeveral Councils of State. They have a ſmall Village belonging to them, whither they punctually ſend a Bailif for the Diſtribution of Juſtice; in Imitation ſtill of the Great Cantons. There are three other Towns that have the ſame Privileges and Protectors.

We dined the next Day at *Zurich*, that is prettily ſituated on the Out-let of the Lake, and is reckoned the handſomeſt Town in *Switzerland*. The chief Places ſhown to Strangers are the Arſenal, the Library, and the Town-houſe. This laſt is but lately finiſhed, and is a very fine Pile of Building. The Frontiſpiece has Pillars of a beautiful black Marble ſtreaked with white, which is found in the neighbouring Mountains. The Chambers for the ſeveral Councils, with the other Apartments, are very neat. The whole Building is indeed ſo well deſign'd, that it would make a good Figure even in *Italy*. It is pity they have ſpoil'd the Beauty of the Walls

Walls with abundance of childiſh *Latin* Sentences, that conſiſt often in a Jingle of Words. I have indeed obſerved in ſeveral Inſcriptions of this Country, that your Men of Learning here are extremely delighted in playing little Tricks with Words and Figures; for your *Swiſs* Wits are not yet got out of the Anagram and Acroſtick. The Library is a very large Room, pretty well filled. Over it is another Room furniſh'd with ſeveral artificial and natural Curioſities. I ſaw in it a huge Map of the whole Country of *Zurich* drawn with a Pencil, where they ſee every particular Fountain and Hillock in their Dominions. I ran over their Cabinet of Medals, but don't remember to have met with any in it that are extraordinary rare. The Arſenal is better than that of *Bern*, and they ſay has Arms for thirty thouſand Men. At about a Day's Journey from *Zurich* we entered on the Territories of the Abbot of St. *Gaul*. They are four Hours riding in Breadth, and twelve in Length. The Abbot can raiſe in it an Army of twelve thouſand Men well armed and exerciſed. He is Sovereign of the whole Country, and under the Protection of the Cantons of *Zurich*, *Lucerne*, *Glaris* and *Switz*. He is always choſen out of the Abby of *Benedictines* at St. *Gaul*. Every Father and Brother of the Convent has a Voice in the Election, which muſt afterwards be confirmed by the Pope. The laſt Abbot was Cardinal *Sfondrati*, who was advanced to the Purple about two Years before his Death. The Abbot takes the Advice and Conſent of his Chapter before he enters on any Matter of Importance, as the levying of a Tax, or declaring of a War. His chief Lay-Officer is the Grand *Maître d' Hôtel*, or High Steward of the Houſhold, who is named by the Abbot, and has the Management of all Affairs under him. There are ſeveral other Judges

and Diſtributers of Juſtice appointed for the ſeveral Parts of his Dominions, from whom there always lies an Appeal to the Prince. His Reſidence is generally at the *Benedictine* Convent at St. *Gaul*, notwithſtanding the Town of St. *Gaul* is a little Proteſtant Republick, wholly independent of the Abbot, and under the Protection of the Cantons.

One would wonder to ſee ſo many rich Burgeois in the Town of St. *Gaul*, and ſo very few poor People in a Place that has ſcarce any Lands belonging to it, and little or no Income but what ariſes from its Trade. But the great Support and Riches of this little State is in its Linen Manufacture, which employs almoſt all Ages and Conditions of its Inhabitants. The whole Country about them furniſhes them with vaſt Quantities of Flax, out of which they are ſaid to make yearly forty thouſand Pieces of Linen Cloth, reckoning two hundred Ells to the Piece. Some of their Manufacture is as finely wrought as any that can be met with in *Holland*; for they have excellent Artiſans, and great Commodities for whitening. All the Fields about the Town were covered with their Manufacture, that coming in the Dusk of the Evening we miſtook them for a Lake. They ſend of their Works upon Mules into *Italy*, *Spain*, *Germany*, and all the adjacent Countries. They reckon in the Town of St. *Gaul*, and in the Houſes that lie ſcattered about it, near ten thouſand Souls, of which there are ſixteen hundred Burgeois. They chooſe their Councils and Burgomaſters out of the Body of the Burgeois, as in the other Governments of *Switzerland*, which are every where of the ſame Nature, the difference lying only in the Numbers of ſuch as are employed in State-Affairs, which are proportioned to the Grandeur of the States that employ them. The Abbey and the Town

Town bear a great Averſion to one another; but in the general Diet of the Cantons their Repreſentatives ſit together, and act by Concert. The Abbot deputes his *Grand Maître d' Hôtel*, and the Town one of its Burgo-Maſters.

About four Years ago, the Town and Abbey would have come to an open Rupture, had it not been timely prevented by the Interpoſition of their common Protectors. The Occaſion was this. A *Benedictine* Monk, in one of their annual Proceſſions, carried his Croſs erected thro' the Town, with a Train of three or four thouſand Peaſants following him. They had no ſooner entered the Convent, but the whole Town was in a Tumult, occaſion'd by the Inſolence of the Prieſt, who, contrary to all Precedents, had preſumed to carry his Croſs in that manner. The Burgeois immediately put themſelves in Arms, and drew down four Pieces of their Cannon to the Gates of the Convent. The Proceſſion, to eſcape the Fury of the Citizens, durſt not return by the Way it came, but, after the Devotions of the Monks were finiſh'd, paſs'd out at a Back-door of the Convent, that immediately led into the Abbot's Territories. The Abbot on his Part raiſes an Army, blocks up the Town on the Side that faces his Dominions, and forbids his Subjects to furniſh it with any of their Commodities. While Things were juſt ripe for a War, the Cantons, their Protectors, interpos'd as Umpires in the Quarrel, condemning the Town that had appear'd too forward in the Diſpute to a Fine of two thouſand Crowns; and enacting at the ſame time, That as ſoon as any Proceſſion enter'd their Walls, the Prieſt ſhould let the Croſs hang about his Neck without touching it with either Hand, 'till he came within the Precincts of the Abbey. The Citizens could bring into the Field near two

thouſand Men well exercis'd, and arm'd to the beſt Advantage, with which they fancy they could make Head againſt twelve or fifteen thouſand Peaſants; for ſo many the Abbot could eaſily raiſe in his Territories. But the Proteſtant Subjects of the Abbey, who they ſay make up a good Third of its People, would probably, in caſe of a War, abandon the Cauſe of their Prince for that of their Religion. The Town of St. *Gaul* has an Arſenal, Library, Town-houſes, and Churches proportionable to the Bigneſs of the State. It is well enough fortify'd to reſiſt any ſudden Attack, and to give the Cantons time to come to their Aſſiſtance. The Abbey is by no means ſo Magnificent as one would expect from its Endowments. The Church is one huge Nef with a double Aiſle to it. At each End is a large Quire. The one of them is ſupported by vaſt Pillars of Stone, cas'd over with a Compoſition that looks the moſt like Marble of any thing one can imagine. On the Cieling and Walls of the Church are Liſts of Saints, Martyrs, Popes, Cardinals, Archbiſhops, Kings, and Queens, that have been of the *Benedictine* Order. There are ſeveral Pictures of ſuch as have been diſtinguiſh'd by their Birth, Sanctity, or Miracles, with Inſcriptions that let you into the Name and Hiſtory of the Perſons repreſented. I have often wiſh'd that ſome Traveller would take the Pains to gather together all the modern Inſcriptions which are to be met with in *Roman* Catholick Countries, as *Gruter* and others have copied out the ancient Heathen Monuments. Had we two or three Volumes of this Nature, without any of the Collector's own Reflexions, I am ſure there is nothing in the World could give a truer Idea of the *Roman* Catholick Religion, nor expoſe more the Pride, Vanity, and Self-Intereſt of Convents, the Abuſe of Indulgencies, the

Folly

Folly and Impertinence of Votaries, and in ſhort the Superſtition, Credulity, and Childiſhneſs of the *Roman* Catholick Religion. One might fill ſeveral Sheets at St. *Gaul*, as there are few conſiderable Convents or Churches that would not afford large Contributions.

As the King of *France* diſtributes his Penſions through all the Parts of *Switzerland*, the Town and Abbey of St. *Gaul* come in too for their Share. To the firſt he gives five hundred Crowns *per Annum*, and to the other a thouſand. This Penſion has not been paid theſe three Years, which they attribute to their not acknowledging the Duke of *Anjou* for King of *Spain*. The Town and Abbey of St. *Gaul* carry a Bear in their Arms. The *Roman* Catholicks have this Bear's Memory in very great Veneration, and repreſent him as the firſt Convert their Saint made in the Country. One of the moſt Learned of the *Benedictine* Monks gave me the following Hiſtory of him, which he deliver'd to me with Tears of Affection in his Eyes. St. *Gaul*, it ſeems, whom they call the great Apoſtle of *Germany*, found all this Country little better than a vaſt Deſart. As he was walking in it on a very cold Day, he chanc'd to meet a Bear in his Way. The Saint, inſtead of being ſtartled at the Rencounter, order'd the Bear to bring him a Bundle of Wood, and make him a Fire. The Bear ſerv'd him to the beſt of his Ability, and at his Departure was commanded by the Saint to retire into the very Depth of the Woods, and there to paſs the reſt of his Life without ever hurting Man or Beaſt. From this time, ſays the Monk, the Bear liv'd irreproachably, and obſerv'd to his dying Day the Orders that the Saint had given him.

I have often conſider'd, with a great deal of Pleaſure, the profound Peace and Tranquillity that reigns

in *Switzerland* and its Alliances. It is very wonderful to ſee ſuch a Knot of Governments, which are ſo divided among themſelves in Matters of Religion, maintain ſo uninterrupted an Union and Correſpondence, that no one of them is for invading the Rights of another, but remains content within the Bounds of its firſt Eſtabliſhment. This, I think, muſt be chiefly aſcribed to the Nature of the People, and the Conſtitution of their Governments. Were the *Swiſs* animated by Zeal or Ambition, ſome or other of their States would immediately break in upon the reſt; or were the States ſo many Principalities, they might often have an ambitious Sovereign at the Head of them, that would embroil his Neighbours, and ſacrifice the Repoſe of his Subjects to his own Glory. But as the Inhabitants of theſe Countries are naturally of a heavy phlegmatick Temper, if any of their leading Members have more Fire and Spirit than comes to their Share, it is quickly temper'd by the Coldneſs and Moderation of the reſt who ſit at the Helm with them. To this we may add, that the *Alps* is the worſt Spot of Ground in the World to make Conqueſts in, a great part of its Governments being ſo naturally intrenched among Woods and Mountains. However it be, we find no ſuch Diſorders among them as one would expect in ſuch a Multitude of States; for as ſoon as any publick Rupture happens, it is immediately clos'd up by the Moderation and good Offices of the reſt that interpoſe.

As all the conſiderable Governments among the *Alps* are Commonwealths, ſo indeed it is a Conſtitution the moſt adapted of any other to the Poverty and Barrenneſs of theſe Countries. We may ſee only in a neighbouring Government the ill Conſequence of having a Deſpotic Prince, in a State that

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is moſt of it compoſed of Rocks and Mountains; for notwithſtanding there is a vaſt Extent of Lands, and many of them better than thoſe of the *Swiſs* and *Griſons*, the common People among the latter are much more at their Eaſe, and in a greater Affluence of all the Conveniencies of Life. A Prince's Court eats too much into the Income of a poor State, and generally introduces a kind of Luxury and Magnificence, that ſets every particular Perſon upon making a higher Figure in his Station than is generally conſiſtent with his Revenue.

It is the great Endeavour of the ſeveral Cantons of *Switzerland*, to baniſh from among them every thing that looks like Pomp or Superfluity. To this End the Miniſters are always Preaching, and the Governors putting out Edicts, againſt Dancing, Gaming, Entertainments, and fine Clothes. This is become more neceſſary in ſome of the Governments, ſince there are ſo many Refugees ſettled among them; for tho' the Proteſtants in *France* affect ordinarily a greater Plainneſs and Simplicity of Manners, than thoſe of the ſame Quality who are of the *Roman* Catholick Communion, they have however too much of their Country Gallantry for the Genius and Conſtitution of *Switzerland*. Should Dreſſing, Feaſting, and Balls once get among the Cantons, their Military Roughneſs would be quickly loſt, their Tempers would grow too ſoft for their Climate, and their Expences out-run their Incomes; beſides that the Materials for their Luxury muſt be brought from other Nations, which would immediately ruin a Country that has few Commodities of its own to export, and is not over-ſtock'd with Money. Luxury indeed wounds a Republick in its very Vitals, as its natural Conſequences are Rapine, Avarice, and Injuſtice; for the more Money a Man ſpends,

the more muſt he endeavour to augment his Stock; which at laſt ſets the Liberty and Votes of a Commonwealth to Sale, if they find any Foreign Power that is able to pay the Price of them. We ſee no where the pernicious Effects of Luxury on a Republick more than in that of the ancient *Romans*, who immediately found it ſelf poor as ſoon as this Vice got Footing among them, tho' they were poſſeſs'd of all the Riches in the World. We find in the Beginnings and Increaſes of their Commonwealth ſtrange Inſtances of the Contempt of Money, becauſe indeed they were utter Strangers to the Pleaſure that might be procured by it; or in other Words, becauſe they were wholly ignorant of the Arts of Luxury. But as ſoon as they once enter'd into a Taſte of Pleaſure, Politeneſs, and Magnificence, they fell into a thouſand Violences, Conſpiracies, and Diviſions, that threw them into all the Diſorders imaginable, and terminated in the utter Subverſion of the Commonwealth. It is no wonder therefore the poor Commonwealths of *Switzerland* are ever labouring at the Suppreſſion and Prohibition of every thing that may introduce Vanity and Luxury. Beſides, the ſeveral Fines that are ſet upon Plays, Games, Balls, and Feaſtings, they have many Cuſtoms among them which very much contribute to the keeping up of their ancient Simplicity. The Bourgeois, who are at the Head of the Governments, are obliged to appear at all their publick Aſſemblies in a black Cloak and a Band. The Womens Dreſs is very plain, thoſe of the beſt Quality wearing nothing on their Heads generally but Furs, which are to be met with in their own Country. The Perſons of different Qualities in both Sexes are indeed allowed their different Ornaments; but theſe are generally ſuch as are by no means coſtly, being rather deſign'd as Marks

Marks of Diſtinction than to make a Figure. The chief Officers of *Bern*, for Example, are known by the Crowns of their Hats, which are much deeper than thoſe of an inferior Character. The Peaſants are generally clothed in a coarſe kind of Canvas, that is the Manufacture of the Country. Their Holy-day Clothes go from Father to Son, and are ſeldom worn out, 'till the Second or Third Generation: So that it is common enough to ſee a Countryman in the Doublet and Breeches of his Great-grandfather.

Geneva is much politer than *Switzerland*, or any of its Allies, and is therefore looked upon as the Court of the *Alps*, whither the Proteſtant Cantons often ſend their Children to improve themſelves in Language and Education. The *Genevois* have been very much refin'd, or, as others will have it, corrupted, by the Converſation of the *French* Proteſtants, who make up almoſt a third of their People. It is certain they have very much forgotten the Advice that *Calvin* gave them in a great Council a little before his Death, when he recommended to them, above all Things, an Exemplary Modeſty and Humility, and as great a Simplicity in their Manners, as in their Religion. Whether or no they have done well, to ſet up for making another kind of Figure, Time will witneſs. There are ſeveral that fancy the great Sums they have remitted into *Italy*, though by this means they make their Court to the King of *France* at preſent, may ſome time or other give him an Inclination to become the Maſter of ſo wealthy a City.

As this Collection of little States abounds more in Paſturage than in Corn, they are all provided with their publick Granaries, and have the Humanity to furniſh one another in publick Exigencies, when

when the Scarcity is not Universal. As the Administration of Affairs, relating to these publick Granaries, is not very different in any of the particular Governments, I shall content my self to set down the Rules observed in it by the little Commonwealth of *Geneva*, in which I had more Time to inform my self of the Particulars than in any other. There are Three of the Little Council deputed for this Office. They are oblig'd to keep together a Provision sufficient to feed the People at least two Years, in case of War or Famine. They must take care to fill their Magazines in Times of the greatest Plenty, that so they may afford cheaper, and increase the publick Revenue at a small Expence of its Members. None of the Three Managers must, upon any Pretence, furnish the Granaries from his own Fields, that so they may have no Temptation to pay too great a Price, or put any bad Corn upon the Publick. They must buy up no Corn growing within twelve Miles of *Geneva*, that so the filling of their Magazines may not prejudice their Market, and raise the Price of their Provisions at Home. That such a Collection of Corn may not spoil in keeping, all the Inns and Publick-Houses are obliged to furnish themselves out of it, by which means is raised the most considerable Branch of the publick Revenues; the Corn being sold out at a much dearer Rate than 'tis bought up. So that the greatest Income of the Commonwealth, which pays the Pensions of most of its Officers and Ministers, is raised on Strangers and Travellers, or such of their own Body as have Money enough to spend at Taverns and Publick-Houses.

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It is the Cuſtom in *Geneva* and *Switzerland*, to divide their Eſtates equally among all their Children, by which means every one lives at his Eaſe without growing dangerous to the Republick; for as ſoon as an overgrown Eſtate falls into the Hands of one that has many Children, it is broken into ſo many Portions as render the Sharers of it rich enough, without raiſing them too much above the Level of the reſt. This is abſolutely neceſſary in theſe little Republicks, where the rich Merchants live very much within their Eſtates, and by heaping up vaſt Sums from Year to Year might become formidable to the reſt of their Fellow-Citizens, and break the Equality, which is ſo neceſſary in theſe kinds of Governments, were there not means found out to diſtribute their Wealth among ſeveral Members of their Republick. At *Geneva*, for Inſtance, are Merchants reckon'd worth Twenty Hundred Thouſand Crowns, though, perhaps, there is not one of them who ſpends to the value of Five Hundred Pounds a Year.

Though the Proteſtants and Papiſts know very well, that it is their common Intereſt to keep a ſteddy Neutrality in all the Wars between the States of *Europe*, they cannot forbear ſiding with a Party in their Diſcourſe. The Catholicks are zealous for the *French* King, as the Proteſtants do not a little glory in the Riches, Power, and good Succeſs of the *Engliſh* and *Dutch*, whom they look upon as the Bulwarks of the Reformation. The Miniſters in particular have often preached againſt ſuch of their Fellow-Subjects as enter into the Troops of the *French* King; but ſo long as the *Swiſs* ſee their Intereſt in it, their Poverty will always hold them faſt to his Service. They have indeed the Exerciſe of their Religion,

ligion, and their Miniſters with them; which is the more remarkable, becauſe the very ſame Prince refus'd even thoſe of the Church of *England*, who follow'd their Maſter to St. *Germains*, the publick Exerciſe of their Religion.

Before I leave *Switzerland*, I cannot but obſerve, that the Notion of Witchcraft reigns very much in this Country. I have often been tired with Accounts of this Nature from very ſenſible Men that are moſt of them furniſh'd with Matters of Fact which have happen'd, as they pretend, within the compaſs of their own Knowledge. It is certain there have been many Executions on this Account, as in the Canton of *Bern* there were ſome put to death during my Stay at *Geneva*. The People are ſo univerſally infatuated with the Notion, that, if a Cow falls ſick, it is Ten to One but an old Woman is clap'd up in Priſon for it; and if the poor Creature chance to think her ſelf a Witch, the whole Country is for hanging her up without Mercy. One finds indeed the ſame Humour prevail in moſt of the rocky barren Parts of *Europe:* Whether it be that Poverty and Ignorance, which are generally the Products of theſe Countries, may really engage a Wretch in ſuch dark Practices, or whether or no the ſame Principles may not render the People too credulous, and perhaps too eaſy to get rid of ſome of their unprofitable Members.

A great Affair that employs the *Swiſs* Politicks at preſent is the Prince of *Conti*'s Succeſſion to the Dutcheſs of *Nemours* in the Government of *Neuf-Chatel*. The Inhabitants of *Neuf-Chatel* can by no means think of ſubmitting themſelves to a Prince, who is a *Roman* Catholick, and a Subject of *France*. They were very attentive to his Conduct in the Prin-

Principality of *Orange*, which they did not queſtion but he would Rule with all the Mildneſs and Moderation imaginable, as it would be the beſt Means in the World to recommend him to *Neuf-Chatel*. But notwithſtanding it was ſo much his Intereſt to manage his Proteſtant Subjects in that Country, and the ſtrong Aſſurances he had given them in protecting them in all their Privileges, and particularly in the free Exerciſe of their Religion, he made over his Principality in a very little time, for a Sum of Money, to the King of *France*. It is indeed generally believed the Prince of *Conti* would rather ſtill have kept his Title to *Orange*; but the ſame Reſpect, which induced him to quit this Government, might at another time tempt him to give up that of *Neuf-Chatel* on the like Conditions. The King of *Pruſſia* lays in his Claim for *Neuf-Chatel*, as he did for the Principality of *Orange*, and 'tis probable would be more acceptable to the Inhabitants than the other; but they are generally diſpos'd to declare themſelves a free Commonwealth, after the Death of the Dutcheſs of *Nemours*, if the *Swiſs* will ſupport them. The Proteſtant Cantons ſeem much inclined to aſſiſt them, which they may very well do, in caſe the Dutcheſs dies, whilſt the King of *France* has his Hands ſo full of Buſineſs on all ſides of him. It certainly very much concerns them not to ſuffer the *French* King to eſtabliſh his Authority on this ſide Mount *Jura*, and on the very Borders of their Country; but it is not eaſy to foreſee what a round Sum of Money, or the Fear of a Rupture with *France*, may do among a People, who have tamely ſuffer'd the *Franche Compté* to be ſeiz'd on, and a Fort to be built within Cannon-ſhot of one of their Cantons.

There

There is a new Sect ſprung up in *Switzerland*, which ſpreads very much in the Proteſtant Cantons, The Profeſſors of it call themſelves *Pietiſts*: And as Enthuſiaſm carries Men generally to the like Extravagancies, they differ but little from ſeveral Sectaries in other Countries. They pretend in general to great Refinements, as to what regards the Practice of Chriſtianity, and to obſerve the following Rules. To retire much from the Converſation of the World: To ſink themſelves into an intire Repoſe and Tranquillity of Mind: In this State of Silence, to attend the ſecret Illapſe and Flowings in of the Holy Spirit, that may fill their Minds with Peace and Conſolation, Joys or Raptures: To favour all his ſecret Intimations, and give themſelves up intirely to his Conduct and Direction, ſo as neither to ſpeak, move, or act, but as they find his Impulſe on their Souls: To retrench themſelves within the Conveniencies and Neceſſities of Life: To make a Covenant with all their Senſes, ſo far as to ſhun the Smell of a Roſe or Violet, and to turn away their Eyes from a beautiful Proſpect: To avoid, as much as is poſſible, what the World calls Innocent Pleaſures, leſt they ſhould have their Affections tainted by any Senſuality, and diverted from the Love of him, who is to be the only Comfort, Repoſe, Hope, and Delight of their whole Beings. This Sect prevails very much among the Proteſtants of *Germany*, as well as thoſe of *Switzerland*, and has occaſion'd ſeveral Edicts againſt it in the Dutchy of *Saxony*. The Profeſſors of it are accus'd of all the ill Practices, which may ſeem to be the Conſequence of their Principles; as that they aſcribe the worſt of Actions, which their own vicious Tempers throw

throw them upon, to the Dictates of the Holy Spirit; that both Sexes, under Pretence of devout Converſation, viſit one another at all Hours, and in all Places, without any regard to common Decency, often making their Religion a Cover for their Immoralities; and that the very beſt of them are poſſeſs'd with Spiritual Pride, and a Contempt for all ſuch as are not of their own Sect. The *Roman* Catholicks, who reproach the Proteſtants for their breaking into ſuch a multitude of Religions, have certainly taken the moſt effectual way in the World for the keeping their Flocks together; I don't mean the Puniſhments they inflict on Mens Perſons, which are commonly look'd upon as the chief Methods by which they deter them from breaking through the Pale of the Church, though certainly theſe lay a very great Reſtraint on thoſe of the *Roman* Catholick Perſuaſion. But I take one great Cauſe, why there are ſo few Sects in the Church of *Rome*, to be the multitude of Convents, with which they every where abound, that ſerve as Receptacles for all thoſe fiery Zealots who would ſet the Church in a Flame, were not they got together in theſe Houſes of Devotion. All Men of dark Tempers, according to their Degree of Melancholy or Enthuſiaſm, may find Convents fitted to their Humours, and meet with Companions as gloomy as themſelves. So that what the Proteſtants would call a Fanatick, is, in the *Roman* Church, a Religious of ſuch or ſuch an Order; as I have been told of an *Engliſh* Merchant at *Lisbon*, who, after ſome great Diſappointments in the World, was reſolv'd to turn Quaker or Capucin; for, in the Change of Religion, Men of ordinary Underſtandings don't ſo much conſider the Principles, as the Practice of thoſe to whom they go over.

From

From St. *Gaul* I took Horſe to the Lake of *Conſtance*, which lies at two Leagues diſtance from it, and is form'd by the Entry of the *Rhine*. This is the only Lake in *Europe* that diſputes for Greatneſs with that of *Geneva*; it appears more beautiful to the Eye, but wants the fruitful Fields and Vineyards that border upon the other. It receives its Name from *Conſtance*, the chief Town on its Banks. When the Cantons of *Bern* and *Zurich* propoſed, at a general Diet, the Incorporating *Geneva* in the number of the Cantons, the *Roman* Catholick Party, fearing the Proteſtant Intereſt might receive by it too great a Strengthning, propoſed at the ſame time the Incantoning of *Conſtance*, as a Counterpoiſe; to which the Proteſtants not conſenting, the whole Project fell to the ground. We croſs'd the Lake to *Lindaw*, and in ſeveral parts of it obſerved abundance of little Bubbles of Air, that came working upward from the very Bottom of the Lake. The Watermen told us, that they are obſerved always to riſe in the ſame Places, from whence they conclude them to be ſo many Springs that break out of the Bottom of the Lake. *Lindaw* is an Imperial Town on a little Iſland that lies at about three hundred Paces from the firm Land, to which it is join'd by a huge Bridge of Wood. The Inhabitants were all in Arms when we paſs'd through it, being under great Apprehenſions of the Duke of *Bavaria*, after his having fallen upon *Ulm* and *Memminghen*. They flatter themſelves, that by cutting their Bridge they could hold out againſt his Army: But, in all probability, a Shower of Bombs would quickly reduce the Burgeois to ſurrender. They were formerly Bombarded by *Guſtavus Adolphus*. We were adviſ'd by our

our Merchants, by no means to venture our ſelves in the Duke of *Bavaria*'s Country, ſo that we had the Mortification to loſe the Sight of *Munich*, *Auſburg*, and *Ratiſbon*, and were forced to take our Way to *Vienna* through the *Tirol*, where we had very little to entertain us beſide the natural face of the Country.

11 JU 63

TIROL,

TIROL, INSPRUCK, HALL, &c.

AFTER having coasted the *Alps* for some time, we at last entered them by a Passage which leads into the long Valley of the *Tirol*; and, following the Course of the River *Inn*, we came to *Inspruck*, that receives its Name from this River, and is the Capital City of the *Tirol*.

Inspruck is a handsom Town, though not a great one, and was formerly the Residence of the Arch-Dukes who were Counts of *Tirol*: The Palace where they used to keep their Court is rather Convenient than Magnificent. The great Hall is indeed a very noble Room; the Walls of it are painted in *Fresco*, and represent the Labours of *Hercules*. Many of them look very finely, though a great Part of the Work has been crack'd by Earthquakes which are very frequent in this Country. There is a little Wooden Palace that borders on the other, whither the Court used to retire at the first shake of an Earthquake. I saw here the largest Manage that I have met with any where else. At one end of it is a great Partition designed for an Opera. They showed

ſhowed us alſo a very pretty Theatre. The laſt Comedy that was acted on it was deſigned by the Jeſuits for the Entertainment of the Queen of the *Romans*, who paſs'd this way from *Hanover* to *Vienna*. The Compliment, which the Fathers made her Majeſty on this Occaſion, was very particular, and did not a little expoſe them to the Rallery of the Court. For the Arms of *Hanover* being a Horſe, the Fathers thought it a very pretty Alluſion to repreſent the Queen by *Bucephalus*, that would let no Body get upon him but *Alexander* the Great. The Wooden Horſe that acted this notable Part is ſtill to be ſeen behind the Scenes. In one of the Rooms of the Palace, which is hung with the Pictures of ſeveral Illuſtrious Perſons, they ſhowed us the Portrait of *Mary* Queen of the *Scots*, who was beheaded in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*. The Gardens about the Houſe are very large, but ill kept. There is in the middle of them a beautiful Statue in Braſs of an Arch-Duke *Leopold* on Horſeback. There are near it twelve other Figures of Water-Nymphs and River-Gods, well caſt, and as big as the Life. They were deſigned for the Ornaments of a Water-Work, as one might eaſily make a great Variety of Jetteaus, at a ſmall Expence, in a Garden that has the River *Inn* running by its Walls. The late Duke of *Lorrain* had this Palace, and the Government of the *Tirol*, aſſigned him by the Emperor, and his Lady the Queen Dowager of *Poland* lived here ſeveral Years after the Death of the Duke her Husband. There are covered Galleries that lead from the Palace to five different Churches. I paſſed through a very long one, which reaches to the Church of the *Capucin* Convent, where the Duke of *Lorrain* uſed often to aſſiſt at their Midnight Devotions. They ſhowed us in this Convent the Apart-

Apartments of *Maximilian*, who was Arch-Duke and Count of *Tirol* about Fourſcore Years ago. This Prince, at the ſame time that he kept the Government in his Hands, lived in this Convent with all the Rigour and Auſterity of a *Capucin*. His Anti-chamber and Room of Audience are little ſquare Chambers Wainſcoted. His private Lodgings are three or four ſmall Rooms faced with a kind of Fret-work, that makes them look like little Hollow Caverns in a Rock. They preſerve this Apartment of the Convent uninhabited, and ſhow in it the Altar, Bed and Stove, as likewiſe a Picture and a Stamp of this Devout Prince. The Church of the *Franciſcan* Convent is famous for the Monument of the Emperor *Maximilian* the Firſt, which ſtands in the midſt of it. It was erected to him by his Grand-Son *Ferdinand* the Firſt, who probably looked upon this Emperor as the Founder of the *Auſtrian* Greatneſs. For as by his own Marriage he annexed the Low-Countries to the Houſe of *Auſtria*, ſo, by matching his Son to *Joan* of *Arragon*, he ſettled on his Poſterity the Kingdom of *Spain*, and, by the Marriage of his Grand-Son *Ferdinand*, got into his Family the Kingdoms of *Bohemia* and *Hungary*. This Monument is only Honorary; for the Aſhes of the Emperor lie elſewhere. On the Top of it is a Brazen Figure of *Maximilian* on his Knees, and on the Sides of it a beautiful *Bas-Relief* repreſenting the Actions of this Prince. His whole Hiſtory is digeſted into Twenty Four ſquare Pannels of Sculpture in *Bas-Relief*. The Subject of two of them is his Confederacy with *Henry* the Eighth, and the Wars they made together upon *France*. On each Side of this Monument is a Row of very noble Brazen Statues much bigger than the Life, moſt of them repreſenting ſuch as were ſome way or other related

related to *Maximilian*. Among the reſt is one that the Fathers of the Convent tell us repreſents King *Arthur* the old *Britiſh* King. But what Relation had that *Arthur* to *Maximilian?* I don't queſtion therefore but it was deſigned for Prince *Arthur*, Elder Brother of *Henry* the Eighth, who had eſpouſed *Catharine*, Siſter of *Maximilian*, whoſe Divorce afterwards gave occaſion to ſuch ſignal Revolutions in *England*. This Church was built by *Ferdinand* the firſt. One ſees in it a kind of Offer at Modern Architecture; but at the ſame time that the Architect has ſhown his Diſlike of the *Gothic* manner, one may ſee very well that in that Age they were not, at leaſt in this Country, arrived at the Knowledge of the true Way. The Portal, for Example, conſiſts of a Compoſite Order unknown to the Antients; the Ornaments indeed are taken from them, but ſo put together, that you ſee the Volutes of the *Ionic*, the Foliage of the *Corinthian*, and Uovali of the *Doric*, mix'd without any Regularity on the ſame Capital. So the Vault of the Church, tho' broad enough, is incumber'd with too many little Tricks in Sculpture. It is indeed ſupported with ſingle Columns, inſtead of thoſe vaſt Cluſters of little Pillars that one meets with in *Gothic* Cathedrals; but at the ſame time theſe Columns are of no regular Order, and at leaſt twice too long for their Diameter. There are other Churches in the Town, and two or three Palaces which are of a more Modern Make, and built with a good Fancy. I was ſhown the little *Nôtredame* that is handſomly deſign'd, and topp'd with a Cupola. It was made as an Offering of Gratitude to the Bleſſed Virgin, for having defended the Country of the *Tirol* againſt the Victorious Arms of *Guſtavus Adolphus*, who could not enter this Part of the Empire after having over-

run

run moſt of the reſt. This Temple was therefore built by the Contributions of the whole Country. At about half a League's diſtance from *Inſpruck* ſtands the Caſtle of *Amras*, furniſh'd with a prodigious Quantity of Medals, and many other ſorts of Rarities both in Nature and Art, for which I muſt refer the Reader to Monſieur *Patin*'s Account in his Letter to the Duke of *Wirtemberg*, having my ſelf had neither Time nor Opportunity to enter into a particular Examination of them.

From *Inſpruck* we came to *Hall*, that lies at a League diſtance on the ſame River. This Place is particularly famous for its Salt-Works. There are in the Neigbourhood vaſt Mountains of a tranſparent kind of Rock not unlike Allum, extremely ſolid, and as piquant to the Tongue as Salt it ſelf. Four or five Hundred Men are always at work in theſe Mountains, where, as ſoon as they have hewn down any Quantities of the Rock, they let in their Springs and Reſervoirs among their Works. The Water eats away and diſſolves the Particles of Salt which are mix'd in the Stone, and is convey'd by long Troughs and Canals from the Mines to the Town of *Hall*, where 'tis received in vaſt Ciſterns, and boil'd off from time to time.

They make after the rate of eight Hundred Loaves a Week, each Loaf four Hundred Pound Weight. This would raiſe a great Revenue to the Emperor, were there here ſuch a Tax on Salt as there is in *France*. At preſent he clears but two hundred Thouſand Crowns a Year, after having defray'd all the Charges of working it. There are in *Switzerland*, and other Parts of the *Alps*, ſeveral of theſe Quarries of Salt, that turn to very little Account, by reaſon of the great Quantities of Wood they conſume.

The

The Salt-Works at *Hall* have a great Convenience for Fuel, which ſwims down to them on the River *Inn*. This River during its Courſe through the *Tirol*, is generally ſhut up between a double Range of Mountains that are moſt of them cover'd with Woods of Fir-Trees. Abundance of Peaſants are employ'd in the hewing down of the largeſt of theſe Trees, that, after they are bark'd and cut into Shape, are tumbled down from the Mountains into the Stream of the River, which carries them off to the Salt-Works. At *Inſpruck* they take up vaſt Quantities for the Convents and publick Officers, who have a certain Portion of it allotted them by the Emperor: the reſt of it paſſes on to *Hall*. There are generally ſeveral hundred Loads afloat; for they begin to cut above twenty Leagues up the River above *Hall*; and there are other Rivers that flow into the *Inn*, which bring in their Contributions. Theſe Salt-Works, and a Mint that is eſtabliſh'd at the ſame Place, have render'd this Town, notwithſtanding the Neighbourhood of the Capital City, almoſt as populous as *Inſpruck* it ſelf. The Deſign of this Mint is to work off part of the Metals which are found in the neighbouring Mountains; where, as we were told, there are ſeven Thouſand Men in conſtant Employ. At *Hall* we took a Boat to carry us to *Vienna*. The firſt Night we lay at *Rottenburg*, where is a ſtrong Caſtle above the Town. Count *Serini* is ſtill a cloſe Priſoner in this Caſtle, who, as they told us in the Town, had loſt his Senſes by his long Impriſonment and Afflictions. The next Day we din'd at *Kuff-ſtain*, where there is a Fortreſs on a high Rock, above the Town, almoſt inacceſſible on all Sides; This being a Frontier Place on the Dutchy of *Bavaria*, where we enter'd after about an Hour's Rowing from *Kuff-ſtain*. It was the pleaſanteſt

ſanteſt Voyage in the World, to follow the Windings of this River *Inn* through ſuch a Variety of pleaſing Scenes as the Courſe of it naturally led us. We had ſometimes on each Side of us a vaſt Extent of naked Rocks and Mountains, broken into a Thouſand irregular Steeps and Precipices; in other Places we ſaw a long Foreſt of Fir-Trees ſo thick ſet together, that it was impoſſible to diſcover any of the Soil they grew upon, and riſing up ſo regularly one above another, as to give us the View of a whole Wood at once. The time of the Year, that had given the Leaves of the Trees ſo many different Colours, compleated the Beauty of the Proſpect. But as the Materials of a fine Landskip are not always the moſt profitable to the Owner of them, we met with but very little Corn or Paſturage for the Proportion of Earth that we paſs'd through, the Lands of the *Tirol* not being able to feed the Inhabitants. This long Valley of the *Tirol* lies incloſed on all Sides by the *Alps*, tho' its Dominions ſhoot out into ſeveral Branches that lie among the Breaks and Hollows of the Mountains. It is govern'd by three Councils reſiding at *Inſpruck*; one ſits upon Life and Death, the other is for Taxes and Impoſitions, and a third for the common Diſtributions of Juſtice. As theſe Courts regulate themſelves by the Orders they receive from the Imperial Courts, ſo in many Caſes there are Appeals from them to *Vienna*. The Inhabitants of the *Tirol* have many particular Privileges above thoſe of the other Hereditary Countries of the Emperor. For as they are naturally well fortify'd among their Mountains, and at the ſame time border upon many different Governments, as the *Griſons*, *Venetians*, *Swiſs*, *Bavarians*, &c. a ſevere Treatment might tempt them to ſet up for a Republick, or at leaſt throw themſelves under the milder Government

vernment of ſome of their Neighbours: Beſides that their Country is poor, and that the Emperor draws conſiderable Incomes out of its Mines of Salt and Metal. They are theſe Mines that fill the Country with greater Numbers of People than it would be able to bear without the Importation of Corn from Foreign Parts. The Emperor has Forts and Citadels at the Entrance of all the Paſſes that lead into the *Tirol*, which are ſo advantagiouſly placed upon Rocks and Mountains, that they command all the Vallies and Avenues that lie about them. Beſides that the Country it ſelf is cut into ſo many Hills and Inequalities, as would render it defenſible by a very little Army againſt a numerous Enemy. It was therefore generally thought the Duke of *Bavaria* would not attempt the cutting off any Succours that were ſent to Prince *Eugene*, or the forcing his Way through the *Tirol* into *Italy*. The River *Inn*, that had hitherto been ſhut up among Mountains, paſſes generally through a wide open Country during all its Courſe through *Bavaria*, which is a Voyage of two Days, after the rate of twenty Leagues a Day.

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